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DR. HIGBEE MEMORIAL VOLUME

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PRESENTED BY

ELNATHAN ELISHA HIGBEE, D. D. LL. D.,

STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

APRIL 1, 1881—DEC. 13, 1889.

TAKEN BY SAYLOR, AT AGE OF FIFTY-FIVE YEARS.

O Man Greatly Beloved.—*Dan'l* x: 19.

TRIBUTES OF LOVING MEMORY

TO

ELNATHAN ELISHA HIGBEE,

FOR NEARLY NINE YEARS

STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION OF PENNSYLVANIA,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

AND

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

On the fount of life eternal gazing wistful and athirst,
Yearning, striving, from the prison of confining flesh to burst,
Here the soul an exile sighs for her native Paradise.

Preacher of Righteousness and Friend of Humanity, Foremost in athletic sports in his youth; in manhood foremost among Scholars and Teachers. An eloquent orator, a wise counselor, a modest man, who at his death, it has been well said, was probably the most widely beloved man in Pennsylvania.—*From Memorial Portrait.*

Surely he was wise, for he saw that which was true; he was pure, for he loved that which was beautiful; he was righteous, for he did that which was good.—*L. E. Patridge.*

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Julius Cæsar, Act V, Scene V.

LANCASTER, PA.
PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL JOURNAL.
1890.

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THE DR. HIGBEE MEMORIAL will go upon the educational records of the State, and will be spoken of hereafter, as the first successful effort made in Pennsylvania by the schools at large, to show enduring respect to the memory of a man whom the State "delights to honor," because of his great service in the educational field. It is, we trust, but the first of a long line of like noble efforts to give expression to this sentiment of gratitude and affection. Such effort "blesses him that gives" even more than it ennobles the memory of him to whom due honor is paid. This Memorial Fund must aid in educating children in one of the best directions. Dr. Higbee was himself a grand giver of free-will offerings. He died leaving a modest estate, the bulk of it an insurance upon his life, but this was the very least of his princely possessions. The idea of the Fund was conceived and urged by his numerous friends, not because he needs it to perpetuate his memory, but largely because the entire Commonwealth will be benefited; and the Committee, as they now regard this Memorial, would not be satisfied with even generous contributions, unless they should thereby be enabled to put into the Schools and into the hands of the Teachers that which shall do them permanent good.

When the suggestion was made by Supt. Brumbaugh and seconded, in such prompt and practical manner, by Supt. Brecht, it was thought that a Monument of approved design to the memory of Dr. E. E. Higbee might be erected upon the Capitol Grounds at Harrisburg. The Memorial Committee, appointed at the late meeting of the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association, after full inquiry from the proper authorities, learned that this honor, eminently merited and strongly urged upon the State Legislature, had been denied by that body to two of the most distinguished Governors of Pennsylvania, Hon. Thomas Mifflin and Hon. John W. Geary. The following form of Memorial to Dr. Higbee was then decided upon, which is regarded more fitting because more certain to widen and deepen in Pennsylvania the blessed influence of our late Superintendent of Public Instruction. It is the most unique in kind, and will, we believe, prove the most effective in result, in the history of education in America; and we are gratified to know, from the very large number of replies to our circular-letters of inquiry, that it has the almost unanimous approval of the Superintendents of the State.

1. Monument of Granite, suitably inscribed, at the grave of Dr. Higbee, at Emmitsburg, Maryland. This to be after a design approved by the family of the deceased. Also, a fund of Two Hundred Dollars or more invested, in perpetuity, with responsible Trust Company, income of said fund to be expended in keeping in proper condition the ground about the Monument. The stone will be a single block of Quincy granite weighing over eleven tons. The design is a massive Cross of polished granite apparently cast upon the native rock. The Monument will be made by Herman Strecker, of Reading, the sculptor and naturalist.

2. A life-size Bust in Bronze, with suitable pedestal, to be placed in the Department of Public Instruction at Harrisburg. This to be in lieu of the memorial which it was at first thought might be placed upon the Capitol Grounds. This work also has been placed in the hands of Mr. Strecker, whose artistic skill, acquaintance with artists, and personal friendship for Dr. Higbee must all contribute to a satisfactory result.

3. A life-size Picture of Dr. Higbee, suitably framed, to be placed in the Department of Public Instruction, and in the State Library at Harrisburg. These are strong, life-like pictures, crayoned lithographs of life size.

4. A life-size Picture of Dr. Higbee, suitably framed, to be placed in each of the State Normal Schools of Pennsylvania; and in each of the institutions of learning with which he was at any time connected as student, professor or president; and a copy of the same to be sent to his family.

5. A life-size Picture, suitably framed, to be placed in the office of each of the County, City, Borough, and Township Superintendents of Pennsylvania.

6. A life-size Picture to be sent to each School from which any Contribution has been or shall hereafter (till January 1st, 1891) be received to this Memorial Fund. These pictures are Lithographs of equal excellence with *The Atlantic Monthly* portraits which are sold at One Dollar each. They will be sent—of course, without frames—to be framed by the schools receiving them in such manner as they shall approve. They will remain in the schools receiving them, where contributions were taken, as the property of the School.

7. A Memorial Volume, containing tributes of loving memory and selections from writings, addresses, etc., of Dr. Higbee, to accompany each picture sent out by the Committee, so far as possible, and to the limit of Ten Thousand copies. Beyond this number the Picture will be sent without the Volume, unless there be money enough in hand to print a second edition. It is the design of the Committee that this Volume shall be the personal property of the Teacher, both for the thoughts it may suggest and the inspiration it may afford. Indeed, in a certain sense the Committee regard this as probably the most extraordinary book of its kind, and one of the best professional works on teaching—showing the matter, life, and abiding results of a great teacher's work—yet issued from the American press. Five thousand copies are already called for. The rest will be sent out as ordered—until all are gone. The picture and book complement each other admirably, but the Volume, at the same time that it costs most money, is the most valuable feature of the Dr. Higbee Memorial, for in it are to be found the very life and moving spirit of the man. The book contains as much matter as the ordinary volume of 500 or 600 pages. In printing it more than three tons of paper have been used.

That opportunity may be afforded to make more general the influence of the Dr. Higbee Memorial, the time of receiving contributions was extended, at Mauch Chunk meeting of Committee, to *January 1st, 1891*, the Fund remaining open until that date. The Memorial Portrait will be mailed at **$1.00;** the Volume, Cloth, **$1.00,** in flexible card, **50 cts.** A circular of rates at which Portrait will be framed for those desiring it, (one-third less than retail prices), may be had from Art Department of John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. *Please do not ask for free copies* of Portrait or Volume until the entire cost of the Memorial has been paid.

We have seen a remarkable letter bearing date "Feb. 8, 1881," which was found among Dr. Higbee's papers a few days since. It is from a man of eminent ability and fine scholarship, who knew Dr. Higbee well, and was written shortly before his appointment to the Superintendency. He says: "How I would love to see you and such as you in like positions! I have been thinking of Horace Mann—his statue in Boston, and the reverence with which he is regarded everywhere. If you have this place assigned to you, there will be in our State House some day a statue of Parian marble to mark the figure and countenance of E. E. Higbee." The prediction is more than verified—but in a form far beyond the choicest marble of old Greece.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

J. P. McCASKEY, Chrmn., M. J. BRECHT, Secy., M. G. BRUMBAUGH, GEO. M. PHILIPS, H. W. FISHER.

For Volume or Portrait, address J. P. McCaskey, Lancaster, Pa.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

ELNATHAN ELISHA HIGBEE, D. D., LL. D., late State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania, was born at St. George, near Burlington, Vermont, March 27, 1830. He was the youngest member of the family which consisted of ten children, eight sons and two daughters. His parents were Lewis Higbee and Sarah Baker. His mother came from a noble stock, was a woman of surpassing loveliness of disposition and character, gentle and amiable to a fault, if this may ever be said of qualities so admirable. She had the rare gift of holding easily her rightful supremacy in her houseful of boys by the persuasiveness of the quiet and gentle dignity of manner which was her settled habit, and she so commended herself to the love and devotion of her children that she was ever afterwards the object of their sincerest veneration. The subject of this sketch frequently referred to her in terms of the tenderest affection, extolling her many virtues and traits of excellence that constitute the chief glory of womanhood and motherhood. It was through her that he used to take a passing pride in tracing his relationship with Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

His father was a fair representative of the sturdy New England type of manhood, possessed of great natural strength of character and forceful mental endowments, with keen powers of penetration into the springs of action and motives of men, a fearless upholder of the right of which he had an intuitive sense and for which he would stand up to the last. His was a rugged character of the earlier days, and yet he was not without a becoming appreciation of the amenities of life. He was fond of good literature, especially of the forensic style, and used to take great pleasure in reproducing portions of the speeches he had heard and read, which he did with more than ordinary dramatic effect. He also had a rich vein of humor which was ever flashing into forms of quick-witted speech. He was withal of an impulsive, generous disposition, that showed itself in many an act of disinterested kindness.

He was not without honor among his own people, for they elected him to represent them in the Legislature of the State, where he vigorously defended the agricultural interests of his constituents and the entire Commonwealth against the unjust measures of burdensome taxation and repression with which they were then threatened. On one occasion, when this subject was under consideration, he broke out as follows: "There are, Mr. Chairman, some members of this body who seem to think that farmers are horses, and lawyers knights born with spurs on their heels, and commissioned by the powers above to ride the farmers to death." A man that could make that sentence, we may well believe, could make a vigorous and telling speech.

Thus much of the father—and we wish it might be more—seems to be appropriately introduced here as throwing light upon the noble qualities of mind and heart which distinguished, in so marked a degree, his last-born son, in whom these and other inherited endowments blossomed into such glorious fruition under the genial influence of the educational advantages he enjoyed and the ever-broadening culture that comes from patient, painstaking, reverent study.

Of his earliest years but little is known. When he was eight years of age the old homestead was burned to the ground during the night. Elnathan was tossed from an upstairs window of the burning building upon a feather-bed below. This dreadful experience left an abiding impression upon him, for he frequently referred to it in after-life, and no doubt a great change was thus suddenly and rudely wrought in the settled home-life of the family. Just when his formal education began is not known, but we may be well assured that one who in childhood could be pronounced, by one who knew him, a marvel among his kind, would at a very early age be found in the district school-room. Nearly all we know definitely is that "when a little urchin, he knocked at the old Polebrook school-house with his father's stove-pipe hat on, and claimed admittance." His keen power of observation and spirit of inquiry, as well as his love of fun, may be traced in the recorded fact, that as a child he would pick up toads and other reptiles, and put them into his bosom for his own amusement and to startle others. He was evidently a boy, in the full sense of that term—strong and active, with a clear

brain, no special inclination for farm work, and a leader in the sports of the day. Full of mischief, but without a sign of malice, honorable to a nicety, he seems to have been a fitting object of the love and admiration of his daily companions.

"Booted all up," says one of these, "he was a boy to love, to follow, and never to fall out with." The same writer continues: "Older boys and girls acknowledged his intellectual worth among them. To but behold with a single sweeping glance was to know the entire situation in the old schoolroom. With but little study, perception grasped the whole theory of the work to be done. He was never fretful, never ill-natured. Though constantly with him, I do not remember a cross word passing between us, unless it came from me." As an evidence of his ability to take care of himself and stand up resolutely for the right as boys understand it, the following incident is related by one of his brothers in a recent letter:

His mother sent him to Winooska Falls to get some molasses in a tin bucket. After a considerable while he returned, with the bucket empty and big tears streaming down his cheeks. The only explanation apparently vouchsafed for this untoward circumstance was lodged in his exclamation, "I will give those boys the worst whipping they ever had"—and sure enough, the first opportunity that presented itself for the execution of his purpose, he carried out his intent with such ferocity and success that all street-boys looked upon him with respectful appreciation ever after.

His magnanimity in all youthful encounters was generally recognized, and instances could be multiplied in which he yielded a point of advantage for the encouragement of his adversary. He knew his own strength and also the weakness of others, and he never presumed upon either for the purpose of self-interest. The very worst that one of his daily companions can say of him in these childhood days, is his stubborn resistance to the rod of correction. "He would take a whipping with perfect submission,—and no outcry; but to be conquered by such means, never." These few incidents, though they may appear trivial in themselves, are not unimportant, as reflecting the firm and solid stuff that entered into the make-up of his natural being. The basic metal had the true ring, and failed not to give out clear, clarion notes to the end of his life.

His preparatory studies must have been prosecuted with vigor, for at the age of fifteen we find him admitted into the Freshman class of the Univerity of Vermont. It would be interesting, were it at all possible, to have a detailed account of his career as a member of this venerable and justly celebrated institution of sound and liberal learning; for, from the scattered allusions that have come to our notice, we have been able to gather enough to warrant the inference that he was a leader among his fellows, conspicuous no less for the brilliancy of his intellectual achievements than for his marvellous feats of strength and agility in the various athletic sports current in his day.

He was especially strong in the departments of mathematics, the classical languages and related studies, and of English literature. He was an omnivorous reader, with an intuitive power of discrimination and susceptibility for the true, the good, and the beautiful as scattered throughout the vast domain of our glorious heritage in the world of polite letters.

He revelled in the delights afforded by the noble collection of books stored in the University Library, whose most unfrequented nooks he diligently explored, mousing into and through musty "volumes of forgotten lore," and enriching his mind with the treasures of poetic thought and chaste expression which entered so largely and so naturally into the splendid mental and spiritual equipment he was acquiring, and which proved an inexhaustible source of perennial freshness and ever-multiplying power in his subsequent career as a thinker, a writer, and a speaker of extraordinary ability.

He often spoke of the severe mathematical training he there received, the rigid discipline of his Latin and Greek studies as there enforced, and his introduction under competent guidance into the domain of speculative thinking and philosophical methods of investigation, as leading factors in the educational advantages he enjoyed; but he never ceased to "thank his stars" for the influences that worked together for his greatest intellectual good, in sending him with hurrying feet to the Library as the storehouse of the accumulated wisdom of the ages, there to imbibe the all-pervasive spirit of general humanity as it is ever crystallizing itself in the manifold forms of written speech.

To indicate still further the importance he attached to the Library as a means of education, and his deep sense of obligation in view of the lasting benefits derived therefrom, we may be permitted to cite the testimony of another writer, conveyed in the following language: "Dr. Higbee was a

very brilliant man—a man of great breadth and universality of attainments. And often, during the past thirty years, and even so late as the week before his untimely death, he told the writer that for what he had been able to accomplish in life he was as much indebted to the privilege of using the library of the University of Vermont, as he was to the instruction he received from the professors of that institution. We all know that we had few scholars in our midst like Dr. Higbee." Here he acquired that remarkable "habit of swift and discriminating reading, until he had amongst books, as Prof. Winsor (in a different connection) expresses it, 'the instinct that serves the red man when he knows the north by the thickness of the moss on the tree-boles.'"

He often spoke, in terms of fond recollection, of the delightful association he had with congenial spirits under the ægis of the "Owl Society," the chief object of which seems to have been the cultivation of pure literary taste. Thus the old dramatists and play-wrights were critically studied, read aloud, and at times reproduced in the way of appropriate rendition and impersonation. But the gifted members of this fraternity went a step further in their pursuit of belletristic attainments, and vied with each other in the production of original literary compositions, including the high art of poesy, and venturing even upon the construction of elaborate plays according to the type set for all time by ancient Greece, but, we may safely believe, "all racy of the soil and redolent of the wild woods and the mountains" and the general atmosphere that pervaded the ever-varying conditions of student-life in that earlier day. The following pages of this volume will serve to reveal, although inadequately, the fruitfulness of such exercises in the case of, at least, one of the old "'Varsity Owls."

We have said that he excelled in mathematics. In this connection it is interesting to recall the following incident. When he first began the study of algebra it seems that he could not see through it, and was unable to get along with the new work to his satisfaction. So he applied to his father for permission to stop the study. "What is algebra?" inquired the father. Elnathan told him as well as he could, whereupon he was asked, "Can the other boys get it?" "Yes, they seem to be able to do it, at least better than I can." "Then," said the father, with an emphasis peculiar to himself and unmistakable in its meaning, "You'll keep on at it, and get it too." And he did get it, as all know who ever witnessed the facility, yea the lightning-like rapidity, with which he employed the media of this branch of analysis in the solution of the most intricate problems. He used to tell of how, one day on the playground, the meaning and use of algebra came to him like a flash of light, so that he never after had trouble with it.

In college, we find him, on the other hand, approaching Prof. Torrey with the question, whether he might not give up one or two of the other branches, for which he had no liking, in order to devote himself more assiduously to the study of mathematics, in which department he was no doubt beginning to feel the swellings of native power. Thus quite unconsciously the present burning question of "electives" and "specials," as known in College circles, was anticipated, and we wish we might be able to reproduce here, more in detail, the conversation that passed between the young student and his professor. The best we can do, however, is to recall the substance of Prof. Torrey's advice, which is quite as applicable to similar conditions at the present day as it was forty-three years ago; in substance he said: "The fact that you seem to have no special aptitude for the branches you name, is the very best of reasons why you should apply yourself most diligently to the mastery of the truths they contain, for you need them most; the mathematics, for which you have special talent, will for that reason require no special effort on your part, but may be trusted to take care of itself in the ordinary course of your studies." The wisdom of this counsel was not lost upon the young inquirer at the time, and in after years was gratefully acknowledged as fully justified by his own maturer experience. He used to speak of this as "the best advice" he had received while a student at college.

During his college course, at the early age of sixteen he became the teacher of the "Fourth Street" district school of Burlington, and began that career which, as it turned out, was to be the channel for the exercise of what was probably the most far-reaching and effective usefulness of his subsequent life. Elsewhere in this volume, an old pupil in this, his first school, Rev. R. H. Howard, A. M., writes in a tone of sympathetic appreciation of his youthful master, who already at that time was singularly successful in making deep and lasting impressions for good upon those who were brought under his influence. From this same source the reader may gain some idea also of the amazing physical resources of Mr. Higbee,

as these were called into play by the part he took in the athletic sports of the day, in which, by general consent, he was *facile princeps* among his fellows,—a by no means unimportant factor in making an estimate of the all round manhood and manliness of one whose impressive personality was an inspiration to many thousands of susceptible souls with whom he came in contact and who now fondly cherish his memory. It only remains for us to say, therefore, that in this respect he enriched the traditions of his Alma Mater by his exploits of physical skill and dexterity, in such a signal way as to associate his name forever with the most attractive reminiscences of college days.

The following extracts from a letter, written January 10, 1849, may appropriately be introduced here as showing the serious thoughtfulness of his nature, even before the age of nineteen.

The evenings are all I have to myself, and these hardly, for during the day I am surrounded by quite a brood of urchins, whose wants I am bounden to satisfy, and in most evenings—this an exception—I am welcomed with the wild chorus of crying infants, "a universal hubbub of stunning sounds."

But thanks to the flying hours, my task is growing short,—yet at times it is a pleasant task—to watch and see the infant mind struggling from darkness up to light, to see the eye sparkle and the whole face blaze forth the soul within which is awakened into joyful action by some new fancy or thought. Then the spirit seems to know itself, and from this intelligence receive a new impulse—new life—new joy. Why may not this be one reason for the happiness of the just soul after death? For then the spirit will know itself thoroughly, be convicted wholly of its immortality and dignity; and if the *imperfect* conviction of this upon earth be capable of creating joy, why may the *perfect* conviction of it hereafter not increase this to an infinite degree? Do you not see I am getting to be somewhat of a philosopher? And why not? Our class are now upon this study, and I assure you it is a noble study. It seems as if I had learned more essential knowledge since I commenced this branch, than I ever have before; this, however, may be but the "zeal of a new convert." * *

Although, as I have said, I am closely engaged in philosophical studies, yet I do not neglect all others. All the powers of the mind must be brought into action in order to its vigorous growth. One must have a delicate sensibility and a vivid fancy, as well as deep and profound thoughtfulness. For this purpose I sometimes, though with great trepidation, creep along the foot of high Parnassus, and when not too much fatigued, endeavor to discover some easy green path leading to higher regions; but, alas for me! there is all around an impervious, yet beautiful forest.

I shall soon graduate—soon leap, as they say, from the arms of my Alma Mater down the deep precipice into the wild, busy scenes of actual life. Then, I suppose, with the clear vision of man, I shall behold the path of duty before me. But in what profession shall I act? This question, even to this late day, remains unanswered. But before I enter upon a profession at all, I should like to teach, and that very soon after Commencement.

His collegiate course terminated in regular and honorable graduation, with the class of 1849. The subject of his "graduating piece," as he himself calls it, was the "Relation of the Ideal to the Actual." From the following rough draft of a letter, written by him August 17, 1849, we may learn something of the nature of its treatment, by the faint but sufficiently suggestive allusions he makes thereto; the letter is important also as indicating the great and radical change he was undergoing in mind and heart, and looking to the turning point in his whole career which came a few years later in the satisfactory solution of the problem of life for himself and his future work; hence we quote the letter, which was no doubt more fully expanded for the recipient, almost entire:

I am a thousand times obliged to you for sending me Mr. Nevin's (Dr. John W. Nevin's) profound sermon, for it has taught me at least one good practical lesson—that men are prone to believe that they possess knowledge, when in fact they know nothing. I took the sermon, as I usually take a book, at a leisure moment, and began to calculate that I should have some thirty or more minutes of amusement; but, lo, ere I had finished the first page, I found myself in a new region entirely—a region where I found something more was necessary than to barely apply the knowledge I had learned by merely imitating my teachers. I saw the necessity for some activity of my own, and for the first time did I come to know what was meant by the creative energy of thought. Here I saw that when my mind was passive only, the book was but a meaningless blank, but as soon as by reflection I began to think, the page became one mass of thought. The mist passed away, and truth like a star began to tremble in the clear—not a calm and steady light, for it was too distant for my young and feeble sight.

The division of the church first made, into "ideal and actual," and the argument thereon, would have made me feel more positive in the position I took in my graduating piece; for I blindly hit upon nearly the same train of thought. I attempted to show that in nature there are two characteristics, the informing principle, which is the idea, and the existent form, which is the actual phenomenon. This idea I attempted to show is concrete, containing the essence, means and end, but must of necessity be nothing unless in living union with the form, which union is essentially necessary to a production of life. As Nevin says, in one of his works, "not *soul or body*, but *soul and body*, is the formula which represents humanity."

His connection with the University did not cease with his graduation, for besides maintaining at more or less distant intervals a correspondence with several of his old professors upon abstruse questions, involving learned disputations, he was invited, "by a unanimous vote of the faculty" in the language of President Smith, to deliver a Master's Oration at the commencement of 1852; in 1857, he responded to an invitation

of the Literary Societies in joint meeting assembled, "to serve as poet for their annual celebration;" and at another time he delivered a poem upon some "high festal" occasion in the history of the Owl Society. The Master's Oration, above referred to, was entitled, "Thesis Theologica—scripta dictu in U. V. M.—Relation of the Church to the Incarnation in the Creed"—a very scholary disquisition, showing already, at this early age, the wide range of his acquaintance with the ponderous tomes of patristic literature, the records of the old Church councils, and the domain of more recent theological learning.

His first employment, after graduating, was as assistant teacher in an academy at South Woodstock, Vt. Here he taught daily from eight a. m. till twelve, and from one p. m. till five, "continually busy," as he writes, "with no time to improve my own mind or health." He had classes in the higher mathematics, the ancient classics, and philosophy. On account of the great amount of labor that fell to his hands, and conscious that he was injuring his health without any advantage to himself apart from the very small pecuniary gain, he found the position unpleasant, and contentedly awaited any opportunity that might occur for the betterment of his condition. Such opportunity soon presented itself, and at the termination of his engagement here in November, 1849, he removed to Emmitsburg, Md., induced thereto mainly through the influence of his now sainted sister. The immediate object of this step was to take charge of the mathematical and classical departments of a select school which his brother-in-law, Rev. Geo. W. Aughinbaugh, had organized in that place.

He was then reading law and fully determined, at no distant day, to return to his native State, and qualify himself for the legal profession. He once humorously accounted for his coming to Emmitsburg by recalling the familiar anecdote related of John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster. These statesmen were standing in front of the capitol at Washington, when a drove of mules was going by. "Look, Dan," said Calhoun, "there go some of your constituents." "Yes," Webster replied, "they are going South to teach school." Then with a merry twinkle in his eye he added, "*I've* come South to teach school." How many of his pupils have lived to see the day when they devoutly blessed the good fortune that permitted them to share in the benefits of his "coming South."

Of this period Dr. Aughinbaugh writes as follows in the Memorial Number of *The Pennsylvania School Journal:*

Dr. Higbee was an earnest student all the time he was under the writer's roof. During the first winter he spent in Emmitsburg, though only in his twentieth year, he entered into correspondence with the professor of languages in the University of Vermont—a correspondence that assumed in the end a controversial turn—touching the correct translation of a difficult Greek passage. He also discovered a new method of solving a difficult problem in mathematics, which he submitted to the criticism of the professor of mathematics in the University, who, as I remember, pronounced it correct in every particular.

Though born on New England soil, and brought up under New England influence, Dr. Higbee, when he came to Emmitsburg, was not wholly ignorant of German thought. The President of the University of Vermont was a great admirer of Dr. Rauch, the first President of Marshall College at Mercersburg, Pa., and, if my memory is not at fault, introduced Rauch's Psychology as a text-book.

But be this as it may, Dr. Higbee was prepared to grapple with the new order of philosophical and theological thought that challenged him in his new environment. In the controversy then going on in the German Reformed Church, he became deeply interested. He read, I may say devoured, the articles of Nevin and Schaff as they appeared from time to time in the *Mercersburg Review.* Often did we sit up until a late hour of the night, discussing philosophical and theological subjects. At length convinced that *man can reach the true idea of his being only in Christ*, he resolved to connect himself with the Church. The writer baptized and confirmed him. Soon after his confirmation he found himself confronted by this question: If Christ be the Fulfilment of Prophecy, and the only Mediator between God and man, is it not my duty to consecrate myself *wholly* to the work for which He bled, died and triumphed?

The decision of this question was soon reached, as expressed in his own solemn declaration: "Others may enter the legal profession, but I will preach the gospel." This is what his sister desired, and what she and other members of the church at Emmitsburg earnestly labored and prayed for."

In 1850, he accepted the position as private tutor in the family of Hon. Joshua Motter, of Emmitsburg, among whose daughters he found his wife, the faithful, life-long partner of his joys and sorrows. This position he held for one year. The serious earnestness with which he prosecuted his labors here, as teacher of a very small band of pupils, is especially evinced by his lectures on the Science of Logic, and the Fine Arts, which were prepared with the same painstaking care that characterizes his later prepared lectures on Church History, Ethics, and Æsthetics.

From the first his love for Emmitsburg took firm root, and became deeper and more abiding as the years went by. The above intimations afford some reason for the profound attachment he formed for this,

his "dear mountain home," as he loved to call it. It was here too, during the winter of 1850–51, that he was brought so nigh unto death by an attack of typhoid fever of a most malignant type, that the physicians could no longer count the flurried pulse-beats, gave up all hope, and gravely declared, "It is only a question of a few hours' time with the poor fellow." He received the tenderest, kindliest nursing from loving friends, which could not help but form, as it did, the most sacred attachments. By a kind Providence his life was spared, and in the latter part of February he was able to venture out of the house "only the shadow of his former self, weighing between eighty and ninety pounds."—(*Vide* "Intermortuus," elsewhere in this volume.)

In view of all this, and much more that is revealed between the lines, is it any wonder that Dr. Higbee himself, writing to Emmitsburg, from Burlington, in August, 1851, should make the following confession? "As I gaze upon the grand scenes, the lofty mountains rising up in the east, and the glorious lake spread out before me, dotted with its islands of green and its thousand white sails, my fatherland grows dearer and dearer to me; but my adopted Maryland brings recollections dearer than those that nature can. There first the *spiritual* world with its more than earthly loveliness was beheld by me. There Christ, my only choice, first received me as his, and filled my soul with his truth and love. There also, I almost bade farewell to earth, and yet lived by the prayers and kindness of those I never can forget. My home is with you, if I have a home, and I almost said, my whole heart is there also."

In the latter part of 1851, or early in 1852, he entered the Theological Seminary of the Reformed church at Mercersburg. Drs. Nevin and Schaff were his teachers. Of his course here we will not take time to speak, save to note the interesting fact that he spent considerable time in preparing for publication an edition of Pindar in the original. The plan of the work had been carefully mapped out, in consultation with Prof. Pease of the University of Vermont, who had advised him "to put the Greek on one page and an English metrical translation on the other, with explanatory notes at the foot of the page and critical notes at the end." This work, of which some fragments of beautiful manuscript copy remain to attest the seriousness of his purpose, had to be abandoned "because it consumed too much of that time which duty required for studies more theological." No task was too great for his brave undertaking.

His earlier admiration for Dr. Nevin grew into the profoundest veneration by personal association and fuller acquaintance. Indeed he regarded Dr. Nevin, in certain lines of thought, the ablest man in America, and with but one man his equal in Germany. The following paragraphs were written by him upon the death of his old teacher:

In the recent death of Dr. J. W. Nevin, at his home at Caernarvon Place, near Lancaster, at the advanced age of eighty years, the world of scholarship and ripe Christian thought has lost a noble citizen. Though not the best known to its educators, he was the greatest teacher of his time in Pennsylvania. He was unequalled in his power over the minds of his pupils, inspiring in them such a reverence for truth, and such an humble attitude to receive it, as to free many from all self-conceit, and put them on the way of earnest search and prayer.

While gifted himself with intellectual powers only granted to a chosen few, yet in his humility he urged his pupils to yield their minds to *Truth* as something broader and more glorious than aught that he or the most learned had attained; and guarded them most zealously from the abomination of *intellectual slavery*.

In no scholar of our acquaintance have we seen the language of our Saviour more fully verified, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." And in no educator of the present age have we seen such a reverent acknowledgment of the aim of all thought-life, as given by the greatest teacher of man, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

The same all-absorbing love of the truth and comprehensive grasp of its wide-reaching scope, was the inspiration of Dr. Higbee's own interior thought-power, and his own words, as above quoted, might be most fittingly applied to himself.

After completing his Seminary course, in order to replenish his exhausted exchequer, he accepted the professorship of mathematics in the High School at Lancaster, Pa. Here he remained one year, making life-long friends of some of his pupils, in the heart of one of whom was laid the foundation of that enduring friendship which was such a solace to him in later years, when as State Superintendent he found in the Principal of the Lancaster High School—one of his old boys—the central figure in the inner circle of his chosen friends.

In 1854 he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Maryland Classis of the Reformed Church. The supply of ministers in this Church, at that period of its history was greater than the demand. After waiting, therefore, several months in vain for a field of labor in the South, the young licentiate, stirred with zeal for the cause he had so warmly espoused with the full conse-

cration of all his powers thereto, accepted a call to the Congregational church at Bethel, Vt. He found Bethel a pleasant and favorable place as a pastoral field, and he had ample opportunity for the prosecution of his theological studies. His sermons were carefully and designedly constructed upon the lines of the Heidelberg Catechism. But the coldness of the Congregational system chilled him, and in one of his letters he exclaims, "How much I do wish that I had a situation of the kind in our Church nearer home; but I ought not to murmur, if God sees fit that I should preach here for the present."

In 1856 he was married and began the establishment of his own family life, in the bosom of which his deepest affections expended themselves so freely, so generously, and so unselfishly. But he never felt at home in the theological and ecclesiastical atmosphere with which he was surrounded, and in 1858 he returned to the South, with an honorable dismission to the church of his first love. For a time he served the Emmitsburg charge as "supply," and in 1859 was summoned to the pastorate of the First Reformed church of Tiffin, Ohio. While here he also filled the chair of Latin and Greek in Heidelberg College, and made a marked impression, in the midst of many discouragements, upon the character of that institution. It was at Tiffin that Dr. Higbee's father, now an old man and very feeble, first heard his son preach. Upon returning to the house, he expressed the pleasure he had had, by exclaiming in subdued tones with tears coursing their way down his cheeks, "Well, I have heard Elnathan preach, and now I am satisfied. He knows how to do it."

In 1862 he removed to Pittsburgh and became pastor of Grace church. His labors were arduous and his trials distracting; his health, too, was the cause of great anxiety on the part of his friends. In February, 1864, he writes: "The care of a church is very serious and severe. It takes the very life from me at times. I have hardly slept a night this week, and my poor head is completely shattered to-night with pain. But I do not wish to complain. Should any opening offer itself, whereby I can be released from a parish for a few years and serve the Church in another capacity, I shall accept it as a call from God."

As if in answer to his desire thus privately expressed, only a month later he received the notification of his unanimous election, by the Board of Visitors of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, located at Mercersburg, Pa., to the professorship of Church History and New Testament Exegesis, made vacant by the temporary release of Dr. Philip Schaff from the incumbency of the chair for the purpose of spending several years of travel and study in Europe. Rev. Dr. S. R. Fisher accompanied the official communication of this action of the Board with a strong personal appeal, urging upon Dr. Higbee the acceptance of the post thus tendered him, saying among other things, "This much we know, that no appointment which could have been made would have been so acceptable in the Seminary to the students as yours, * * * a circumstance which had its influence with the members of the Board." Dr. Harbaugh, one of the Professors in the Seminary, also wrote in a most pressing and kindly manner, begging him to accept the call, making special reference, like Dr. Fisher, to the high gratification prevailing among the students over the action of the Board. Still he did not hastily reach a decision, as is disclosed by letters written during this period, but only after the most earnest and prayerful consideration. He finally determined to accept the position as a call from God to a sphere of illimitable possibilities for usefulness in the Church. At the opening of the ensuing session, May 3, 1864, at the age of thirty-four, we find him at his new post of duty. In October of the following year, he was relieved of all anxiety growing out of the temporary character of his position, by being permanently elected thereto—sufficient evidence of the satisfactory performance of the duties of his office.

A fair estimate of his labors at Mercersburg and the fruits thereof, may be derived from a number of discriminating and appreciative articles in the following pages of this volume—notably those of Prof. Kerschner, Supt. Mackey, Rev. E. N. Kremer, Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, Rev. S. L. Whitmore, and perhaps a few others. Indeed, the whole period of his activity from this time onward is so well covered by the splendid memorial tributes which follow, that it only remains for us to maintain the consecutive character of this narrative by mentioning such dates and facts, with a few passing reflections thereon, as may seem necessary for our purpose.

Dr. Higbee was largely instrumental in bringing about the foundation of Mercersburg College, which was accomplished in the fall of 1865, with Rev. Dr. Thos. G. Apple as its first President, whom he assisted with generous self-forgetfulness in the diffi-

cult task of building up a college against the most formidable odds of all sorts. Laboring thus, in season and out of season, studying, teaching, preaching, lecturing, writing articles for the *Reformed Quarterly Review*, of which he was co-editor for a season, and for the *Reformed Messenger*, of which he was Synodical Editor for a while, and serving upon some of the most important committees by appointment of the highest judicatory of the Church—maintaining the most intense activity whereby his physical resources were drained to their utmost capacity with a sublime disregard of personal ease and comfort, and his intellectual and spiritual resources were ever multiplying themselves by use and development into the splendid proportions of rare excellence attained in his later years.

In 1871 there came a crisis in his life, brought on by the consummation of the efforts that had been put forth for some time to secure the removal of the Theological Seminary from Mercersburg to Lancaster. Should he stay at his post and by accompanying the Seminary sever his close, though as yet unofficial, connection with the young and struggling college which lay so near his heart, and which was then about to send forth its first small class of graduates? To understand the terrible ordeal through which he passed, requires a knowledge of details and circumstances connected with the inner history of this whole transaction that cannot here be given. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with the following citation from a letter written June 2, 1871:

> This Commencement has been the severest trial I have yet had in my life. It cost a struggle to follow my convictions of duty and resign my position in the Seminary. * * But I feel that I have done right, although at a great sacrifice. I can accomplish far more for the Church here than by going to Lancaster, and can labor with far more efficiency. I know very well that by some I shall be called rebellious, and by others impetuous and reckless, and by very few shall I be esteemed as one calmly and at personal sacrifice following the conviction of duty. * * Position often gives influence and secures reputation and honor. I am not destitute of ambition. I love to be respected by my fellow-laborers in the Church. But the sure road to esteem is *worth from labor and toil*. Here I *shall* labor and study and teach, and pay but little heed to what position I occupy. I have gone into the college to work, not to seek self-honor.

Thus he voluntarily relinquished one of the most honorable trusts in the gift of the Reformed Church, a position congenial to his tastes and carrying with it the assurance, by constitutional provision, of comfortable maintenance to the very end of his life. What he exchanged it for is told elsewhere by Prof. Kerschner, who justly says: "This exchange of positions, viewed from the standpoint of ordinary prudence, looked like the sheerest folly." Dr. Apple, with whom he expected to be happily yoked together in what seemed to be the mutually cherished purpose of pulling the young institution through its "schwere anfaenge" (heavy beginnings), considered it his duty to resign the Presidency of Mercersburg College, in order to accept a call to the position in the Theological Seminary that had been made vacant by Dr. Higbee's resignation. This sorely complicated matters, adding an entirely unforeseen element to difficulties which many already regarded as of an insuperable character. It was, then, with the keenest sense of the tremendous responsibility he was assuming, that he consented to become the successor of Dr. Apple, as President of Mercersburg College; but it was also with high resolve and noble purpose that he entered upon the vigorous prosecution of the manifold and onerous duties of the office, which he held from the fall of 1871 to the fall of 1880, when for lack of funds the institution was temporarily closed.

There are those who will remember the last appeal he made upon the floor of the synod at Woodstock, Va., in presenting the claims of the College upon the continued care and support of the Church, couched in words eloquent with the soul of sincerity and conviction; and, when some one tauntingly said, "But Mercersburg College has already failed," how, with inexpressible sadness, he exclaimed, "It may prove in the end that the Potomac Synod has failed, and not Mercersburg College." Certain it is, that by a truer standard of measurement, Mercersburg College did not fail, in proof whereof let the discerning reader of this Memorial Volume bear witness.

"Labor and toil" were surely his; "worth" came in their wake; and the "sure road to esteem" was steadily lengthening out before him.

Mercersburg College was the darling project of Dr. Higbee's mature manhood, and it will readily be conceived that its early failure was a severe blow to his high-strung, sensitive and intensely serious nature. Some of the creditors of the institution now began to press their claims more urgently than before, and the President, grieving over the frustration of fondly cherished hopes, was beset with an unusually harassing combination of difficulties. If he had been possessed of private funds sufficient to meet these claims, there is no doubt that he would have poured them out like water for the purpose.

As it was, although by no means personally responsible for the indebtedness incurred by direction of the Board of Regents, he voluntarily surrendered the deed of his ownership in a piece of land, his sole holding in real estate, as an offset to at least one claim of a thousand dollars, although he himself was at the time a claimant to the extent of about two thousand dollars, on account of salary.

Greatly perplexed, without any regular means of a livelihood, and imagining himself somewhat under a cloud in the estimation of many of his ministerial brethren, he faced the future with little capital besides an unfaltering faith in God and a resolute determination to follow only the leadings of duty. But he lost no time in idle murmuring and vain repining, and presently daylight began to break through the surrounding darkness of his earthly prospects, as the inner conviction settled upon him that "something was coming." He was not left long in doubt, for in the spring of 1881 he received from Governor Hoyt the appointment of State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania.

It evidently required some courage, especially in the way of independence of the ordinary influences that are paramount in the control of gubernatorial action in such matters, on the part of Gov. Hoyt, to make this appointment. Dr. Higbee was very little known throughout the State; indeed, his natural temperament, as well as the close confinement of his activity to the pressing work with which he had been overwhelmed, left him neither time nor inclination to utilize any of the ordinary means employed for gaining popular reputation. His business was to do battle bravely *against* the currents of the world's life, and not to be borne comfortably along into places of prominence. In a word, his work was for eternity, and not for time, and hitherto the conditions for its performance had been such as to favor his predilection for retirement and seclusion.

But he had come in contact with a few men of affairs who were in a position to command influence, and had left an abiding impression upon them. So it happened—the present writer is unable to use more definite language—that his name came before Gov. Hoyt, who being himself a man of serious nature, studious habits, and fine literary accomplishments, could easily enter into sympathetic appreciation of Dr. Higbee's qualifications, and saw no obstacle to the propriety of his selection in the comparative obscurity of his past life. Whatever lingering objections there may have been in the Governor's mind on this score, or in view of Dr. Higbee's own over-modest distrust of his executive powers, were completely dispelled by the effect of a personal interview, in reference to which Gov. Hoyt has within the past year written: "I have often recurred to that interview with Dr. Higbee, for it has always afforded me the gratification of having made 'no mistake' in the man." April 1st, 1881, he entered upon the duties of his office, as the successor of Dr. J. P. Wickersham, who for fifteen years had managed its affairs with signal ability, and now retired with the proud consciousness of having achieved a brilliant success by the wise exercise of his pre-eminent administrative capacity.

The new Superintendent, whose course was watched with the keenest scrutiny, and, in many quarters, with the most serious misgivings, not to say with suspicion, very soon found his way into the inner heart of the school men of the State, and in an incredibly short time he enjoyed, in unstinted measure, the confidence of his co-laborers—the *living* forces and factors which came under his direction and inspiration, and which he ever regarded as of infinitely more value than the most ingenious *machinery* that might be devised in the interest of system and organization. In pleading, as he so often did, for the more generous support of the schools, with the immediate view of inviting and retaining the "very ablest teachers," he says: "However complete our system may be, and however skillfully arranged our appliances and methods, without the presence of earnest and thoroughly qualified living men—without the moulding power of their character and lives upon our children—soul speaking to soul—deep answering to deep—with a voice infinitely more profound and mightier than any written book—the work must fail, and the money virtually be thrown away." The children, the teachers, the directors, and the superintendents were the objects of his chiefest concern, and upon these he freely and unceasingly spent himself.

To indicate the deep impression he was so rapidly making upon educational affairs at home and abroad—for the latter but reflects the former—we take the following paragraphs from the *New England Journal of Education*, constituting part of an extended notice of one of his Annual Reports:

Dr. Higbee is one of the strongest State Superintendents we have in this country. He is the executive officer of the great Keystone State, whose schools

are famous in all parts of the land. This State system of public schools is one of the broadest and best. Dr. H. is himself clearly seen through the printed pages of his report,—his scholarship, his high manly and moral tone, his administrative ability, his straightforward business way of doing his work and of expressing himself concerning that work. We have been impressed while reading his strong utterances with the power of the man that shows throughout this official document. He is a man of very great zeal and enthusiasm in his labors. Within the four years that he has been in office he has traveled much over the entire State, visiting and lecturing at teachers' institutes and other educational assemblies, watching with a critical eye all tendencies in the educational work, and moulding educational sentiment, as few men could do. He has delivered lectures on school topics in nearly every county, and in some counties has lectured before institutes for three successive years. His work in this direction alone has been of inestimable value to the school interests of Pennsylvania. He is recognized as one of the most accomplished scholars of the State. No one questions this who knows him. As a classical scholar, he has read nearly all the Greek and Latin authors extant. His attainments in philosophy also are high. He is at home in the history of philosophy, and is quite a specialist in psychology. His keen insight into the philosophy of education and his clear and forcible statement of the truth as he sees it, have given him great power in the direction of educational thought throughout the State."

At the expiration of Dr. Higbee's term of office there was reason to suppose that with the political change that had taken place in the Executive Department of the State administration, a change would also be made in the Superintendency of Public Instruction. This fear, however, proved to be groundless. For reasons best known to himself, perhaps in obedience to a true instinct, it may be with an honest desire to eliminate politics from the administration of the school affairs of the State, certainly with a correct appreciation of the very general drift of public sentiment so urgently in favor of Dr. Higbee's retention in office, Gov. Pattison, to his credit be it said, determined that he should be his own successor. Accordingly, in the spring of 1885, he was reappointed and entered upon the continuance of his official duties with fresh vigor and zeal.

The full significance of this re-appointment was duly appreciated by the friends of education everywhere, and the Governor could not but be deeply gratified by the numerous and sincere encomiums that were passed upon him for the moral strength with which he withstood the enormous political pressure that must have been brought to bear upon him to secure the nomination of a Superintendent out of the household of his own political faith. Dr. Higbee, as well as others, saw in this conspicuous act a most hopeful sign of encouragement to remain steadfast in his determination to dissever the administration of his office as far as possible from the baneful influence of partisan considerations. Under the circumstances, then, it was with high hopes and a renewed sense of responsibility that he faced the future, which never before seemed so big with the magnitude of the work he had in view. If he labored before, he labored now more abundantly, and perceptible progress was steadily made.

But soon the sky was to be overcast with black clouds, high hopes dashed, and spirits crushed. Let us pass this period, the spring of 1886, as briefly, as silently as possible. We refer to the crusade of persecution to which he was subjected in his capacity of Superintendent of Soldiers' Orphan Schools. For particulars the reader must look elsewhere, only he will not read aright if he does not discover that for cruel wrong and utter groundlessness of charges made on the one side, and for patient suffering and heroic forbearance on the other, it deserves to be characterized as one of the most indefensible and heart-rending assaults ever made upon the character of a public official.

What the underlying motives may have been is known best to the instigators of this whole lamentable affair; what their feelings have since been can only be imagined; but what poignant suffering was inflicted we know too well. It was indeed a "fiery furnace" of trial for Dr. Higbee, the fierce heat of which was intensified almost beyond endurance by the heavy domestic affliction which fell upon him at this time in the death of a dear son just upon the verge of manhood's estate. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." It is true Dr. Higbee's complete exoneration came in due course of time, and he was deeply, tenderly, at times tearfully, sensible of the boundless kindness and unfailing confidence he experienced at the hands of his numerous friends everywhere. It was a precious comfort for him to know that when he had "but tears to give" he was not left to "weep those tears alone." But the consuming grief that lacerated the natural affections of his heart, and the no less consuming distress that oppressed the refined sensitiveness of his nature, made sad inroad upon the vitality of his physical constitution. He had been brought nearer to the reality of the spiritual world, but he never recovered from the effect of the cruel blows he had received, and from this time on, we venture to say, he lived daily in sight of the end.

In the spring of 1889 he was reappointed by Gov. Beaver, in response to the almost universal desire of the leaders of educational work in all parts of the State, and he entered upon the third term of his office with health somewhat shattered, but with zeal unabated. After his return from his annual hay-fever trip in the following September, he felt that he had gained some much needed strength, and began his laborious Institute work without a thought of sparing himself. Thus, within the last week of his earthly life, we find him at Huntingdon, December 3d and 4th, with reference to which Supt. Brumbaugh writes:

He attended the entire sessions on Thursday, remarking to me once during the day that he could not this season do his work with his accustomed vigor. "I am," said he, half jocosely, "only fifty-nine, but I look like a man of eighty, and feel like a man of ninety." He made the closing address of our afternoon session. His theme was the Identity of Home and School Training. In this address for forty minutes he held the rapt attention of fully 1,300 people. In it he spoke with all his usual earnestness, and that profound depth of thought and feeling which so often characterized his platform utterances. He reached beyond the ordinary ken, and saw and described visions not revealed in like fullness to other men. His wonderful grasp of our educational environment, his deep and exhaustive analysis of character as a factor in education, his earnest and Christian charity for the honest work of the teacher, his intense and righteous resentment of all sophistries in education, and his marvelous and rhythmic diction, combined to make his address a memorable one. It was probably the last, rich, full outpouring of the treasures of his wonderful mind.

Mr. J. P. McCaskey furnishes the following interesting account of his last interview with Dr. Higbee:

On the Saturday morning before his death, Dr. Higbee called at the house of the junior editor of *The Journal*, to talk over a paper which he was then considering, and the plan of which was taking definite shape in his mind. He read a letter from State Supt. Draper of New York, adding that he would write the paper as requested. After discussing the matter for probably an hour or an hour and a half, we went down town together, and the writer complimented him upon the ease with which he took the steep grade of the street, where a few months before he had been compelled to walk more slowly because of asthmatic trouble. "Oh," he replied, "I'm much better; that gives me now but little annoyance in walking."

He called again in the afternoon, at perhaps half-past three o'clock. We had not yet reached home, but he asked for some paper and said he would write awhile. As we came in, about four o'clock, he hailed us cheerily about having "taken possession." We were always glad to see him, and told him so. He spoke of the pleasure he found in writing with his old-time readiness, and added, "Why, I can write for *two hours* at a stretch now, and enjoy it." Seeing that he was full of his subject, and thinking closely upon it, and that it would be discourtesy to engage him in conversation, the writer remarked, "I am going to the desk up stairs, and when you are through with your writing, call or have some one else call me." In probably a half-hour or three-quarters, one of the boys came to say that Dr. Higbee wanted to see us. He read with much interest the paper, which he had written as far as to the last paragraph of suggestions, while he sat there—and spoke of it with all his old-time animation and vigor. Struck with the life-force that seemed roused in him, we said, in a kind of glad surprise, "Why, man, you're getting better! You look as if there were ten years of good work in you yet!" He smiled as if he half thought so too—so much of the old energy had come back. And so we talked pleasantly and hopefully until he went down the steps, and down the street, with form erect, firm step, and face resolutely to the front, as he walked rapidly away. We looked after him, marking, with a feeling of gratitude, the spirit and firmness of every movement, so much in contrast with what we had known of him no long time before—and turned back into the doorway thinking, "Dr. Higbee is getting well!"

Alas! he never got well. On the following Sunday he had the privilege of uniting for the last time with his family in the blessed communion of the Lord's Supper, which he always associated with the Communion of Saints, that precious article of the Apostles' Creed that was so frequently in his meditations, and which, in his preaching, he never ceased to emphasize as of the most profound significance in every true conception of the Christian pilgrimage. On Monday morning he finished the paper already referred to, which was prepared in response to a request from State Supt. Draper, for suggestions as to "the best method of making our Educational Exhibit at the International Exposition 1893." In the evening of the same day he arrived at Mifflintown, where he had an engagement to participate in the work of the Juniata County Institute. On the following morning, he is reported as having made a most eloquent speech on the importance of securing libraries for the school and the family. In the afternoon he again lectured, as late as 3 o'clock, in regard to which one who heard him says: "His remarks were most happy, abounding in choicest thoughts from the rich storehouse of his wisdom and practical knowledge, with here and there a dash of delicate humor that made him very entertaining indeed."

There is reason to suppose that he had some premonition of what was coming, for we find him hastening his departure for home, and at about 5 o'clock, while waiting for the train, upon the platform of Mifflin Station, the lightning stroke fell; paralysis did its fatal work; and after a few agonizing moments of pitiful efforts to express a last wish, the conscious light of a noble intelligence went out, whilst his great heart continued to beat for fifty-six hours thereafter.

Medical attendance was promptly summoned, but nothing could be done save to render his condition as comfortable as possible for the journey home which was at once undertaken. What a sorrowful home-coming it was! Lead-winged hours of painful watching, anxious waiting, tireless nursing and prayerful hoping, followed. There was no return to consciousness. Early on Friday morning, December 13, 1889, the spirit took its flight, and Dr. Higbee was at rest. In accordance with his own frequently expressed wish he was buried at Emmitsburg, Md., a place hallowed by the sweetest and saddest memories of his earthly life.

"* * it's hard to bear
The loss; but oh! we maun forbear."

The writer is but one of many who have felt the informing influences of Dr. Higbee's life, who have had their minds quickened into activity by the creative energy of his vigorous thought-power, and who have had their hearts warmed into a generous glow by the enkindling touch of his kindly nature. Who has not felt that it was good to be with him? As I look back over the years of my intercourse with him, my thoughts chastened by sorrow, I find it utterly impossible to dwell upon his many private virtues with a view to single out what may possibly have been the predominant quality of his character as revealed to his family and the close company of his chosen friends. Things of love and grief hate the "garish light" of day, and we are here dealing with things that the heart refuses to surrender at our bidding. It is enough to say that to those who knew him best, he was one of those rare souls

"* * quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit."*

Touching his more public character, I am inclined to think that his greatest power lay in his ministry as a steward of the mysteries of grace, and particularly in his preaching of the gospel. I do not forget that as an instructor in the class-room he was unsurpassed and had few equals. But that which made him so masterful in unfolding the truth of a particular science and awakening the susceptibilities necessary for its apprehension and appropriation on the part of his pupils, was that settled habit of his mind, according to which he steadily and persistently subordinated all the manifold forms of truth to the one great overshadowing truth as it is in Christ, The Truth. Neither do I forget that, upon a memorable occasion, Dr Higbee himself said, "In remembering that I am a clergyman, I do not forget that I am a man." Manhood was the supreme thing, but a manhood as glorified by its incarnation in The Perfect Man, that sublime reality and great central fact of our life, which in its comprehensive largeness includes all the functional activities of our earthly existence, and is greater than the teacher, the preacher, the laborer in whatever sphere. In laying aside therefore the distinctive robes of his ministerial office to be clothed with the authority of the State as the Superintendent of its schools, he did not lay aside his high calling in Christ Jesus, but continued in season and out of season to do his Master's will as a preacher of righteousness, the only difference being that his field had now widened out into proportions of almost boundless extent. These reflections need no expansion here, and are only thrown out as involving a necessary factor for consideration in estimating the character and full significance of the work he accomplished as State Superintendent.

Of this work we shall let others speak, although we are as yet too near the scene of action to have the last word said upon it. For the present, it would seem that nothing stronger or better can be desired than the collective judgment of those who are most competent to form a reasonably just opinion, because by virtue of their position they are most capable of estimating the value of the service rendered to the Commonwealth in her most vital interest—that of General Education. In bringing this too hastily written sketch to a close, therefore, it only remains for us to invite the reader's attention to what lies beyond in the following pages, where he may perchance find a reason for this commemorative book, which it is confidently believed will constitute a by no means unfitting monument to Dr. Higbee in every school to which it shall find its way. The teachers of Pennsylvania will know how to learn and teach again the lesson of this exemplary meditative life; they may be trusted also to appreciate the purpose of this publication, namely, to perpetuate for greater and more wide-spread good the wholesome influence exerted by one whose conspicuous merit was excelled only by his innate modesty.

"Let the living live; and you, gather together your thoughts, leave behind you a legacy of feeling and ideas; you will be most useful so."

George F. Mull.

* Earth has not produced souls freer from stain.

TRIBUTES OF LOVING MEMORY.

THE funeral services were held on Monday, December 16th, in the First Reformed church, beginning at 11:30 a. m., and concluding at 1:20 p. m. The large church was filled by those who came to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the eminent dead, and the exercises were of the most solemn and impressive character.

The public schools of the city were closed; Franklin and Marshall College ended its session at an early hour; and many pupils of the schools and College students were present, as were the Faculty of the College and the public school teachers. Within the chancel railing were beautiful floral emblems. One, a cross and crown, was from the Department of Public Instruction, and another from the clerks of the Soldiers' Orphans' Department. Cards of convenient size, giving the order of service and the hymns printed in full for the use of the congregation, were distributed throughout the church.

The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. J. M. Titzel, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Thomas G. Apple, Lancaster, and Rev. Drs. Bausman and McCauley, of Reading. The choir chanted the ninetieth Psalm, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place." The Scripture lesson was then read by Rev. Dr. Titzel, being part of the 15th chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. After an earnest prayer by the Rev. Dr. McCauley, the hymn "Jesus, o'er the grave victorious," written by Dr. Higbee in 1873, was sung by the large congregation to his favorite tune for it with most solemn effect.

The funeral sermon, which is here given in full, was then preached by Rev. Dr. Thos. G. Apple, after which all united in singing the hymn "Asleep in Jesus," to the tune "Hamburg." Rev. Dr. E. V. Gerhart, president of the Theological Seminary, and Rev. Dr. Bausman, of Reading, paid loving tributes to the memory of their departed friend and brother, which also are found herewith. After an impressive prayer, a funeral hymn, a dirge by Handel, was sung by a hundred or more of the pupils of the High School, and the beautiful service ended with the Dead March in "Saul," by Handel, which was played by Prof. Carl Matz while the large congregation passed slowly by the sleeping form of the dead educator and theologian, and until the casket had been removed from the church. It was then taken to the Pennsylvania depot, and the funeral party at 2 p. m. took the special car which had been engaged for Emmitsburg, which place was reached about 7 o'clock in the evening, arrangements having been made that the interment should take place on Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock.

The following were the pall bearers: Rev. M. H. Sangree, Steelton; Rev. Ellis N. Kremer, Lebanon; Rev. W. F. Lichliter, Lancaster; Rev. Geo. B. Resser, Lebanon; Hon. John Q. Stewart and Hon. Henry Houck, Deputy Superintendents of Public Instruction; Prof. John B. Kieffer, Lancaster; Mr. Jacob Heyser, Chambersburg.

Among those who came to pay their last tribute of respect to the distinguished dead were Governor Beaver, Secretary of the Commonwealth Stone, Lieutenant-Governor Davies, Adjutant General Hastings, the Lancaster School Board in a body, the Faculty and students of Franklin and Marshall College and of the Theological Seminary, professors of the State Normal School at Millersville, officials of the Department of Public Instruction, clerks of the Soldiers' Orphan Department, and a number of the leading educators of the State, including county, city, and borough Superintendents, principals of Normal schools, teachers and clergymen of Lancaster and neighboring towns and cities.

FUNERAL SERMON BY REV. DR. APPLE.

Text: For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle (or bodily frame) be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—2 Cor. v. 1.

The hope of a future life for man after the dissolution of the body, is ingrained in our very nature, and it has been a guiding light for the present earthly existence in all ages and among all people. Whether we attribute it to the deepest spiritual intuitions of our nature, or to the surviving tradition of a primitive religion, or both combined, the fact remains that in all religions the hope of immortality has ever pointed man to an order of existence beyond the present. This hope has been confirmed by Christianity, and to it has been added by divine revelation, what unassisted reason could not

compass—the resurrection of the body; so that the future life hoped for and believed in comprehends an existence after death for the whole man, body and soul. This faith of the believer in Christianity is centred in Christ, who not only taught it in words, but actualized it in His own divine-human person, in His resurrection from the dead, by which He brought life and immortality to light.

This faith involves, indeed, a great mystery, transcending the deductions of science, yet a mystery that does not contradict reason, but rather fulfills and satisfies the hope of all mankind. Instead of doubting such a revelation, should it not rather be a source of the highest thankfulness that God has mercifully and lovingly so far drawn aside the veil that conceals the future, in order to reveal to us a life higher and better than the present, which satisfies the deepest longing of all human hearts? It is this faith that gives significance to the service of Christian burial. It is not only the respect and reverence we pay to the tenement of clay which embodied a soul we knew and loved, but also the assurance that in a new body, different from yet identical with the old, he shall appear again in the higher spiritual state of being in which man is to reach his proper destiny.

We naturally shrink from death—man was not created to die, but to live—and we feel when confronted with this last enemy, that it contradicts our longings and aspirations. It severs the dearest and tenderest ties that bind us together in life; but revelation assures us that even this last enemy has been conquered by him who is the resurrection and the life, and therefore the separation caused by death is only temporary, for the dead shall rise again. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body."

In this Christian faith we hold funeral service over the mortal remains of our departed brother this day.

It is as a very intimate and warmly attached friend of the deceased that I attempt to voice the general sentiment, in poor and feeble words, in regard to his life and life-work. I would utter no fulsome eulogy on an occasion like this, when standing in the presence of death, for I know it would not be the wish of him whose refined, sensitive nature would shrink from any such display. But I may be allowed to speak of the ideal which he sought faithfully to realize. There is such an ideal in the life of every one, and we estimate his life by the care and diligence with which he seeks to reach it, even though there are imperfections and shortcomings in every one of us in this effort and struggle.

Dr. Higbee possessed a combination of more than ordinary intellectual endowment on the one hand, and on the other, a strong idealizing power which verged towards the poetic. His intellectual powers were cultivated to the highest degree by a thorough classical education and continuous hard study during his maturer life. His intellectual attainments were more varied and universal than in the case of most scholars. He was a fine mathematician, having mastered its most intricate abstract departments in the highest branches, and he was also a superior linguist, being entirely at home in the Latin and Greek classics, while he also cultivated the natural sciences, weaving around his study of nature the finest artistic conceptions. His æsthetic power was equally strong and highly developed. He appreciated art in all its forms, and satisfied his refined and cultivated taste by himself producing specimens of painting and poetry.

This idealizing power it was that developed in him an intensity in reaching after the highest perfection in whatever occupied his attention. Along with this there was an enthusiasm that made him whole-souled in all his work, and communicated itself to his students during the period of his life in which he occupied the professor's chair. His students readily caught the enthusiasm of his own nature, became warmly attached to him as their teacher personally, and at the same time imbibed an enthusiastic interest in their studies.

It was while enjoying the full ripeness of his powers that he was called to the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, the headship of the popular educational interest of this Commonwealth, through which he became most widely known and honored throughout the State. He found the system of education in the State in a highly flourishing condition, through the efficiency of his worthy predecessor, Dr. Wickersham, who still remains with us as the honored friend of popular education.

Dr. Higbee brought all his gifted powers and thorough and varied culture to bear upon his work, and proved that the highest and best culture is possessed of the greatest efficiency in advancing the interest of common school education.

With his broad philosophic grasp he at once saw that the highest ideal of education is not inconsistent with its usefulness, its practical importance. In his mind education, whether in its higher or lower order, was an end in itself, and carried in itself its own exceeding great reward, because it had to do with the training of immortal souls. Above all its earthly uses, which he was quick to realize and encourage, he nevertheless always held up the education of the man, the formation of character, as first and foremost a good in itself, above the value of silver and gold. In this view he grasped clearly the harmony between education in its rudimentary forms and its higher forms in the college and university. They are in no sense antagonistic; the one is simply the completion of the other; and though the one stops with that degree of training which is required for the ordinary pursuits of life, yet so far as it goes it is the training of the same dignified being as in the case of the other.

His beautiful poetic utterances at times at the County Institutes were not mere visionary speculations, but they were idealizations of what is highest and best in man. What are called the practical industrial interests of man, whose importance in common school education he never questioned, receive their real and true value from man himself, in the height of his dignity as an immortal being; hence those interests were always held subordinate to the training of the man himself with his heaven-born powers.

The first consideration in education refers to man as man, and then to him as a mechanic, a business man, a professional man, etc. And when one stands in the presence of death and realizes the shortness of life and the eternity beyond, who can resist the truth in this view of education?

Dr. Higbee performed well the duties of his office. His masterly ability and diligence were seen in all his work. His sterling integrity could not imagine, much less tolerate, any want of honesty in administering the interest of the schools of the State, so far as he was able to reach them in his supervision.

In estimating his character as Superintendent of Public Instruction, I can do no better than quote the appropriate and fitting words of his superior officer in the State Government, Governor James A. Beaver, which appeared after my foregoing remarks were written: "Dr. Higbee was a man of broad culture; a polished and thoughtful scholar, familiar alike with the treasures of ancient and modern thought and literature. As an instructor, his extraordinary attainments and varied resources brought to him abundant success in every department of effort, and as an educator in its broadest and best sense, he had obtained a rank among the first in the nation. As a public officer he was painstaking and conscientious; as a man he was pure, simple-hearted, genial, gentle, and kind. The teachers of the State and his associates in the great work of education loved him with a filial devotion, and the Commonwealth trusted him as a pure, noble, true, and honest man."

This beautiful tribute is worthy the head and the heart of the highest officer of this great Commonwealth. The scene will not soon be forgotten when the Governor of the State recently visited the large Institute of the teachers of Lancaster county, and made that able and earnest speech, in which he was followed by Dr. Higbee, the one complementing and supporting the other, in their high appreciation of the important interest of education.

Dr. Higbee received his appointment as State Superintendent successively from three Governors, and this testimony from Governor Beaver, at the close of his long and arduous labors, attests the purity as well as the success of Dr. Higbee's administration of the educational interests of the State, and is highly gratifying to his numerous friends throughout the land, especially those who recommended him to the responsible position.

But it was in his character as a minister of the Gospel, both in the office of pastor and professor, that his spiritual energies received their highest exercise, He received the mysteries of grace in humble, child-like faith, and gave them most effective utterance, whether in the pulpit or in the professor's chair. He was a speaker of rare ability, and he was able to electrify his hearers by his incisive, well-chosen words, and by that rare combination of profound thought and beautiful imagery. There was no boisterous declamation in his oratory. From the first words he uttered, every one felt that he was listening to one who was master of his subject, and that he could not only satisfy the intellect, but also warm the heart. In his ministry, in his preaching the mysteries of faith, as well as when he was discoursing in the sphere of science and philosophy, he spoke from his sense of the high ideal which he pictured, his poetic sense, which imaged the realities of grace, as well as the objects in the natural creation.

The disparity which he saw between his own ideals and their imperfect realization in our human life and in the movements of history, often led him to take a desponding view of things. It is so with every profound thinker, but especially one gifted with a lively imagination. Whatever of good is actualized in their own lives and in the movements of history, they see yet far higher ideals that ought to be realized, and over the failure to realize them they lament. Such discontent is praiseworthy. The highest genius is often the most despondent of men, restless and dissatisfied until he has reached his ideal, and this, if an artist, he does not realize in his own realm of true art. The poets are the seers, who in this respect correspond to the prophets of revelation. I emphasize this point, because his nearest friends saw and knew this artistic tendency, this idealizing power in Dr. Higbee, which explained much in his utterances and in his life that otherwise could not be properly appreciated.

There is an ideal for the believer in Christ which is never actualized in this life, because of the infirmity of the physical constitution and the evil environment of the world; but as death releases the soul from these impediments to the higher life, we may believe that this ideal becomes actualized after death. The soul, principled in love, then unfolds its powers in the new and better environment, and reaches out with better promise of success to that perfection which is to be fully attained in the final state in Heaven. The process of education does not stop at death, but it goes forward until the whole kingdom of righteousness and glory shall be finally ushered in at the last day.

It remains yet to refer to the departed as he was in the more retired sphere of friendship, in the social circle, in the sacred precincts of his home life, where his innermost life and spirit were most fully revealed. His attachments were warm and intense. There was about him a personal magnetism that won upon those who came to be numbered among his friends. In the social circle he was brilliant in his utterances. His hearty shake of the hand and the bright smile which lighted up his countenance when meeting a friend, testified to the intensity of his friendship.

As I speak here to-day at his funeral, there are scenes of other days that come up to me, when he was the admired and beloved in circles of attached friends, where his genial qualities won upon all hearts. It was the sunny side of life for us then, as we met in the social circle or literary club to discuss subjects in science, literature and art; and when, in the enthusiasm of youth still lingering in us, we enjoyed the warm sympathy and friendship of the hour, and the future of life spanned our horizon as with the rainbow of rich promise and bright hopes. My heart then learned to warm toward him, and there are many to-day who will fondly call up those seasons of the richest enjoyment. In those circles, his sparkling intellectual utterances, and his magnetic heartsome influence, made him the centre of admiration and love. But I may not indulge on this occasion in such personal reminiscences, which remain to gild the years of later life, and I make this brief reference only to place him in his proper light in this respect—as he was in the bosom of his friends.

He was the radiant light of the home circle, and his sudden departure has left a void there that fills the hearts of the loved ones left behind with unspeakable sorrow. No poor words of mine could alleviate this sorrow, nor would this be the occasion to utter them even should I attempt to do so. Only the support of divine grace can sustain the sorrowing at such a time. But I may be allowed to say to the sorrowing family that the cordial sympathy of multitudes throughout the Church and State is with them at this sad and trying season of their affliction.

Call it coincidence or presentiment, or what we may, there is a melancholy satisfaction and comfort in recalling the last few days of the life of the deceased on earth. For some time—some days, I mean—previous to his death, he seemed to be going about taking leave of his friends. It was a bright, beautiful Saturday ten days ago, when, as by a simultaneous impulse, he and myself started each from his home to visit the other. We met midway and started together for a walk, and in talking of affairs in Church and State he said, very emphatically, that his faith in providence was so unbounded that he could not entertain a doubt as to the success of the right and the good under the guiding hand of Him who rules all things, both great and small. Whilst realizing his failing health, yet he seemed to have a more than usually hopeful view of life and its results in history.

He spent the morning of his last Sabbath on earth with us in the Chapel communion service, and when the work of the following week began, he took his way to a distant post of duty, nevermore to return to us in the possession of consciousness. He was

smitten down at the post of duty with his harness on. His work on earth was done, and well done. He had expended his energy and strength in his arduous work, and at the end of his journey he laid aside his "pilgrim staff and sandal shoon" and entered into his rest. His last struggle was brief, and, as we may believe, without conscious suffering. His sudden death is a solemn admonition to us who remain, as to the uncertainties of life, the solemnity of its responsibilities, and the need of divine help to meet them. May God help us in the weakness and infirmity of the body to be faithful unto death, so that when our hour comes we may be ready to join the great congregation who have gone before, and with them reach the consummation of redemption and bliss through our Lord Jesus Christ!

TRIBUTE OF REV. DR. GERHART.

A brief tribute, but it is painful to offer it to the memory of my sleeping friend. Unbidden come to my lips the words of inspiration; "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works follow with them."

There are two ways in which we may look at death. From this side is one of them, according to the law of nature and in the light of natural reason. Though the pagan may have a hope, it is very dim. And to every unchristian philosopher, when he comes to that verge, there arises before him a wide, deep abyss into which he makes a plunge. The other way of looking at death is from the Christian side; to look upon it in the light which the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ sheds upon it, illuminating it with glory from the heavenly world. From that point of observation, I stand here and contemplate the transition from the earthly to the post-earthly period of him whom I loved.

God is the author of life. Death is the bitter fruit of sin. In Christ sin is abolished. By Him death is overcome. Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel. I look on death not chiefly from the natural side, but from the other side which is illumined by the resurrection, by the victory over sin and death, achieved by Jesus Christ. So Dr. Higbee viewed the exit of the believer. His faith in the personal Christ and in all the facts of Christianity was clear, decided, uncompromising, firm—so firm, so undoubted, that no enmity of wicked men, no opposition of science, no criticisms of skepticism, ever touched his convictions or caused him for a moment to waver.

Dr. Higbee I had known from an early period of his ministry. But it was not until the fall of 1868, when we became associated as Professors in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, that I became intimately acquainted with him. Of his talents, his learning, his many-sided culture, so forcibly presented by the Rev. Dr. Apple, I need not speak. I wish only to emphasize his strong and pronounced Christian faith. It was this in such a talented and cultured man of letters that especially arrested my mind. His was not an ordinary assent to the claims of Christianity. It was an intense conviction that Jesus is the Christ, the God-man, the only hope of the world. I may call his faith a passionate faith, for scarcely any other word can express the intense feeling of certainty and the strength of energy with which his fiery soul would speak of the one Lord who was to him the First and the Last. So profound was his conviction of the truth of Christianity, so lively his sense of its infinite preciousness, that had the alternative been presented of denying Jesus Christ or surrendering his life, the question would not for an instant have been debated.

Every genuinely Christian sermon edifies me, even though its merits be only ordinary. But there are four men whose sermons have above all others been to me a spiritual edification. Of these four the Rev. Dr. Higbee was one. When he had adequate time for preparation, and was in his best mood, physically as well as spiritually, the sermons he preached in the old chapel at Mercersburg were an inspiration. The shadow of no cloud of doubt ever flitted across the glorious perspective of the kingdom of God as it opened before the eye of his spiritual vision. As Abraham endured, so he preached the Gospel, "as seeing him who is invisible." This unclouded presentation of central truths, especially the corner-stone of revelation, the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, and the reality of the kingdom of God founded by this mighty triumph of love, quickened by faith, lifted me up in the spirit, and stimulated my Christian life, as has been done by the discourses of but few other men.

In the Lord he lived and preached the Gospel; in the Lord he has died; now he rests from his labors, and his works follow with him. His "works follow" him. The good deeds of a Christian live on in Church and State after he has gone hence. The spirit of consecration, of education, of cul-

ture, which Dr. Higbee has breathed into his official activity for nearly nine years throughout the State of Pennsylvania, will survive his presence with us in the body, and prove an uplifting influence, though the earnest tones of his voice from the platform will not again be heard.

There is, however, another and a richer sense in which his "works follow" him. The spiritual life which a man cultivates on earth goes with him into the post-earthly period of his existence. What in truth he is he continues to be; what he has acquired he will possess and develop forever.

Think you that the education and culture of Dr. Higbee has significance only for this world? Think you that mental discipline, or fidelity to truth or beauty, or fixedness of right purpose, or consecration to Jesus Christ, fails when this noble earthly tenement falls? By no means. The future inherits the present. The whole man passes through the crisis and survives. The whole man asserts himself hereafter, his talents, his intelligence, his character, his consecration to the kingdom of God. Nay, more! All normal possibilities are there fulfilled. Latent mental powers, immature moral resources, the undeveloped forces of divine capacity, all unfold their fulness of life and ripen towards god-like perfection. In the hereafter each man is the inheritor of what he is and of what he became on earth. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

It is a delightful thought with me that my very last associations with Dr. Higbee were on last Sunday a week ago, at the service to which my respected colleague has referred. It happened to be my morning to officiate, as professor in the college, and Dr. Higbee received from me the administration of the Holy Communion. That is the last time I saw him, the last time he saw me, the last time there was between us any communion. I could not wish a better parting transaction than that. That work follows him. The man beyond the grave is heir to the man on this side. This is true of every believer in the Lord Jesus, every devout believer in the gospel, every man, like this brother, whose high culture—intellectual, moral, and spiritual—has been so beautifully presented to you in himself. Dr. Higbee is the heir to Dr. Higbee. His works do follow him, and he reaps in the sphere beyond a spiritual reward in the uplifting energy of what he did on earth. He survives with his normal endowments in bloom. His abilities and culture, his energy of purpose and character, his firm faith and devotion, he is asserting and using in a higher realm. He is not a branch cut off from the vine to perish, but rather a branch that has put forth new buds of richer promise.

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

TRIBUTE OF REV. DR. BAUSMAN.

In the presence of death a man feels intensely helpless, especially if it be in the presence of a departed one with whom he has been on terms of close friendly intercourse. Ties of brotherhood cultivated and consecrated during an experience of more than thirty years, through fireside communion, through the worship of God around his altar, in times of mirth and in times of more earnestness, ties of such brotherhood are thrilled in every fibre when the being who represented, on the one side, such a friendship, lies before you in death. Our first experiences when our friends depart, are of supreme anguish in the shock, it may be, of sudden bereavement. But it is well for us to remember—if there is anything of that sort to remember—that we are Christians, both he that is gone and he that remains. By the lifeless form of such a brother in Christ, I would prefer to sit in silent mourning. In such a frame of mind and heart it is not an easy matter to order one's utterance aright.

We have been called together by the sudden ending of a very useful life. Now that it has ended, new features of its vigorous usefulness are disclosed to us. When Dr. Chalmers died, Dr. Thomas Guthrie said: "Men of his calibre are like mighty forest trees; we do not know their size until they are cut down." You can never take the full and correct measure of a great man until he is gone. Thus the personal dimensions of our departed brother seem vastly increased now that he has been cut down. I have often noticed that much as we may admire and appreciate the good, the noble and magnanimous qualities of our friends while living, somehow we become familiarized with them, and they cease to impress us. Alas! when they are gone we best take their measure. I think it is so with regard to this dear, dear, warm-hearted, genial brother Higbee. Now that he has vacated his place in the home and in the social circle, in the Church and in the State, the vacancy itself seems to bring his full character into more definite and distinct view. And yet I am so glad to say, as I look upon his pale and lifeless face, as I did

at his home, and here—right in the presence of God's altar of sacrifice, symbolizing the Great Sacrifice of our holy faith—I am so glad to say that I believe in the undying fellowship of believers. I am so glad that I can make a part of my experience what I do profess. I *do* believe in the Resurrection of the Dead, and in the Life Everlasting, as well as in the Communion of Saints.

We are here, however, not simply as mourners, but as thankful mourners. Dr. Higbee was a highly gifted man. His magnificent, God-given talents he employed in the service of God and for the good of his fellow-beings. His loving, trustful heart, his forceful and magnetic mind, his manly courage to think, speak, and do that which is right and true—these can never die. A life like this lives itself into all other lives which it teaches and trains. In and through them, and through countless others, influenced in like manner by them, he lives immortally, forever. A life consecrated to grand aims and ends has a dual immortality. Its blessed results live on in other lives, its brain keeps on throbbing through other brains, its loving heart loves on through other hearts.

In this view the good man never dies. You may kill his body, but the body is not the man. Socrates said to his friends: "By and by you will be saying, 'Socrates is dead,' but Socrates will not be dead. By and by you will be saying, 'Socrates is in his coffin,' but Socrates will not be in his coffin. By and by you will be saying, 'We are going to bury Socrates,' but you will not bury Socrates, you will only bury something that belonged to him."

If this large-brained old Greek could believe this without Christianity, how much more is it true for those who believe Him who has overcome death for us. We can not bury such a life; simply the body in which for a season it was tenanted. Like Abel of old, "He being dead yet speaketh." I believe of this brother that every fibre that was good in him has become interwoven with every fibre of my own being. That warm friendship which attached him to so many people, who felt it thrilling through their hearts as they felt the warm grasp of his hand—that goes on, and also satisfies, even though he is gone, and I believe in its continuance.

For a period of eight years and longer this brother has been at the head of the School Department of Pennsylvania. As such he has been the master of twenty-five thousand masters, and through these a teacher of a million plastic souls. Through his wise and aggressive methods, his magnetic public addresses and personal intercourse, he became an educational inspiration to millions of people. He thought his thoughts into their thinking, he breathed his life into their life, and thus the personality of the man passes in ever multiplying forms into the personality of millions of others, and through them again "he being dead yet speaketh." Bless God, he still speaks! This is the nature, my friends, of every true education. The teacher lives himself into his scholars. The pastor breathes that which is best in himself into his hearers. If he do not, he had better resign! That is the case with all spiritual and mental influence.

Such undying life finds its highest and truest expression and fruition in Him "who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." This truth seemed to be the burden of Dr. Higbee's preaching for many years before his death.

Those who stood nearest to him learned from his conversation and his prayers how his "life was hid with Christ in God." Into such a hiding death can never enter. In the harassing conflicts of difficult and heavy duties, amid the sufferings of increasing bodily infirmities, and at the bier of his departed ones; the personal, present, supporting Christ was the only solace and the sure hope of his troubled heart. In the realm of perfect consummation and bliss he still is what he has been, and such he will forever remain, to us who believe—the good, great, godly brother Higbee. To our faith the life that is to come is but a continuation of the life that now is. "He that believeth on the Son hath" (now) "everlasting life."

I feel so thankful for the communion of saints, that blessed fellowship which consists in the sanctifying and blending together of spirits consecrated here around communion altars, in congregations, and in actual worship, and around family altars. That is a communion which goes on forever. When death doth separate true friends in Christ it is but a seeming separation; it is but a lifting up into a higher fellowship of mental and Christian communion, and hence, my friends, I think it is perfectly in place to call attention to this strongly marked side of Dr. Higbee's character, this endearing, hopeful side. He had a wonderful faith, the trust and faith of a little child, and it used to lift me up when I heard him speak

—this grand man, with his magnificent talents, talked so humbly, so unpretendingly, just like a little child.

When Dr. Alexander died, an old friend said that it always seemed to him when he heard Dr. Alexander speak that there was a reservation of material in him which was still better than the good things he said. I always felt when I heard Dr. Higbee preach that back of all there was something, one-tenth of which he had not told us. So strong, yet so humble; such a fine classical scholar, yet never telling anybody about it. If you started him quoting poetry, discussing ancient or modern literature, what a grand fund he had! what masterly readiness to dip out of any part of history or literature just such things as were needed! His knowledge of the Scriptures, his study of literature—all these mental acquirements—do they lie dead and buried under that coffin-lid? His brain has ceased from toil, it is true, but there is something better than all this; his soul has passed beyond its late environment, and now that he has gone higher, his mental and spiritual enjoyments are infinitely enhanced.

I bless God for the life of such an earnest Christian worker; I thank God for what he was to me—that I have known Dr. Higbee! I remember when I first saw him, coming from the University of Vermont, about the year 1850, a timid, bashful young man—though up there he had taken the first honors, and was considered a young man of unusual brilliancy. All through life he seemed to be so timid about his accomplishments! yet how he lifted himself into the affections, even the faith, of thousands and tens of thousands of people!

To the Christian, death is a promotion. To the eye of the natural man it is a crushing experience; to the eye of the spiritual man it is but the cessation of material visibility, the burying of the body out of our sight. In the more perfect life above, much that now seems dark and unintelligible shall be made clear to us, and the final parting from the cold remains of our dear ones shall be changed into the joy of endless reunion with their glorified being. There "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

I bless God that this man believed in the Holy Ghost, in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion and undying fellowship of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen.

On Tuesday morning the concluding funeral services were held in the Church of the Incarnation at Emmitsburg, Maryland. These services were under the charge of the pastor of the church, Rev. U. H. Heilman. A large number of ministers and friends were present. After the antiphonal use of the ninetieth Psalm, the usual Scripture lesson was read, and prayer offered. Rev. Dr. J. M. Titzel, of Lancaster, then addressed those present as follows:

We are here this morning, dearly beloved, under very sad circumstances. A loving husband, an affectionate father, a devoted brother, a true and warm hearted friend, one eminent both in the Church and in the State, has been suddenly stricken down by the remorseless hand of death, and we have come together to pay the last rites of earth to his lifeless remains. Henceforth we shall greatly miss his genial smile, his kind words, his wise counsels, his profound thought, and his inspiring presence. And these will be missed not only by those of us here present, but also by hundreds and thousands of others with whom he was more or less intimately associated in the various spheres of life in which he moved. For Dr. Higbee was no ordinary man, and his noble qualities of mind and heart greatly endeared him to all who became truly acquainted with him.

His talents were, indeed, of a very high order, his culture superior and varied, and his scholarship thorough and extensive. In conversation, and as a public speaker, he was possessed of unusual brilliancy of thought and utterance, and always made a marked impression on the minds of those whom he addressed. I well remember how, thirty-seven years ago, when I first met him, his genial, winning manner and sparkling wit captivated me; and I can truly say that in the intimate relations which have existed between us from that time on, to listen to his words has always been tome an inspiration.

As an instructor of young men he exerted a wonderful influence over his pupils. He was able not only to instil into their minds his thoughts, but even to lead them unconsciously to imitate his manner of speaking. So much so was this the case, that, as regards the ministers of the Reformed Church, it is not difficult to tell almost at once those who received their classical and theological training under his guidance. And in this fact I feel we have a very striking evidence of the greatness of his intellectual power. Only very superior minds are able thus to mold those who come under their instruction.

In a proclamation issued by the Governor of Pennsylvania on the day on which the deceased departed this life, a high tribute is paid to him as a man and as a public officer. This tribute, however, is none too high. Even more might have been said without any exaggeration of his merits as Superintendent of Public Instruction. For in his administration of the affairs of the office intrusted to him, he never lost sight of the highest interests of humanity.

But Dr. Higbee was more than a highly gifted and brilliant man, an able and successful instructor, and a painstaking and faithful officer of the State. He was also an earnest and humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus; one who had truly "set his affections on things above, not on things on the earth." This showed itself not only in his choosing as his life's work the Christian ministry, but also in the delight which he always took in the services of the sanctuary, whether conducted by himself or others.

During the later years of his life, in which he was not regularly engaged in the work of the ministry, because duty seemed clearly to call him to labor in a different yet kindred sphere of activity, he was nevertheless always a faithful attendant at church on the Lord's day. His seat in the First Reformed Church of Lancaster, when at home and in good health, was never vacant either at the morning or evening service, unless circumstances called him to some other place of worship. He was also very often present at Sunday-School and at the Wednesday evening service. There are those, I am sorry to say, who would have men believe that no special benefit is to be derived from the ordinary services of the sanctuary, and who therefore neglect them. But such was not the opinion of our highly educated and gifted friend. On the contrary, I often heard him say that nowhere did he find more comfort and truer inspiration than in God's house. Here he believed all that was best and most desirable for man could alone be found, and here therefore he sought it, and we know that he sought it not in vain.

The depth and reality of his Christian life was also very manifest in the sanctifying effect which the severe afflictions of the last few years of his life had upon him. For when his oldest son, just as he had reached the age of manhood, was called away into the other world, and when place-seekers sought to injure his fair name, it only brought him into closer communion with Christ. As gold is tried by fire, so affliction only revealed more fully his trust in God and His only-begotten Son. Like the Apostle Paul, he more and more counted "all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord."

Therefore, while we mourn his loss, we sorrow not even as others which have no hope. St. Paul in writing to the Philippians says: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." And this is true in the case of all who love the Lord. To all such it is gain to die, because to die is to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than to remain here in the flesh. Now we feel assured that to our deceased brother it was Christ to live. Consequently death could do him no harm. It only freed him from the cares and troubles of earth, and opened to him the gates of everlasting glory. May God help each one of us to realize this comfort, and so to live that when the summons comes to us to depart hence, we also may enter into rest and be with Jesus. Then will our present affliction work out for us only a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Amen.

Dr. Titzel was followed by the Rev. W. E. Krebs, who spoke of the deceased as a Christian minister, a Christian workman, and a Christian friend, whose influence would extend through coming ages. Prayer was then again offered, after which the body was taken to Mountain View Cemetery and committed to the tomb by Rev. Dr. Titzel, who, at the conclusion of the services, also pronounced the Apostolic benediction.

It may be of interest to note in this connection that Dr. Higbee preached his first sermon in the church in which the funeral services were held in Lancaster, while employed there as teacher in the Boys' High School. His last sermon was preached in the church at Emmittsburg, October 13, 1889, his subject being the Communion of Saints.

This church at Emmittsburg was especially dear to him. Here he had often preached, and he frequently came to this place on Saturday evening, so that here he might again worship with his old friends and relatives. His last address to a Sunday-school was in this little church, on December 1st, the first Sunday in Advent. He spoke to the children of its being Advent Sunday; questioned them about Zacharias, Elisabeth and Mary, then said to them: "Some persons think we would get tired going over the church year round and round, year after year; but we don't go round and round in a ring; it is rather such a circle as the eagle

makes, soaring higher and higher. Each year we come back to Advent, because we are not yet ready for the coming of the Lord, and each year we must rise higher and higher. There may be few more Christmases for some of us—for some this may be the last—but for us all, if we will, there will come the glorious Advent, and we will celebrate it up there"—pointing upwards with both hands and gently smiling as he spoke.

"I am not sure," said one, describing the scene, "that this is exactly what he said or all he said; but it hurt me to hear him say, 'There may be few more Christmases for some of us,' for I knew that he referred to himself—and I could not think that must be! I always told him that he shouldn't die as long as we lived, that we couldn't get along without him—his visits here were such gleams of brightness to us all! I find myself saying over and over, 'Nevermore! *Nevermore!*' But oh! he is so much better off!"

IN SIMPLICITY OF TRUTH.

A private letter that we have seen, written on the evening of the day of the funeral by one lady to another, without thought of publication, so well expresses the general feeling that we have obtained permission to quote as follows:

To-day at Dr. Higbee's funeral service in the Reformed Church I thought of you, knowing you are one of many whose hearts mourn the loss of that great, good man. One of the hymns used in the service was written by the Doctor himself. It was sung to the tune he liked best for it, and in addition the thought in it seemed to lay bare some of his own experience. While they sang it my heart was wrung with sympathy for his family, so evidently stricken with grief. The sermon was preached by Dr. Apple, late President of Franklin and Marshall College, an able and learned man, who has known Dr. H. ever since his coming into Pennsylvania, and it was a fine tribute to his memory—so earnest and above all so sincere. Governor Beaver was present, and Dr. Apple referred to his official notice of the Doctor's death with so much feeling and taste, I felt, as I looked at him from the gallery, that the Governor must be gratified.

There were two other short discourses, one by Dr. Gerhart, of the German Reformed Seminary, and the other by Dr. Bausman, of Reading, both of whom dwelt upon the child-like faith and the lovely character of their beloved friend, adviser, leader. Mr. B. broke out once with such an earnest, '*I thank God* I knew him!' that it thrilled me; and Mary ——, as she sat here to-night with tears raining down her face, talking of the Doctor and of this most beautiful service, said, when he remarked that after conversation with Dr. Higbee he felt his influence in every fibre of his being, she felt that he spoke as Dr. Higbee did, and with a like influence upon his hearers.

I was struck with the fact that these able men—all of them men of "affairs," I suppose—seemed to feel that his love and faith and self-sacrifice were all that was worth dwelling upon—at least all the witness of him they wanted to bear. Everything was said in the very simplicity of truth and feeling, and it seemed to me the most beautiful tribute to a good man I had ever heard.

MEMORIAL SESSION.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION AT MAUCH CHUNK.

THE Memorial Session of the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association in honor of the late State Superintendent, Dr. E. E. HIGBEE, was the order for Wednesday morning, July 9th, 1890.

The devotional exercises were led by Rev. M. A. Tolman, Rector of St. Mark's P. E. Church, who read the following most appropriate Scripture selection from the 44th chapter of Ecclesiasticus:

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies:

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions:

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing:

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitation:

All these were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

And some there be which have no memorial; who are perished, as though they had never been born; and their children after them.

But these were merciful men whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant.

Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

Their seed shall remain forever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth forever more.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.

The President announced that ex Governor Hoyt had been prevented by sickness in his family from preparing the Memorial Address, which duty had therefore been assigned to State Superintendent D. J. Waller, Jr., who spoke as follows:

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

The President of this Association at its last annual meeting, Elnathan Elisha Higbee, D. D., LL.D., Superintendent of Public Instruction, was taken from this life December 13th, 1889.

Though the state of his health did not permit him to preside for any considerable time over the daily sessions at Altoona, it was the strong hope of his friends that the summer vacation, and the assurance of the high esteem with which he was regarded throughout the State, would enable him to recover a large measure of that vigor that was his by inheritance. He entered upon the Institute work in the fall with his usual devotion. It proved to be too much, and those closely associated with him saw that he was daily growing feebler. At Mifflintown, on Tuesday, December 10th, nature gave way; and on Friday, December 13th, he passed peacefully from earth, from the home of his son-in-law, Prof. Geo. F. Mull, in Lancaster. After impressive funeral services in the First Reformed church of Lancaster, his remains were deposited in the cemetery of his beloved Emmitsburg in Maryland.

Dr. Higbee was born, says his brother-in-law, the Rev. Dr. George W. Aughinbaugh, to whose sketch in *The Pennsylvania School Journal* we are indebted for many of the following facts, in Vermont, about six miles from Burlington, on March 27th, 1830. Vermont has laid education in Pennsylvania under lasting obligations. She gave us that champion of equal rights who, at a crisis in our educational history, prevented the repeal of the school law and preserved the system of public instruction to this State, Thaddeus Stevens. Without him we know not how many years we would now be behind our present position. To Vermont also are we indebted for him whom we commemorate to-day.

Dr. Higbee was the youngest of a family of eight sons and two daughters, six of whom survive him. His father was a noble specimen of New England manhood. He was at one time a member of the Legislature, and was possessed of a homestead that was "quite an imposing farmhouse in its day, very eligibly situated on a gentle rise some distance from the highway, and handsomely set off by its broad natural lawns." Here Elnathan is believed to have been born, and to have passed an uneventful childhood.

If he spent four years in college he must have entered at the age of fifteen, for he graduated with honor from the University of Vermont in 1849. As a boy he was full of energy and excelled in all out-door sports. "He was a natural born athlete." Though only sixteen when he taught his first school, he easily outstripped the most active and stalwart of his boys. "He could run faster, jump higher, knock a ball or kick a foot-ball further, than any of the rest. As a skater he was fleet as the wind, and as alert, nimble, and agile as seems possible to any master of the art." He was consequently a hero to his pupils on the play-ground. In the school room his brilliant intellectual powers, and his tact in management, made him no less an object of admiration. It is said that while he was a martinet in school discipline, he was seldom known to resort to other measures than those of moral suasion. It is not the least remarkable fact in this sketch, that the attempt to portray the boy results thus in the view of a school-teacher.

After graduating from the University of Vermont, young Higbee was induced to take charge, for a year, of the mathematical and classical departments of a select school conducted by his brother-in-law, Dr. Aughinbaugh, in Emmitsburg, Maryland. While teaching he began the study of the law, with the purpose of practising in Vermont.

It was at this time that he made a public profession of his faith in Christ. After a year as a private tutor in Emmitsburg, he entered the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church at Mercersburg, then including Drs. Nevin and Schaff in its faculty. Upon the completion of his seminary course he became teacher of mathematics in the High School of Lancaster. In 1854, five years after his graduation from the University, he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Maryland Classis of the Reformed Church. His first field of ministerial labor was in the Congregational Church of Bethel, Vt. After laboring there a few years, he returned to Emmitsburg as a sup-

ply to the Reformed Church, but soon became pastor of the First Reformed Church of Tiffin, Ohio. Here he was elected Professor of Latin and Greek in Heidelberg College. Grace Reformed Church, Pittsburgh, next enjoyed his ministrations for a few years, whence he was called, in 1864, to the chair of Church History and New Testament Exegesis, occupied by Dr. Philip Schaff, in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, where he had graduated. "Here," says Professor Kerschner, "eight delightful years of my friend's life passed away."

When in 1871 the Seminary was removed to Lancaster, Dr. Higbee resigned the chair he had so ably and acceptably filled, and became President of Mercersburg College, holding the position until 1880. His pastoral labors covered a period of ten years. The sixteen years following of educational work at Mercersburg, spent so quietly that the world knew little of him who labored there, were, like those of Moses in Horeb, years of quiet preparation made unwittingly for a wide field of great activity. There in the chair of Church History and New Testament Exegesis, he made the acquaintance of the great theologians, ecclesiastics, and statesmen of past ages, for to him these men lived again; and in their companionship his wonderful mind found congenial spirits and converse upon highest themes in state-craft and religion.

As President of Mercersburg College he passed from the contemplative to the active sphere, from the legislative and judicial habit to the executive. Dr. Kerschner says of that period: "His labors were vastly increased; his anxieties were endless; his remuneration was smaller; the discipline of the college, no light burden when faithfully discharged, rested mainly upon him; he was a committee of ways and means where such seemed not to exist; his duties were often harassing, always incessant." During this time he taught classes in Psychology, Logic, Æsthetics, Ethics and the History of Philosophy, and gave special attention to the Philosophy of History and the Theory of Education. "But the chapel was the scene of Dr. Higbee's severest labors, of his dearest joys, and of his noblest spiritual victories."

Thus was he prepared to cope with men and grasp the issues presented in his brilliant though short administration of the Department of Public Instruction, which he began in his fifty-first year. This Association knew him as the head of the Department of Public Instruction, as a scholar, and as a man. Dr. Higbee was appointed by Governor Hoyt to take charge of this Department at a time when peculiar talents were needed. Burrowes and Hickok and others had devised the system, wonderful in its adaptation to the diverse conditions of the several parts of the State, in its balance of centralization with local control; and Wickersham with singular executive ability had compacted it. What the State needed was to be aroused to employ the means at hand. To this task Dr. Higbee applied himself. He personally inspected the State from end to end, He penetrated the remotest corners, and sometimes spent weeks with superintendents, holding meetings night after night in country districts.

By his scholarly presence and wise counsels, by his self-sacrificing spirit and consuming zeal, in cities, in boroughs, and in whole counties, he aroused and directed the energies of school officers and of the public. He was not a worshipper of system. System with him was not an end but a means. He deeply impressed upon his hearers that the children were not for the schools, but the schools for the children. He always insisted upon regard for the individual while dealing with masses of children. He demanded for each child the buildings, the grounds, the appliances, and the teachers, that were needed to develop the physical, intellectual, moral, religious, and æsthetic nature of the child.

How well he did this work let the result show. Never before was there in Pennsylvania a more wide-spread, earnest, substantial support of public instruction than there is to-day. School-houses have been transformed. Instead of being the shame, they are now often the pride of the community. It has become the rule in cities and boroughs that the school-houses are among the largest and most elegant buildings. The expenditures upon school property were one million dollars in 1881, and in 1889 two millions, an increase of one hundred per cent. The amount devoted to public instruction increased from $7,300,000 in 1881, to $12,000,000 in 1889, an increase of over sixty per cent. The aid granted by the Legislature, in the State appropriation, increased one hundred per cent. Teachers were encouraged to attend the County Institute by receiving pay for their time spent there; uniformity in the school month was effected throughout the State; and twenty per cent. was added to the length of the school year.

Another service rendered by Superintendent Higbee was that of allaying the antagonism between those engaged in collegiate or academic teaching and those in the public schools; though he did not succeed in realizing his hope of uniting these in one organic system.

But the memory that is strongest, clearest, and dearest to-day is that of the scholarly man. It is said that Leibnitz was the last man to compass the learning of his own times. The several departments have since grown to such proportions that no one can hope to master some single ones, much less all. It is unusual to find one with a taste or talents for more than one or two. But Dr. Schaeffer has tersely described his scholarly attainments as follows: "His scholarship was accurate and varied. He was a linguist, a mathematician, a scientist, a poet, a historian, a philosopher and a theologian, all combined in one." From these diverse regions of thought the flora seemed to him equally familiar. Perhaps the range of his thought cannot be better expressed than by calling attention to the fact that while eminent as a mathematician, some of his hymns, already in the hymn books, will perpetuate his name as a poet.

But even this brilliancy of his scholarship is to-day only an accessory, not the central feature in our memories. It is the man we remember. There is scarcely an attractive trait of manhood that was not strong in him. Wonderful in intellect yet guileless, courageous yet tender and child-like, determined yet unselfish, untiring in labor yet always with leisure for others, the eulogy upon Brutus is far more appropriate to him:

> His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

We are left in no uncertainty as to the spirit that inspired him. The ideal ever before him was no other than Jesus of Nazareth; and this fact is beautifully expressed by him in the following hymn, which is already in the hymn-books of the Christian Church:

> Jesus, o'er the grave victorious,
> Conquering death and conquering hell,
> Reign Thou in Thy might all glorious,
> Heaven and earth Thy triumph swell.
> Saints in Thee approach the Father
> Asking in Thy name alone;
> He in Thee, with love increasing,
> Gives and glorifies the Son.
>
> Down to earth in all its darkness
> From the Father Thou didst come:
> Seeking sinners in their blindness,
> Calling earth's poor exiles home;
> By a life of love and labor
> Doing all the Father's will;
> Giving to each suppliant sufferer
> Precious balm for every ill.
>
> Patient ever in well-doing,
> Moving on in steps of blood,
> Through the grave to heights of glory,
> Reconciling us with God.
> Here in Thee is peace forever;
> We can tribulation bear,
> Kiss Thy cross, with rapture knowing
> Thou hast conquered suffering there.

Deputy Supt. HENRY HOUCK said that, while his preference would be to keep silence on this solemn occasion, he could not refuse to say a word when called upon, in memory of the distinguished leader we have lost. Dr. Higbee was a man who was admired and loved by all who knew him. Perhaps nowhere in this country was there a State Superintendent who was his equal in scholarship. He had served with him for nearly nine years, and could not have known him better had they been companions from childhood. They had traveled together, roomed together, worked together, all over the Commonwealth. Not only was he a prince upon the platform, but on the social side—everywhere he went his fine social qualities made him friends.

Of him, if of any man, it may be said, he died with the harness on. He could not be induced to take the rest that we all saw he needed, and his dying hand was on the rudder of the ship. Once at Pittsburgh, when he had just returned from California, on a hot June evening, he heard the bell of Grace Church sound for evening service. "There's my bell," he said. "We must go!"—and we went. It was easy to judge the man as you saw the people gather round him. The young minister insisted on his preaching, and would take no denial; and there, without preparation, he made one of the most eloquent addresses I have ever heard. That was the first time I heard him speak: the last time was at Norristown, where he addressed a large audience in the opera house. There are others here who heard that eloquent plea for the cause dear to his heart—the proper care of the child at home and at school. Afterwards he spoke to the Directors on the proper use of the enlarged State appropriation—in compensating the hard-working teachers. What a scholar he was! He would talk Shakespeare by the hour—he read Greek and Latin as we read the newspaper—mathematics, music, everywhere—no subject came up for discussion that was not illumin-

ated and adorned by the splendid scholarship of the man.

But, after all, it is as a friend we feel our loss most deeply. Every one he met, from the learned doctor to the poor teacher in a little mountain school, received the same warm grasp of the hand that told us his warm heart was in the common work. All over the State he went, pleading for larger appropriation and longer term; and in both he was successful, largely by his personal power. It was hard to realize when we participated in his funeral service, that we should see his face in this life no more. But Dr. Higbee is not dead—even here his life goes on in the influence exerted by his virtues; and we know it shall bloom in immortality beyond the grave. At rest after untold troubles and trials patiently and cheerfully borne, well might we sing,

> Asleep in Jesus—blessed sleep!
> From which none ever wake to weep:
> A calm and undisturbed repose,
> Unbroken by the last of foes.

Dr. EDWARD BROOKS said that he had not expected to speak, and had therefore not made the special preparation that would have been fitting for so impressive and touching an occasion. Ten years ago, the name of Dr. Higbee was not known in Pennsylvania, outside his personal and theological circle: to-day, and for the last few months, no name has been more frequently heard in this Commonwealth. And his fame has gone forth into educational circles throughout the land; at St. Paul, where the National Association has brought together 15,000 teachers, the representatives of our highest thought took leading parts in the memorial service, and eulogized their departed friend. How do we account for this impressive, almost marvelous fact? The paper has well answered the question, in its delineation of the fine social, intellectual, and spiritual qualities of the man. His death, and these commemorative observances, are to me doubly touching, since I regard him as a martyr in a double sense; first, because he gave himself unreservedly, unstintingly, to his work, unheeding the need of rest and the cautions of friends; and second, because in addition to the burdens of his post and the grief at the loss of an idolized son, he was subjected to an unjust persecution, which I will not here stigmatize as I feel it deserves, and but for which I believe we might to-day have had our friend in personal presence, instead of a sacred memory. The attack at which thick-skinned politicians might laugh, strikes a refined, sensitive nature like a blow; and from this accumulation of troubles he never recovered.

Dr. Higbee was a surprise to Pennsylvania when appointed. Wickersham had devoted so many years, such wisdom and energy, and with such success, to the work that it seemed strange he should not be his own successor; more strange, that his successor should be one unknown to the common school men; and still more strange, that he should be a man whose associations had kept him out of touch with us,—if not antagonistic, certainly not in sympathy. But the wonder was greater when we came to know him, and see him discharging his duties. "None named him but to praise." He touched the heart of the educational body, and the pulse of the educational sentiment, as no man had done before. He did more to uplift the profession of teaching than any of his predecessors. His work was the complement of theirs. Burrowes had given shape to legislation—Wickersham had consolidated the system with an executive ability that no other could have supplied—it was left for Higbee to touch the heart, with a personal power and inspiration that no one else possessed. Each of these men came to the front when needed—all did their work nobly. Educational movements are rhythmical—now science, now theology, is on the topmost wave; the tendency of to-day is toward materialism, especially among the great thinkers of the German universities. Dr. Higbee set his face against the error of carrying all education down to the level of sense-perception, and taught that we must *unsense* the mind. Then as a Christian man he threw into his work an immense uplifting influence from the spiritual side. In view of the splendid tributes to his memory in the Memorial Number of *The Pennsylvania School Journal*, and its noble vindication in the great meeting at St. Paul, no one will envy the feelings of those who tried to crush him.

Deputy Supt. J. Q. STEWART: The Association honors itself in paying this tribute to Dr. Higbee. At Washington in 1881 he first met with this body. He was filled with admiration at the work he saw done, and the men engaged in it. Modest, retiring, humble as he always was, we soon found in him a wise counsellor and an able leader. Year after year he became a more and more potent factor in shaping our work; year by year, as has been said, he grew in favor not only in his own State, but among educators all over the Union. His election by accla-

mation at Scranton to the Presidency of this body gave him much pleasure. His value was recognized by the National Association when it met on the Pacific coast, where he was placed upon important committees, and his counsels were effective in broadening the work. He came home full of enthusiasm, and the correspondence that followed showed the impression he had made—everywhere Dr. Higbee was wanted. Last year he preferred to remain in Pennsylvania for our convention—as it proved for the last time. I shall always remember him as a friend, and as one who aimed to follow in the footsteps of the Great Master.

The hymn, "Thy glory Thou didst manifest," written by Dr. Higbee while at Mercersburg, was then sung.

Dr. G. M. PHILIPS: What I might have said has been better said by others, but I will say a word in memory of one I had learned to hold dear. It is true we have known Dr. Higbee but ten years, but the work of his life was not done in that time. The best of it, perhaps, was done as professor in that small college which many of us never heard of till we knew it in connection with him. There is too much depreciation of small colleges; many a man does a noble life-work there, and so it was with our friend. Not only did his influence go abroad with his pupils, but it was there he laid the foundations of that broad culture which surprised us afterward — that wide scholarship which made a man not brought up in the common school, when he came to know it, not only a peer among its friends, but a leader. Back there in the little college the work was done that, when the opportunity came, made the man equal to the occasion. To me personally he was as an elder brother, a father; and I knew him only to respect and love him.

Dr. E. O. LYTE: A great man has fallen at his post. Perhaps we in the Normal School work realize more keenly than any one else the wonderful scholarship of the man—his familiarity with every branch of learning. It is hard to overestimate his influence in building up and raising the standard of our work. When Dr. Higbee entered the common school work he was a surprise to us, as has been said, in many ways; to me he stands forth most prominently as a Christian man —one of the best products of Christian religion and Christian scholarship. Along this line his influence was widely felt. At San Francisco his work was impressive, his words were full of wisdom and life. We, who know him best, know that his public life was as blameless as his private, and that both were without a flaw. If he had a fault, it was that he was too pure himself to rate at its deserving the impurity of the world around him. Even if his name should be forgotten, the impress of his life will remain in the schools of the State and the Nation.

Rev. W. W. DEATRICK: I cannot do justice to my dear departed teacher, nor to the veneration I feel for him; but I must not lose the opportunity of adding a word to the appreciative tributes of his co-laborers. God has been good to me—the years of my life have been pleasant—but the happiest of them were the six I spent in that little, obscure college, whose few students and graduates enjoyed the exceptional privilege of sitting at the feet of such a master. His influence on the schools has been referred to—it will be long felt in still another way. Laboring there in comparative obscurity, what inspiration he breathed into many a young man for educational work! On this line I believe his influence was equal, if not superior, to that of Dr. Arnold. What a blessed thing it is to be in a small college with such a man as this! As Garfield said, "Give me a log school-house, with a slab bench, with Mark Hopkins at one end and myself at the other, and it will be university enough for me"—so say we of our departed friend. His high and holy influence has borne fruit in a contempt of shams, and in appreciation of all that is grand and noble—the true, the beautiful, the good. He filled our souls with love for all these; and best of all, he taught us and made us feel that without the knowledge of the blessed Master all other knowledge is but little worth—that "the wisdom from above is without price." All honor to the great man who thus inspired us! May his memory live long among us, not only as an administrative officer, but in the hearts and lives of those who sat at his feet!

Miss ELIZABETH LLOYD: I feel it right that a woman should lay a flower upon the bier of one who all his life showed manly courtesy to every one worthy to bear the name of woman. To many of the other traits of his character that have been mentioned, I might add my testimony; but I wished to say that from the first moment I knew Dr. Higbee, I recognized and appreciated his unfailing courtesy to women—not the outside shell of mere politeness or empty compliment, but the true manly chivalry that recognized and honored on all occasions the strength and the dignity of womanhood.

Mr. J. P. McCaskey was the last speaker on this impressive occasion. He read an appropriate extract from the Stories of King Arthur, and spoke much as follows:

"I made a vow aforetime that in Joyeuse Garde I would be buried," said Sir Launcelot. Then there was weeping and wringing of hands among his fellows. And that night Sir Launcelot died; and when Sir Bohort and his fellows came to his bedside the next morning, they found him stark dead; and he lay as if he had smiled, and the sweetest savor all about him that ever they knew.

And they put Sir Launcelot into the same bier that Queen Guenevere was laid in, and the hermit and they all together went with the body till they came to Joyeuse Garde. And there they laid his corpse in the body of the quire, and sang and read many psalms and prayers over him. And ever his visage was laid open and naked that all folks might behold him. And right thus, as they were at their service, there came Sir Hector de Maris, that had seven years sought Sir Launcelot his brother, through all England, Scotland, and Wales. And when Sir Hector heard such sounds in the chapel of Joyeuse Garde, he alighted and came into the quire. And they all knew Sir Hector. Then went Sir Bohort and told him how there lay Sir Launcelot, his brother, dead. Then Sir Hector threw his shield, his sword, and his helm from him. And when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage, it were hard for any tongue to tell the doleful complaints he made for his brother.

"Ah, Sir Launcelot!" he said, "there thou liest. And now I dare to say that thou wert the courteousest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest." Then there was weeping and dolor out of measure. Thus they kept Sir Launcelot's corpse fifteen days, and then they buried it with great devotion.

I read thus far from the quaint tales of the Knights of King Arthur. For hundreds of years men's hearts have thrilled to this passionate outburst of Sir Hector, whose love stopped not at any word of praise—now alas! spoken in the ear of death. Ah, Sir Launcelot! Again dost thou lie in the "quire of Joyeuse Garde," all about thee the voice of honest sorrow. Again, heroic knight of more than the Round Table, do we bury thee "with great devotion." Other Sir Hectors, because they knew thee well, rated thee truly, owed thee much, loved thee tenderly, speak in thy praise—"out of measure" also, it may be – but who hath quarrel with the eloquence of such affection! That men should *care* to speak thus—that is the supremest tribute to human worth. This Sir Launcelot, we say, alas, is dead! where among all men whom we knew lives another?

What do those most competent to decide say of Dr. Higbee—profound thinkers, eminent scholars, earnest toilers, sympathetic souls? They have spoken, and in words of no uncertain sound. Permit me to read some earnest tributes, from very many that have been spoken, to the worth and work of the man whom we honor today, that may not have been seen or heard by the larger part of those who are here assembled.

The foremost man in the educational work in this country, Dr. Wm. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education, says of him: "I had known of him before he became State Superintendent as a broad and generous-minded scholar, who recognized whatever was doing in the way of improving human thought and human deeds in all parts of the world. I had occasion during his superintendency of schools to admire his ardent energy and devotion to duty. On receiving the news of his death I could not but feel that a great and shining light placed on a hill-top had fallen and become extinct to us engaged in the cause of education. This feeling of mine I know is universal among American teachers and superintendents."

Prof. J. B. Kerschner, a fine classical and biblical scholar, who was closely associated with Dr. Higbee for a number of years at Mercersburg, in full sympathy with his work and a gentleman most competent to express an opinion, has written a memorable sketch of the Mercersburg period in the life of Dr. Higbee. (An extended extract was read from this paper, which is found in full elsewhere in these pages.)

Judge Stewart, who knew him long and very intimately, says that from him he received "more valuable information on all the great subjects of human thought and speculation than from any other man" he has ever known. "No better man," he adds, "has ever occupied the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction in this or any other State, and the common school system throughout the land will, in all time, reap great benefit from the labors of Dr. Higbee. Yet after all it was as a preacher of the Gospel that he found his highest calling and was most successful." He regarded him the most interesting preacher he had ever

heard, and he knew no other man his equal in scholastic attainments.

Governor Hoyt, whose acquaintance in Pennsylvania is very wide, says of him: "Dr. Higbee was, in my opinion, the very best all-round scholar in the State. He had an honest, great, and patient soul—too great, indeed, to stop and even try to repel the pitiful injustice which was once attempted to be put upon him."

Governor Beaver says of him, in a proclamation under the great seal of the Commonwealth: "For nearly nine years and by the appointment of three successive Governors, Dr. Higbee served the people of this State with singular fidelity, and purity, and singleness of purpose, as the honored head of the educational department of the State Government. He was a man of broad culture, a polished and thoughtful scholar, familiar alike with the treasures of ancient and modern thought and literature. As an instructor his extraordinary attainments and varied resources brought to him abundant success in every department of effort, and as an educator in its broadest and best sense, he had attained a rank among the first of the nation. As a public officer he was painstaking and conscientious; as a man he was pure, simple-hearted, genial, gentle, and kind. The teachers of the State and his associates in the great work of education loved him with a filial devotion, and the Commonwealth trusted him as a pure, noble, true, and honest man."

We could multiply like golden tributes from the Memorial number of *The Journal* which was published shortly after his death, and from many other sources; but we forbear, however appropriate to the occasion these might be, and however interesting in this presence.

He was not only an all-around scholar, but he was of all men most versatile. He had what Goethe has called "many-sidedness" in greater degree than any other man we have ever known. His scholarship in many directions was superb, and he was a delightful talker upon almost any topic that might be suggested. But this was only a small part of him. He was a born artist, an athlete, an expert with gun and rod, an ardent student and lover of nature, a critic of music and the drama, and could have been an artist in either of these directions. He was in an extraordinary degree a born actor, and, with his good judgment and tireless energy, he might have stood, we think, among the few brightest stars in that profession of unrealized possibilities for good. Indeed, among men he was of the rarest type and the very first rank—but modest as he was great.

We say this—so at least we think—not in ignorance of men, but intelligently, for we know reasonably well the men of the books, and for thirty years, sparing neither time nor money, we have seen and heard so as to have personal knowledge of them, nearly all the foremost orators and clergymen, and nearly all the great actors and singers that have appeared upon the American stage in drama, concert, or opera. Philadelphia is but two hours distant from our home; nearly everybody of world-wide reputation comes there; the night is as good for quick transit as the day; and New York is not far off—so that we have had large opportunity to hear, see, compare, and enjoy men and women of intellectual power, special gifts, and artistic culture. And we say it deliberately that, with this wide experience of the platform, the pulpit, and the stage, were we to make a list of the ten most gifted and most enjoyable people we have ever seen, or heard, or known—orators, authors, clergymen, artists, editors, actors, singers, composers of music or masters of instrumentation—Dr. Higbee would be an honored name upon that list.

We have often heard Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, regarding him the foremost pulpit orator of our time, in his own church in Brooklyn and on the platform elsewhere. We were in New York on the day when he was stricken with apoplexy, hoping to hear him again at Plymouth Church next morning. It was also a stroke of apoplexy that prevented Dr. Higbee from preaching the last sermon for which he was announced, and which also we should have been glad to hear. When the hour came for this service he lay in the majesty of death, awaiting his burial. These two great preachers we never failed to hear as we had opportunity, for they spoke as eloquent sons of God, who had "known the furnace," to toiling, suffering brother men.

But the most powerful sermon we recall, of all that we have ever heard in any church, from any pulpit, was preached by Dr. Higbee under the pressure of the struggle, in those dark days when falsehood filled the air and calumny was busy with his honored name. It was the Good Friday season. His theme was the Mighty Sorrow—the crown of thorns, the cross of shame. His great soul seemed to realize as never before the weight of the awful burden borne by his Lord, as he toiled onward in vivid imagina-

tion bearing the cross with his divine Master. Out of the depths of his loving heart, his vast knowledge, his rare wisdom, his kindred suffering—we say it reverently, his kindred suffering—were spoken such words as men seldom speak, such words as break down all barriers to the rushing tide of feeling, such graphic, burning words as thrill the hearer years after to recall them.

The nervous strain of that era was tremendous, and years of his grand life, we verily believe, have been lost to the State and to the world, because of the suffering and physical weakness that followed upon that causeless attack which resulted in his bloodless murder. And yet as surely as the stones of the mob made clear to men the soul-beauty of the sainted Stephen, so surely did the stones of this latter-day mob make clear to the State the extraordinary character and merit of our departed friend. "Oh, Nazarene, thou hast conquered!"—so an ancient story tells—was the dying exclamation of him who long before had unrighteously condemned "the good man and the just." An humble follower of this self-same Nazarene was here unrighteously condemned. But look abroad over Pennsylvania. From his unjust judges also, and everywhere, comes the tacit but sure admission of their inglorious defeat. He too has "conquered." This indeed is Dr. Higbee's day of power.

But once in our close intimacy of eight years or more were our relations somewhat strained. It was when we published an extended article in the July No., 1887, of *The Pennsylvania School Journal*, upon "Dr. E. E. Higbee, Superintendent of Public Instruction: As those men know him who know him best." He never spoke with a shadow of immodesty of his own attainments or merits, of his desert, or of not being "appreciated." In this he was like the most gifted musician we have ever known,—himself and his great ability being always about the last things thought of.

We knew the article must be published in justice to himself in the then excited condition of the public mind, and that if he had any knowledge of it he would forbid it. His protest, it is true, would not have prevented its publication, though it might for a time have led to some breach between us; for we saw clearly that it *must be done*. He had gone West without seeing that issue of *The Journal*, and we sent copies to a friend to be given him at the depot as he left Chicago. He was of course much annoyed, and did not write us at all during all the weeks of his absence. His too sensitive nature assumed that his friends and the State would regard him as sounding his own praises. In two or three months, however, this little annoyance wore away. It was but once referred to between us.

It may not be out of place in this connection to state also a fact that, to us, has always seemed very significant and of unusual interest. When the entire newspaper press of the State, with three or four noble exceptions, was hounding him to ruin upon a wicked fabrication, he did not, of his own motion, call to see a single editor to set him right, and thus aid in stemming the fury of the storm that beat upon his devoted head and bowed him almost to death. When at its worst we said to him, "You *must* have a talk with one man at least, the editor of the *New Era*. The truth must be brought out through one of the leading newspapers of the State, so that editors generally may have a chance to see it, and perhaps be led to inquire for themselves into the facts. If Mr. Geist sees the situation as you can present it, good will result."

We went together, and they talked over the whole field in a protracted interview. Mr. G. went to see for himself the school which was pronounced the worst, and was so convinced of the injustice, if not malice, of the attack, that he at once became, and continued to be, the most influential defender of the truth in all the newspaper press of Pennsylvania. To-day he can, and does, congratulate himself upon having stood almost alone upon the side of the right in those dark times.

The next time we met Mr. Geist after this interview, he remarked that he had seen many men, and under trying circumstances, but never had he been more impressed with any man's ability, integrity, and force of character. So Dr. Higbee would have impressed other intelligent editors, but his innate modesty was the bar to effort in this direction.

In his presence there was a sense of good diffused all the while—from his cheery welcome, as so often he swung his hand into yours with a gesture and movement all his own, to "*Good-bye*," or "*God bless you*," or "*Au Chez*," or "*Auf Wiedersehen*," or another of a half-dozen farewells that he was wont to use at parting. His quick emphatic "What?" as he looked up to get the force of some statement which was not clearly made or which he did not grasp in its fullness, his kindly eye, his cheery voice and pleasant smile—though he has gone over into the Kingdom of Silence, we hear

them, see them yet. And to-day not a few of us thank God as for few things besides, that this heroic life has come within the sphere of our own lives. Being dead he yet speaketh—and as never before!

Who among us may wear his mantle? But life to all of us may be better because this man has lived. Let us, therefore, get what help we can out of his quickening influence. Let us get what gladness we may from his blessed memory. Let us get what good we can from his inspiring example.

After another of Dr. Higbee's hymns, "Jesus o'er the Grave Victorious," had been sung, Prof. M. G. Brumbaugh, chairman of the committee, made report of the amount of the Dr. Higbee Memorial Fund available for the purpose designed.

On motion of Dr. E. O. Lyte the report of the Memorial Committee was accepted, and their action unanimously approved by the Association.

Dr. Edward Brooks offered the following, which was adopted unanimously:

WHEREAS, The Memorial Circular contained a provision that this Association should appoint a committee to take charge of the fund contributed for the Memorial, and dispose of the same in accordance with the intention of the contributors; therefore

Resolved, That such committee be appointed at this session, with power to make such disposition of the fund as in their judgment shall best accomplish the purpose intended.

This Committee was subsequently announced by the President, Supt. R. M. McNeal, to consist of Dr. J. P. McCaskey, Supt. M. J. Brecht, Dr. G. M. Philips, Profs. M. G. Brumbaugh and H. W. Fisher.

MEMORIAL SESSION.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

THE following tribute to the memory of Dr. E. E. Higbee was read by Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, at the meeting of the National Council of the National Educational Association, July 8, 1890, at St. Paul, Minnesota. In introducing his paper Dr. Schaeffer said, "I have not written nor can I speak all that a pupil would desire to write or speak concerning his revered preceptor. But I am required, under the rules, to keep within a certain limit, and will endeavor in a brief manner to sketch the career of one of the most remarkable educators of modern times." He then read as follows:

During the past year, the National Council of Education as well as the profession of teaching lost one of its brightest ornaments in the death of Rev. E. E. Higbee, D. D., LL.D., late State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania.

He was born March 27, 1830, about six miles from Burlington, Vermont. His father was a man noted for force of character, fond of good literature, especially of Burke's orations, and a staunch defender of the agricultural interests of the Green Mountain State. The talent, the literary taste, the power of clear, incisive statement, and the fearless devotion to what he believed to be right, which characterized the father, were inherited by the son, and more fully developed by careful education and by a very varied career in life.

Having been graduated with honor by the University of Vermont at the age of nineteen, he went to Maryland to teach school. Diverted from the study of the law by certain articles in the *Mercersburg Review*, and through the influence of his sister and brother-in-law, he joined the Reformed Church, entered the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., where he enjoyed the tuition of Drs. Nevin and Schaff, and in 1854 was licensed to preach the gospel by the Maryland Classis. For a time he taught in the High School at Lancaster, Pa. and then accepted a call to the Congregational church at Bethel, Vermont. Returning after a few years to the church of his first love, he preached for a time at Emmitsburg, Maryland, where he had formerly been private tutor in the family of Hon. Joshua Motter, among whose daughters he found his noble helpmate through life. In 1859, he accepted a call to Tiffin, Ohio, where he became pastor of the First Reformed church and Professor of Latin and Greek in Heidelberg College. In 1862, he went to Pittsburgh as pastor of Grace church, and in 1864, at the age of thirty-four, he was called to Mercersburg to succeed Dr. Schaff in the department of Church History and Exegesis.

It was at Mercersburg that the writer first learned to know him. He astonished the students in various ways. While suffering from hay-fever he frequently occupied himself in tracing mathematical curves of the higher orders, or in talking of the beauties of the Greek verb. Full of eccentricities, he never tried to hide his faults or his sufferings, and yet his lectures were a well-spring of inspiration for his auditors. They abounded not only in all kinds of learning, but also in seed thoughts that afterwards

sprouted and grew into sermons. Daily the students came away from him with new impulses to study and investigation. His influence widened their reading, deepened their thinking, increased their zeal in studying the Scriptures, and stimulated their desire to preach Christ and Him crucified. Subsequent study abroad convinced the writer that the universities of Berlin, Leipsic, and Tübingen, whilst they could boast of more thorough specialists, did not possess his superior as a lecturer and inspirer of young men.

When the Theological Seminary was removed to Lancaster—a measure to which he was opposed—he resigned his professorship in the Seminary and accepted a chair in the college at a lower salary. As President of this struggling institution he was obliged to teach in different departments, and in fact to review his whole College course. This widened his scholarship and gave him almost unlimited power over the young men whom he trained. No head of a large institution can hope to exert such a moulding influence upon the students entrusted to his care. For the most part, Dr. Higbee was idolized by his students: his kindness and frankness won their hearts; they listened with rapture to his discourses; he was the oracle whose utterances were never questioned. In their eyes, he was a linguist, a mathematician, a scientist, a philosopher, a theologian, a historian, an orator and a poet—all combined in one. Had his magnificent powers been concentrated upon a single specialty, he might have rendered therein services that would have been acknowledged in every clime and tongue. Great honor is accorded to the man who consecrates his time and talent to the work of extending the boundaries of human knowledge in some special direction, but greater honor is due to the man who devotes equally brilliant talents to the training and development of immortal minds. Schleiermacher says, in his address on Frederick the Great, that men are great in the degree and to the extent that they exert a moulding influence upon their fellow-men. In this respect Dr. Higbee was greater at Mercersburg than was Dr. Arnold at Rugby.

It was during his residence at Mercersburg that Dr. Higbee became one of a committee of three to prepare a book of "Hymns for the Reformed Church." The book in its present form would have been an impossibility, had he not first made such a thorough study of the pericopes and of the theory and construction of the Church year upon which the collection was to be based. It contains several hymns of his own composition. By thus furnishing the materials for the devotions of his fellow-Christians, he is exerting an influence that may well excite the envy of the most successful compiler of text-books.

The character of man is developed and perfected through trials, conflicts and disappointments. The College that had been founded on faith rather than on cash, ultimately went down in spite of Dr. Higbee's herculean efforts. There were periods in his life when he ate his bread in tears, and when there was no meat in the house. But he never lost his trust in Providence. In one of the darkest hours he said, "Something is coming—I feel it—God will not forsake us!" Something *did* come. Gov. Hoyt selected him to be State Superintendent of Public Instruction. In ways that were marvelous and altogether unforeseen, Providence had prepared him for a new and wider field of usefulness.

When he entered upon his duties as State Superintendent, one of his friends expressed to him the fear that a man "troubled with ideas" might not succeed in mastering the details of a great school system, and thus be too prone to inaugurate changes. Leaving details to his subordinates, he studied the salient features of the system until he became exceedingly conservative in all the changes he recommended. At Mercersburg he sometimes condemned the public school system in severe terms; but as he grew more familiar with its workings and results, he discovered that its merits were greater than its defects, and at last no one was a more eloquent advocate of the Pennsylvania system of Public Instruction, although he never ceased to call the attention of teachers and directors to their short-comings and failures. By his eloquent addresses at teachers' institutes all over the State, and by his incessant labors in season and out of season, he brought about the building of better school houses, the planting of many thousands of shade trees, the lengthening of the school term, and an increase of the school appropriation from the general treasury of the Commonwealth from one million to two millions of dollars. It was his ambition to have this amount increased to three millions, and if he had lived he would in no long time have achieved this result.

It is to be regretted that he never put into book form his ideas on the mutual re-

lations of pupil and teacher. For him the aim of true education was to *unsense the mind and to unself the will.* On the last day on which he was conscious, he spoke of a book which he contemplated writing on this subject—a book that would have set "concrete" teaching in its true light, and saved our younger teachers from a multitude of errors. As editor of *The Pennsylvania School Journal* he wrote a good deal. One obstacle to the productivity of his pen, however, was that he saw on all sides problems requiring solution and generally felt satisfied if he had a solution for himself. He seldom stopped to formulate and mediate such solutions for the benefit of others, because he was continually lured to new fields of investigation.

The crusade which was inaugurated against him during his second term made him a hero and a martyr. Of the merits and demerits of the agitation which sprang up in connection with the Soldiers' Orphan Schools, this is neither the time nor the place to speak. Through the influence of one of the larger Philadelphia dailies, the press of the State was almost without exception arrayed against him. For a time he was made to suffer intensely for the sins of others. His vindication came in due time. The storm of persecution which had darkened the air gradually spent its force, and men began to see things in a clearer light. The Commissioners appointed by the Legislature voiced the convictions of the teachers and of the public generally when they stated that as Superintendent of the Soldiers' Orphan Schools "he was honest, capable, and untiring in his efforts in the interest of the children," and that "with motives pure and conscience void of offence he performed his duties in connection therewith."

With the change of administration a gentleman of maturer years became the Chief Executive. Gov. Beaver, after a careful survey of the educational interests so dear to his heart, came to the conclusion that he could not serve the children of the Commonwealth better than by reappointing Dr. Higbee for a third term as Superintendent of Public Instruction. The anxieties, the persecutions, the slanders which he had endured with the courage of a martyr, had sapped his strength and broken his health. The cheerfulness of former days never returned, although he entered upon his new term with all the vigor that his resolute soul could summon for the work. He labored at his mission while consciousness lasted. His last working day was spent at Mifflintown, where he lectured with his usual fire, and eloquently advocated the establishment of school libraries. At high noon of that day, he woke as from a reverie, exclaiming, "Thank the Lord, I am getting stronger!" How little man knows himself! That evening while waiting for the train, he had a stroke of paralysis from which he never recovered. He was taken to the home of his son-in-law, Prof. G. F. Mull, at Lancaster, where he died on Friday, Dec. 13, 1889, although practically dead fifty-six hours before his heart finally ceased to beat—a most impressive example of the protest of nature against dissolution.

His last act was to urge a boy to learn a trade and develop the skill of the hand. It was a fitting close to a life devoted to the education of the young. In all ages men have erected monuments to great soldiers. The children of Pennsylvania are now engaged in erecting a monument in honor of their great teacher. Is it not a significant fact that the world is beginning to honor those who train for life as much as those who take life? Monuments decay and crumble to dust, the human spirit never. Impressions made here are like stones thrown into the stream of time, the waves of which will still be visible in the great ocean of eternity.

The chief glory of Dr. Higbee lies not in the fact that he was a Professor or President of a College, or a State Superintendent, but in the fact that he walked in the footsteps of the Great Teacher, and like Him, spent his days in doing good unto others. Gifted with extraordinary talents, which were never employed for purposes of self-aggrandizement, willing to lend his brains where others reaped the gains, prepared to suffer injustice for the sake of those who had befriended him, spending the strength of his ripest years in drying the tears of children and in adding to their comforts, able to appreciate the best qualities of the various nationalities that have rooted themselves in the Keystone State, ready to accept truth and to combat error wherever he found it, versed in the best lore of the age yet humble as a child, never making a display of his piety yet never professing his religious faith in uncertain accents, growing in Christian charity through the persecutions he endured until he finally reached that stage of sainthood in which not an unkind word dropped from his lips against those who had so deeply wronged him, pleading with all the eloquence of the early Church Fathers in behalf of the rising generation until paralysis ended his career—he will ever stand before

the minds of his pupils and fellow-teachers as a personality unique among the school officials of this land, and as a Christian saint whose faith we will strive to follow until with him and the whole glorious company of the redeemed we shall reach our common consummation of redemption and bliss in the glorious resurrection of the last day.

Dr. E. E. White, of Cincinnati, Ohio, spoke as follows: "Frequent calls to lecture in the teachers' institutes of Pennsylvania afforded me opportunities to become somewhat intimately acquainted with Dr. Higbee. I thus frequently met him, and not only heard him speak on different educational topics, but had repeated conversations with him on the various questions receiving public attention. He was not only a wide and accurate scholar, but a man of deep convictions and well-grounded opinions. I have met few educators with so clear an insight into vital and far-reaching school questions. His education and experience enabled him to look at such questions from a higher standpoint than most school officers, and he brought to their discussion not only a wide view, but a rare acumen. His educational horizon was wide enough to include all grades of schools.

The week before his death he came to Huntingdon, Pa., where I was delivering a course of lectures. He seemed quite feeble, but said that his health was much improved. He remained some days, attending the several sessions of the institute, an interested listener. On "Directors' Day" he made an eloquent and stirring address, taking for his central thought the teacher in the place of the parent, *in loco parentis*. The address closed with an impressive appeal to teachers to look upon the children entrusted to their training as heirs of immortality. He spoke as one to whom the other world seemed very real and very near.

Dr. Higbee always emphasized soul-culture as the central end of school training. He looked upon the school as a means of making human life sweeter and happier. He had an earnest word for good reading, for music, and for vital moral training, and his great desire was to see school training lifted to a higher æsthetic and moral plane. His good influence on the schools of Pennsylvania will continue for years to come. The eloquent tongue is silent, but his ringing words for what is best in child-education will not soon be forgotten.

Dr. H. S. Jones, of Erie: Mr. President and Members of the Council: I hardly feel that I can trust myself to say what is resting upon my heart concerning our beloved brother whose form, intellectual presence, and spiritual power we sorely miss as an educational body, for the reason that our acquaintance, though not of long duration, was most intimate—there being nothing between our minds and souls to interfere with the fullest freedom of interchange of opinion and sentiment. Knowing him as I did, it would be no easy task to sum up and analyze his many shining qualities and grand characteristics.

On this occasion, I think that we as educators can but be benefited by calling to mind one thing in his intellectual life that is worthy of study and imitation. It was said of General Grant, that he had "nearness"—the faculty of getting near things. By far too many people ranking as scholars see things at a distance; "as through a glass darkly." Dr. Higbee was never satisfied with distant or obscure views; nothing but thorough assimilation satisfied him, and when he opened his mind to you, you saw not a collection of second-hand material, but rich stores of individualized knowledge, fresh in personality, with diamond crystallization. The more the educational people of Pennsylvania study their leader, the more he seems to live and move before them as an intellectual and a moral force that shall never lessen as time moves on, in making up the history of a nation that is to be a bright and shining light to the world.

Dr. B. A. Hinsdale, of Ann Arbor, Michigan: My personal acquaintance with Dr. Higbee was not extensive. I first met him in Pittsburgh several years ago, on the occasion of our both being called there to assist in the dedication of the Wickersham school. At that place, besides hearing him in an address, I spent a good deal of time in his company. He impressed me deeply by the compass of his mind and the elevation of his character. The strongest impression that he made upon me was a distinctly pedagogical one. His public address and his private conversation turned much on the materialistic and objective tendencies of current education. While recognizing the value and necessity of sense-impressions and sense-objects in teaching, he realized profoundly that sense-knowledge is but the introduction to the higher knowledge. He spoke of *unsensing* or *dematerializing* the mind. This form of speech has never been forgotten, and has been of permanent value to me. It is a most happy way of putting this important thought, that

seemed to be a favorite one with him. I met Dr. Higbee afterwards two or three times, but was never able, I regret to say, to renew the familiar intercourse of Pittsburgh. He was a great and a good man.

Supt. J. M. GREENWOOD, of Kansas City, Missouri: It is not in debate or from the platform that we learn to know men as they are. In private intercourse we come closer to the heart and nearer to the soul. From the life of Dr. Higbee many valuable lessons may be drawn. His mind was analytic, quick, and active. The two most striking characteristics of his nature were *intensity* and *earnestness*. Whatever he undertook, he threw his whole soul into it. His convictions of duty, truth, purity, and goodness were the lofty ideals that guided him in his actions. Life with him meant a struggle in the higher fields of thought—a grappling with those questions of supreme importance to the human race. His sympathies were broad and deep. His impulses were generous and noble; and when he fell, Missourians mingled their tears with those of loving friends in Pennsylvania.

President PEABODY, of the University of Illinois: I knew him at the University of Vermont, when he was a Senior and I was a Freshman. He was possessed of a strong and vigorous intellect, and I always believed that he would choose the legal profession. Years later I heard him deliver an impressive sermon in Racine, Wisconsin, and could scarcely believe that this was the same Higbee with whom I had spent a year in college at Burlington.

Supt. JOHN HANCOCK said he regarded Dr. Higbee as a hero, poet and philosopher, who has left his impress upon all with whom he became closely associated.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

IN speaking of our departed brother, it must be said to his praise that no tongue so eloquent as was his will speak in public eulogy of his many virtues and talents. I doubt if there is to be found among the English clergymen of the Reformed Church in this land, one who can equal him in this particular. Graceful and forcible in gesture, the very motion or wave of his hand would at times give a wealth of meaning to deep and pregnant thought, clothed in the most beautiful diction. His language was strong, yet chaste and poetic. At times he fearlessly used what might be called by some the language of the street, but the expressions were so well chosen that they conveyed no vulgar thought, but gave such emphasis to the important truth presented as no other words could give. With a vivid imagination he would present picture after picture before the mind of his congregation, and yet he never indulged in a rhapsody which would please for the time by glittering terms, and leave the mind confused. The poetry of his sermons was not that of language merely, but the poetry of truth, and the image was so clear in his own mind that none who listened could fail to see it. And who that ever heard could fail to listen?

So clear in expression was he, that I doubt if he ever failed to convey his thought to the hearer, save when, from some cause, it was not fully clear to himself; as diverted for a moment by a passing thought he would reach out after it and fail to grasp it. Then he might labor for a season till having caught it would say, "Let me explain," and the captive truth would be presented fully and clearly to the enraptured worshipers. I say worshipers designedly. For his sermons were sermons. With all the power of a sensationalist, he never descended to the cheap tricks of the trade which would aim at an effect for the sake of the effect. His message was not that of an eloquent man, but the message of God spoken through His servant. To hear was to worship, and the preacher was forgotten for the time in the importance of the word spoken. He had always a fullness of illustration, but was most powerful in his beautiful and striking presentation of scenes, events and facts taken from the Bible. From the book of nature, from history, sacred and profane, from human life, and the customs of men, he took that which he had gathered by his own observation and study; and he could make the flowers and fruits, the mosses and ferns, the comets and stars, and human passions, all testify to the one glorious and central truth of his preaching—the all-sufficiency of Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Son of man, the Saviour of the world.

His eloquence was the eloquence of truth, but of truth presented so that it would take hold. He had rare discernment, and his words were penetrating. He seemed to know the very weakness of our nature, and our secret sins. No minister ever drove me so frequently to penitent prayer. But he also knew the varied power of temptation, and he could alike comfort and console. Perhaps his greatest power lay in his glowing conception of the glory and stability of the kingdom of God; its length and breadth,

its depth and height, its all-embracing capacity, its "enduring forever." Like the voice of a patriot, raised for the honor of his native land, would his own clear voice sound the praises of the Redeemer's kingdom, until the chapel would seem to us like the world itself. "All power is given unto me both in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore"—how he would ring out that "therefore," till in our thrilled being we would feel, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

His eloquence being the eloquence of truth, it was not dependent upon outward surroundings. All that was needed to call it forth, was the occasion of duty. In the family circle, in the study with none to listen but his single auditor, it would flow forth. All it needed was sympathy—sympathy with the truth aimed at—not agreement with the views presented. But though in private, in the family circle, on the platform, on the floor of Synod, and in the pulpit, it has been our privilege to hear him, nowhere have we heard him so eloquent as in the class-room. Here with but a class of eight, sometimes, and alas! frequently, with his aching brow resting on his hand, would he speak of the most wondrous history this world has ever known—that of the Christian Church. Humble apostles and mighty emperors, courageous martyrs and brutish tyrants, peasants and princes, monks and popes, wayside preachers and lordly bishops, all would be made to pass across the stage of the world's life, till we could almost see the blood-stained sand of the amphitheatre, or the heathen hordes receiving baptism at the hands of the missionary of the cross. With clasped hands, with unbidden tears did we listen, till we almost wished he would cease, yet longed for more.

And through all this history was One most blessed of all, who never escaped his vision and of whom he made all history say, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they were and are created."

In looking back over our days of preparation for the gospel ministry, as we reflect upon the ability and faithfulness of our instructors and spiritual guides, we recognize with grateful heart their liberality. Free and clear in their criticisms of every system of thought and worship which did violence to the person of Christ, or to the Christian Church and the sacraments, they none the less rejoiced in whatever good was accomplished, or in whatever truth was made known, by any Church or by any man. In our three years' training we never heard from any of our professors that we were to become ministers of the Reformed Church. It was always as in training to become ministers of Christ, that they addressed us.

This liberality—the ability to see the excellence of others however much he might differ from them—was one element of greatness in Dr. Higbee. In his lectures on the development of the Roman Catholic Church, in her heroic testimony to the supremacy of the spiritual, as seen in her struggles against earthly powers, he was as free from the narrow ruts of prejudice as the bird that takes its own independent flight through the pathless heavens. After one of these lectures, one of my classmates, a man possessed of more than ordinary penetration, said, "If I didn't know Higbee, I should say he is a Catholic."

But when we came in the course of our study to the Reformation, how he made our hearts glow with gratitude for the mighty work accomplished by the Spirit of God, not for us, but for the world and for the universal Church. From no writer, and from no speaker, have I ever heard, as from his lips, the character of Luther set forth in such heroic proportions. The words have long since been lost, but the vision of that hero of truth and righteousness shall ever remain. And when he lectured on Wesley and the rise of Methodism, did we ever at any time know him more eloquent? Then my friend came to me again and said, "Now, if I didn't know Higbee, I should say he is a Methodist."

With him it was the spiritual as over and above the earthly—the freedom of the conscience, and the right of access to the throne of grace through the one Mediator, Jesus Christ, which ever attracted him; and wherever he saw these, whether in Roman Catholic or Protestant, in Lutheran or Reformed, in the Church of England or in Methodism, they called forth his admiration and praise. It was truth, all-embracing and all-levelling truth, which, whether he always found it or not, he ever sought: and as to his poetic mind the presence of Deity was revealed in all the varied forms of nature, from the graceful fern and fragrant arbutus to the mighty oak and towering pine, so he believed and so he taught that all forms of religious life and thought revealed to him who would see it the truth and wisdom of God—*From Memorial Sermon by Rev. E. M. Kremer, of Harrisburg, Pa., preached Sunday, December 22d, 1889.*

THE PRESENCE OF AN ALL-PERVADING BEAUTY, TO HIM THE SYNONYM OF GOD.

In a letter accompanying the following sympathetic tribute, Supt. R. M. Streeter, of Titusville, Pa., writes: "I know I have overrun the limits you gave me, and if the article is too long you must cut it down. How could I touch upon the joy he felt in the world around him? The very grasses sang to him under his feet—the very clouds dipped their colors to him as they floated by—and in them all, what sweet glimpses came to him of the Father's face! I shall never again see his like. I wanted here to say something of the plaything he made of his learning. He rarely wrote me that he did not, in graceful phrase, from this poet or that, bring up a picture full of life and beauty. Still, the article is long enough. Those who never knew him will not believe what I have written; those who did know him must read it between the lines —I hope they will be found loving ones, for I did love him."

IN MEMORIAM.

A great grief has come upon us. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction is dead. The news so sudden and so sad has been told with sorrowful voice in every school-house, and in many a home in the Commonwealth, and words of sympathy have gone back to those who knew him best and loved him. Among the tributes to his worth let me here place mine, in memory of those virtues which made him admired, and loved, and mourned.

It needs no deep insight into this man's character to discover that its single motive was to realize in his work what he had so thoroughly realized in his own inner life—the presence of an all-pervading Beauty, to him the synonym of God. This, wherever he went, was a light unto his path. Learning called him, and he drank deep at the empyrean spring; literature beckoned, and she found in his pleasing voice and graceful pen the charm of the orator and the beauty of the poet; the pulpit needed him, and with every sense alive to the duties of that sacred calling, he stepped behind the Master that the Divine life and character should in no way be hidden by his own.

Called to superintend the education of the State, he saw at a glance that the leaven needed in the meal was the same all-pervading beauty which had so far blessed his life, and he hastened to hide it there. With a zeal no weariness could lessen, much less subdue, he began his work. No corner escaped him. College and school in city, in borough, and by the country roadside, received alike from him the newness of life and responded alike to his healing touch. Here learning languished; and he took the discouraged teacher by the hand and sent him to his work refreshed and strengthened. There directors were remiss, and with words that sting like a lash they attended to the neglected duty. Now he pleads with miserly manhood to widen the intellectual horizon of his promising boy; now by his influence and his example the standard of scholarship is lifted, and teacher and pupil, cheered by his words, clamber the shining heights; and now, with an earnestness which knows no limit, he begs that hammer and plane may be placed in the school-boy's hands, that life to the coming man may have greater means of knowing and loving beauty, and so of knowing and loving God.

The same purpose permeates his poems—for poems they are—to the General Assembly. Strive against it as he may, the driest statistics in his hands break into song. Beauty, that radiant mistress of the senses; Truth, the Holy Mother of purity; the Good, God's name misspelled — these are his themes, and with them he persuades that children — "They are not things. They are living souls"*—taught as they ought to be, by teachers such as these, will not fail to find in the living lessons of earth and sea and star-lighted sky, the Loveliness that passeth all understanding, and before it the "universe bending in adoration and joining with cherubim and seraphim and veiled angels, and crying, Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty! Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory."

This was his work, but the same divinity blessed his play. Here his field was the world, and the world was subject to him. There was darkness nowhere. The dreariest railway station, if he was there, was made bright with the pictures he painted of sunny scenes. A straggling thought, linked only by contrast to its far-off extreme, would smite the rock of his memory, and sparkling water from the classic fountains of almost every tongue gushed forth, always to the point, and always with the purpose of cheering those about him—a charity reaching its culmination, when, buffeted by falsehood and malice, he could say—and did say while he suffered—"Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

His death, apart from the overwhelming sorrow of his friends, is not to be deplored.

* From Annual Report for 1885, by Dr. Higbee.

Sudden as it was to us, to him it was no surprise. He had long been ready. Success was crowning—had crowned—his work. The beauty there realized—it was his mission—had won for him the favor of Life and found for him a friend in Death. Let us believe to this last friendship is due his painless dying. We know his compromise with Life stood thus:

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, *give little warning*,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

HIS THOUGHT INTO THEIR THINKING.

The death of Dr. Higbee came to me as a great shock. I had seen him but a month before at the Lancaster County Institute, and had the rare privilege during my visit to Lancaster at that time of enjoying the hospitality of his own home. Little did I then realize that I was enjoying an association and a friendship, among the dearest of my life, for the last time.

I had known Dr. Higbee by reputation ever since I was a student at college. I read with avidity everything he wrote, and before I had ever made his personal acquaintance he had already done much to fashion my thinking and my life. Nothing, I believe, appeals so strongly to an immature college student as intellectual brilliancy, and I think I was particularly drawn towards him at that time on that account. He was my ideal of the brilliant thinker and the polished scholar. Later, as I became more mature and could see the elements of a great character in truer perspective, I learned to love him for what he was, still more than for what he thought or for what he said. Rare as were his qualities of mind, his qualities of heart and soul were rarer. Next to my own nearest kin, there was no man for whom I had so deep an affection, nor one who had so strong a hold on my life. He had a strange fascination and charm for all who came to know his inner life. His child-like, guileless frankness, his trustfulness, and deep and tender sympathies, drew and held every one to him that came in contact with him sufficiently to learn to know him.

Whilst I had known him through his writings for years, I had not made his personal acquaintance until he was called to fill the office which he honored and dignified for the last eight years of his life. I was then Superintendent of the Schools of Carbon county. Soon after he had accepted the office to which he was called, I wrote him a letter urging him to come to the annual Teachers' Institute which I was going to hold in a few months. He replied that he would come, and he came as he had promised.

I vividly recall the impression he made. Although it was the first time I had met him, and there was only one teacher in the county (a former pupil of his) who had had any previous acquaintance with him, a room-full of eager listeners crowded around him the very first evening at the hotel, and kept him talking Shakespeare, art, and philosophy, until after midnight. His addresses to the Institute were so different from anything of the kind the teachers had ever been accustomed to hear on such occasions, that they made a deep impression. A fair number followed his line of thought, the rest only vaguely felt his power. To me he became at once an inspiration. Michael Faraday, when asked what he regarded the greatest discovery of his life, replied, "When I found Sir Humphey Davy." I felt that I had made a great discovery on the day I found Dr. Higbee—the man as well as the scholar. I owe to him, more than to any other source, what little I have accomplished in public school work since then. He gave me larger views of the problem of education, deeper insight into the human mind and character than I had had before, and his strong personality, his character as a man, and his attainments as a scholar, have ever since been with me an inspiring, upward-lifting ideal.

His work as State Superintendent was peculiarly his own, in the sense that no one else could have done it. What he did for me, he did for hundreds of other Superintendents and teachers. Let any one go through the annual reports of the Superintendents of Pennsylvania, and he will find every thoughtful, well-written report so strongly tinged with Dr. Higbee's thought as even occasionally to approach an unconscious imitation of his terse, characteristic phraseology. Teachers at County Institutes have often read essays in my hearing reproducing with much fullness and accuracy, probably all unconsciously to themselves, the substance of one of Dr. Higbee's addresses the year before. This indicates the scope of his work, its lasting effect, far more clearly than could be done by statistics of official reports. He led the educational forces of his State by leading and directing their thinking—the most difficult as well as the most lasting kind of leadership.

His work at Teachers' Institutes was by far the most important work. He realized this fully himself, and therefore spent most of his time and strength in reaching the teachers and Superintendents on these occasions, and fashioning their thought and giving them higher conceptions of their work. At these meetings he was always the central figure, and his addresses made the deepest impression.

I cannot help but make these remarks strongly personal. I feel too keenly my own personal loss to be able to prevent the thought of it from being uppermost in my mind as I write. Dr. Higbee's place in the world, as that of every great man, can in a sense be filled; his place in the heart, never. —*Dr. Thos. M. Balliet, City Superintendent, Springfield, Massachusetts.*

EVERY KIND OF OUT-DOOR SPORT.

It is with feelings of peculiar sadness that I attempt to give you some reminiscences of our dear departed friend and brother, E. E. Higbee. My earliest acquaintance with him dates back to 1849, when I was but a lad of eleven years and he a youth of nineteen. As you know, he had come fresh from his home in Vermont, to assist his brother-in-law, Rev. G. W. Aughinbaugh, in teaching a select school, and I was one of his *little* boys who very soon became attached to him.

In the hours of school he was dignified and kind—a very strict disciplinarian and master in all things. In playtime he would unbend his dignity, and soon made it manifest that he was the best man—not only at books, but as well at every kind of sport. I began the study of Greek and Latin under him at this time, and also the pursuit of every kind of out-door sport, of which he was very fond. Many a day did he and I ramble the woods and fields around old Emmitsburg with gun and bag, and many an hour we sat along the banks of Tom's Creek, where bites were plenty but fish few. He was as fine a shot as I ever knew, and he disdained to shoot at any game in repose, preferring, as he said, to give them a fair chance for life. He rarely raised the gun to his shoulder to glance along the barrel in shooting partridges, pheasants or woodcock—and he rarely failed to bring down his bird. I have seen him wing the chimney swallow in his wayward flight; and the bull-bat he has often shot at twilight from the very hill where now in death's cold sleep his mortal remains are at rest. These feats of skill in marksmanship were common when he was a young man, but as he grew older I never knew him to take the gun into his hand. His beautiful hazel eye was quick as the lightning, and the most expressive feature of his face. It seemed, at times of great earnestness, to pierce through men and things, until the very core of the matter lay bare before him, and he saw everything in clearest vision. His power of ordinary sight was also remarkable. He could tell from a long distance not only the genera but the species of trees, as for instance the different oaks, maples, etc., and enjoyed testing his eyesight in this way; he could count the strands of a rope at a greater distance than any one else while at Mercersburg; and on the way to Europe and return his eye was as quick and as sure as that of any of the sailors to detect and distinguish objects on the horizon.

During his last year at the Theological Seminary, in Mercersburg, I again resumed my studies under him; and if old "Parnell's Knob" and the "Trout Run" could speak, they would tell tales of our innocent pranks, in company with the now venerable Prof. Wm. M. Nevin. It was here and afterwards at Lancaster, whither I followed him when he was called to the High School, that our companionship was properly begun, I then having advanced to an age when I could more properly enjoy and appreciate him.

Among the grand old hills that lie around Mercersburg I first learned of his poetic nature, as he would read me, from time to time, some of his youthful productions. Here he gave me the lines to the "Tumble Bug," which I have transcribed for you and send herewith as a memento. We were walking down the lane, through the old home farm, when his attention was arrested by one of these bugs at work. Ever keenly alive to and appreciative of the beauties and wonders of nature, he stopped to investigate the bug, soon getting from me all I knew of its habits and peculiarities, and then came these lines, which I think would do no discredit to Burns himself, with whose poems he was very familiar. He often wrote in this Scotch dialect.

During the year that I was with him as a pupil, we roomed, slept and ate together, and on down to the end of his life our relation was always most pleasant. He was as dear to me as a brother in the flesh, and I cannot yet think of him as dead. It is an item of pleasant memory to me that I heard his very *first* sermon, which was preached on the last Sunday in Advent, 1854, in the First Reformed Church at Lancaster, where

his funeral service was held; and I also heard the last sermon he preached, which was in the church he loved so well at Emmitsburg, on the 13th of October, 1889; from this church, as you know, the last services were held. It is a sweet and blessed comfort to feel "that we are still in quick sympathy in all things glad and good" with our beloved dead, who have only preceded us to the other shore, and will welcome us there when the Master shall call us.—*An Old Pupil, Washington, D. C.*

THE VERY BEST ALL-ROUND SCHOLAR IN THE STATE.

Dr. Higbee was called to the superintendence of the Common Schools of Pennsylvania after many years of successful organization and administration had been expended upon them. When his predecessor announced his desire to be relieved from further service, a very grave duty was thrown upon the appointing power. There was no belief that there were any definite defects in the existing system, or that any radical reforms were needed. So many earnest and acute minds had been engaged upon our Common Schools that no obvious lack in the system remained outstanding. The educators of the State were a vast body of trained men, and everywhere intelligent friends were on the alert for defects which might exist, and their remedy.

The criticism, if any, which most vividly suggested itself to those who sat at headquarters, and had a reasonably correct perspective of the organization as a whole, was that it had settled into a sort of rigidity—had, in a measure, lost its elasticity. Even this feature so depended on the local boards that its correction seemed of doubtful success, unless the people could be stimulated to new and different efforts—unless something like effervescence could be introduced.

In discussing the situation and the importance of the place with Hon. John Stewart, then the senator from Franklin county, the name of Dr. Higbee was mentioned by him. Senator Stewart's recital of the qualifications of Dr. Higbee impressed me at once with the purpose to summon Dr. Higbee, and, after very full inquiry of a number of gentlemen with whom the Doctor had been associated in various capacities, and the most gratifying endorsement of him, I called him to a personal interview.

Dr. Higbee was disposed to be distrustful of his *executive* powers. But inasmuch as what was needed was some new ideas correlated on new lines, it seemed likely that we could get the new ideas executed by others, and the Doctor's objection fell. We all now know that he was over-modest in his estimate of himself.

I have often recurred to that interview with Dr. Higbee, for it has always afforded me the gratification of having made "no mistake" in the man. How genial, bright, and sympathetic he was we all know. His ideas of managing the Common Schools he has since put fully into practice. To some extent he realized his ideal, to make all the educational resources of the State—the common schools, the academies, and the colleges—consistent and logical parts of one coherent whole. He unified the means and ends of education, which the people sought—had dimly in view—but which are now, I think, fairly and definitely appreciated, alike by teachers and taxpayers. Dr. Higbee was, in my opinion, the very best "all-round" scholar in the State, and he has vindicated that opinion before the people and in the public addresses he has delivered in all parts of the State. The columns of your *School Journal* will bear so much testimony to his lovable human and humane character that I withhold the eulogy I feel like pronouncing upon him. His record is made up in the hearts and appreciation of his fellow-citizens. He had an honest, great and patient soul—too great, indeed, to stop and even try to repel the pitiful injustice which was once attempted to be put upon him.—*Ex. Gov. Henry M. Hoyt, Philadelphia, Pa.*

A PRINCE HAS FALLEN IN ISRAEL.

A Prince has fallen in Israel! Sudden almost as the stroke of the lightning—then translation. Men like Dr. Higbee do not die, here or hereafter. The Universe were an awful fraud and failure, if the light of such a life were snuffed out like any "brief candle." He has but passed to the world of his Hope, and this, in which so lately he greeted friends and toiled patiently and lovingly, has become a world of Memory. If this be true, does he recall how, the Saturday before his death, we talked of the editorial department of this number of *The Journal*—when he seemed in better health, stronger and more buoyant in spirit, than we had known him for a twelvemonth—and does he think how different must be the contents of this department from what we had planned? It may be so. How little either of us knew, or thought, of what it would and does contain!

His work is done! It seems but a little while ago since it was said of him, and said

truthfully, by the best educational authority in Pennsylvania: "He takes command of an army of 40,000 teachers and school officers and 1,000,000 children—almost unknown to every individual composing this great body. This disabillty may be overcome, but it can only be done by generalship of the highest kind, and a whole-souled devotion to the work in hand." He dies—and the name of Dr. Higbee has become a "household word" in every part of this great Commonwealth. What other name is to-day better known, more tenderly spoken, more highly honored, more truly revered? His person, his manner, his words, will not be forgotten by this generation, and will be remembered in the traditions of the next.

All this because he was a profound scholar, an eloquent speaker, a competent executive, a conscientious public official? In part, yes—but mainly because he was a living epistle of generous goodness, "seen and read of all men"—a living embodiment of the graces of sympathy, courtesy, unfailing kindliness, untiring helpfulness. He never found out that he was State Superintendent, or, if so, nobody ever knew it—he was simply connected with the Department, and came and went pleasantly and comfortably, like any other of the good men associated with him. He gave no orders, complained of nothing—made requests and suggestions at times, as anybody else did—and everything was done, done cheerfully, and well done, by those about him.

Men like Dr. Higbee are the product of our highest Christian civilization. They are not made in the schools, in the shops, on the farm, in the mart, or by any process of mere educational training whatsoever. They are born well—to firm physique and with high gifts of heart and brain; their quick instincts and keen intuitions are sharpened and developed amid all the varied influences of nature with which they are in ready sympathy, of home-life with its wide range of humane impression, of church-life with its spiritual influences, and school-life with its vast outlook into the realm of thought and language, of literature, of science, of art; and they are especially blessed when to all this is added, as was true of our lamented friend, on one side the spur of keen interest, on the other that of prompt necessity. Dr. Higbee was born well. The steel of which he was made was of finest quality, could take the highest polish and hold the keenest edge. Among all the noises of baser coin he had always the ring of the true metal.

He was a poet, as though "born in a golden clime with golden stars above." He thrilled to the beauty of the little wild-flower and to the solemn mystery of the star-gemmed sky, as to tones and chords in music; the clod of earth was to him venerable as the rock-ribbed hills; for him the pebble, the drop of water, vegetable life, the insect and all the wide range of animal life, instinct, intelligence, had its challenge of solemn, sacred wonder! When spring painted the meadows, when autumn put on her livery of glory, when clouds were radiant in the flush of sunrise, or crimson and gold in the evening sky, his soul reveled in the dream of passing loveliness,—in what it was and what it shadowed forth to him of hidden meaning. Then, indeed, he grew eloquent and spoke as from a full heart overflowing with gratitude and gladness.

The finest thing that ever came from the brain and heart of Abraham Lincoln was his tribute to the dead soldiers on the battle-field of Gettysburg. Twenty-five years later, on the same historic field, at the re-union of the Blue and the Gray, Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, made what we have regarded his finest address. But better to us than his Gettysburg speech is his formal announcement to the State of the death of the high officer under whom her educational forces were proudly marshalled. Here he affixes deep the stamp of the great seal of the Commonwealth to what has proved a life commission to the officer in command. Here he announces also an "honorable discharge" in terms of extraordinary emphasis, all the more extraordinary that they are gratefully recognized as simple truth by those who knew best the life and work of this great man.

So, at the call of their Chief Magistrate, commander-in-chief of all the forces of the State, with arms reversed, flags trailing, muffled drum-beat, and the Dead March wailing on the air—his broken sword flashing back the sunlight from the coffin and the pall—tens of thousands of his fellow-soldiers of the grand army of occupation follow his bier, with sympathetic hearts if not in bodily presence, as slowly the grand procession moves to the burial of their fallen leader. Not many chieftains, not many great men in Church or State, have gone to their last resting-place with truer homage of the heart. Pass on, great soul! we will not say to thy reward—for, as we knew thee, thou wast ever too modest to claim "reward"—but to other fields of labor in the realm of the Master whose loyal service has been so long thy highest joy!

The funeral services on Monday morning, December 16th, at the First Reformed church in Lancaster, where he preached his first sermon, and on Tuesday morning at the Church of the Incarnation in Emmittsburg Maryland, where his last sermon was preached, with an interval of thirty-five years between them—during which his grand life-work was done—were profoundly impressive, beyond anything that we have ever known. No simulated grief was here, nor shadow of sham in what was said or what was sung; but all was real, and every word spoken from the heart, as in the very presence of the Spirit of Truth. Here was a man who had toiled long in the Master's vineyard, a faithful servant; who had dwelt gladly in his Father's house, a loyal son, with but one end in life, to obey that Father's will as it might be revealed to him; to follow as a true son of God in the footsteps of his Elder Brother, as he might discern them in the sunlight of His revealed will or in the starlight of man's reason.

There are thousands of human souls who have been blessed in this man's life, who are better men and women because this man has lived; and very many of them, who knew him intimately, thank God with fervor—as did the Rev. Dr. Bausman, standing between the bier and the altar—that it was their blessed privilege to be permitted to know him! He was indeed a "well about which the palm trees flourished."

What are piles of brick and mortar? What are rent-rolls, and stocks, and bonds, and mortgages? What are railroads, and steamship lines, and great manufacturing plants, and all material accumulations and belongings whatsoever, when weighed against the wealth of such a life as that of Dr. Higbee? These are things after which men go madly rushing, that they may have upon them, for a few brief years, a hold uncertain at the best, but sure to be relaxed at death and lost forever.

Men ask when a so-called rich man dies, "How much did he leave behind him?" The angels probably inquire, when any good man dies, "How much did he bring with him?" Like her of Bethany, our dear friend Dr. Higbee hath chosen "that good part" which shall not be taken away from him. And what man possessed of worldly wealth in Pennsylvania to-day is so truly rich as he?

When we think of him as dead—the young man who was the life of our mathematical room a third of a century ago, and the genial State Superintendent whose lasting influence for good upon hundreds of thousands of souls is acknowledged everywhere throughout this great Commonwealth—it seems a troubled dream from which one must soon be awakened. But he comes not to the old familiar places! His voice is heard, his smile is seen, no more! Oh, friend! though thy heroic life be ended here, still thou art not dead. To-morrow, God grant it, we shall meet again.—*J. P. McCaskey, in Pennsylvania School Journal, of which Dr. Higbee was Editor.*

BROTHERHOOD OF GENIUS.

Dr. Higbee was always at home in any atmosphere of integrity, whether among the unlettered or the learned; but everywhere, with unerring instinct, he recognized the kinship of genius. Among men in diverse walks of life for whom he had especial admiration, were George Hetzel, the painter, of Pittsburgh; Carl Matz, the musician, of Lancaster; and Herman Strecker, the naturalist and artist in stone, of Reading, whose reputation in his chosen specialty is world-wide. We have from Mr. Strecker the following tribute to his departed friend:

"That I have been very much depressed by Dr. Higbee's unforeseen death, you may well believe. Even at this moment it seems as if he were with me. I am writing but a few feet from the chair that he occupied during his visits; there he would sit, charming me with the versatility of his knowledge, with the winning, happy, joyous way in which he expressed himself. But it is only mentally I am now seeing him—a sound, a flicker of the light, and the spell is broken. Yet I can scarce realize that the last time he was here, not very long since, was indeed his last visit. How the hours flew unheeded until long past midnight!

"I never met any one more intensely enthusiastic in regard to what was good and beautiful. He had the keenest appreciation of everything connected with science and art. His quick comprehension of every subject pertaining thereto, even of such branches as had received no particular attention from him, was simply marvelous. In discoursing of the works of nature, or those resulting from the genius of man, he would often hold his attentive hearers as if spell-bound, citing incident after incident, producing proof upon proof, basing theory upon fact; from the period of the present would he lead us back, step by step, to the far, shadowy past, or *vice versa;* so accurately was everything systematized, every

salient point brought to its proper bearing, even the minute details not overlooked, that the listener had not wherewith to add, only to hearken and marvel at the God-given faculties with which this man was endowed! Be the subject what it might, whether history present or past, sacred or profane; whether in science or art; he seemed equally able to instruct and to excite our wondering admiration.

"Yet with all this there was in him nothing of the pedant. Unobtrusive and always averse to what would draw attention merely to himself or his labors, yet when delivering his lectures or otherwise discoursing on some subject of interest, he spoke, as we all know, with a force and an eloquence, the offspring of his own sincerity, that was conviction itself.

"Then, above all, was his unflinching integrity, his warm-hearted friendship, the kindly feeling which evinced itself towards all with whom he was brought into contact. Even when under most bitter provocation, because of undeserved and brutal attack, he had not an unkind word to say, nor did he by any act show bitterness towards his maligners. It was not in his nature; in his great charity he could not bear enmity against any man."

THOSE WHO LOVE LEARNING.

I am one of the many friends of Dr. Higbee. I knew him well, and during the whole period of our acquaintance entertained for him a very high regard as an instructor of others, a scholar, and a Christian gentleman. I will not speak of him as an instructor. Those who in youth had the advantage of his learning and powers in this line when presiding over the College at Mercersburg; and those connected with the public schools, since he filled the position he held at death, are the proper persons to delineate his traits in this direction. I mention only my impressions of him as a scholar.

Some years ago, when he was connected with the College at Mercersburg, he invited me to attend the examination of a graduating class. The text-book was Pindar, and the recitations from 1st Olympiad. It took no high degree of classical scholarship to feel that he was as familiar with the Olympic games as we are with the sports of our several neighborhoods; and that he knew and admired Hieron and his race-horse Pherenikos as much as the presiding genius of a race-course in our day, does the rider and the horse successful in the struggle.

But it would be a mistake to conclude from his admiration of Pindar, that the prince of lyric poets was his only favorite among the ancient classics. Had he subjugated Thebes he would, no doubt, have acted like

> The great Emathian conqueror (who) bid spare
> The house of Pindarus when temple and tower
> Went to the ground;

yet his love for the epic, elegiac, and bucolic poets of classical Greece was as great as it was for the lyric. Indeed, he talked to me oftener about Theocritus than any other of them, and from his love of rural life and scenery, and simplicity of character, he could not but have admired him.

The Idyls of Bion and Moschus, and the Elegies of Tystæus. were as familiar to him as are the finest productions of our English classic poets from Dryden to Swinburne, to the cultivated reader of our tongue. He knew Homer and Shakespeare equally well, and admired each as supreme in his sphere. I have a translation of Meleager's ode to Spring, which he made and sent to me on the 6th of April, 1878, beautifully done and full of the spirit of the original.

His death is a source of sadness to his friends for the many reasons mentioned from the pulpit, in your *Journal*, and in the public prints generally; but there is a grief which is peculiar to those who were his intimates. There are those who love learning and long for it more than for bread. It is not a numerous class in this age of greed and money-getting, but to those of us who knew him well, he was more than a brother. I was one of a company of friends who used to meet in friendly concourse in Franklin county when he lived there. Prominent among them were Rev. Dr. Davis, Hon. D. Watson Rowe, Hon. John Stewart, Dr. Samuel G. Lane, and Dr. Higbee. Death's doings have dissipated this friendly union. The first to go was Dr. Lane. I called to see him as soon as I heard that the hand of death was on him, and as soon as utterance was allowed him by the pangs that enthralled him, he said, "Well, Brady, Charon and the obolus;" and just afterwards, when another cessation of pain ensued—

> I see a hand thou canst not see,
> That beckons me away.

From Lucian to Tennyson he passed, oh, how quickly! and he died, leaving behind him the record of an industrious, unselfish, honorable life, loved in every household he ever entered, esteemed most justly the foremost member of his profession and regarded as one of the most eminent men his county has yet produced.

He was the most intimate of all of us with Dr. Higbee, and next to him in culture, and his equal in natural ability. Now the latter has gone. Who the next will be none can tell; but how natural it is for the surviving friends of those esteemed most highly for learning and culture, and Christian worth, to long and hope for their society beyond the grave. "O præclarum diem, cum ad illum divinum animorum concilium cœtumque proficiscar, cumque ex hac turba et colluvione discedam! proficiscar enim * * * ad Catonem meum, quo nemo vir melior natus est, nemo pietate præstantior."*—*Hon. A. B. Sharpe, Carlisle, Pa.*

HE SPOKE OF LATE AS NEVER BEFORE.

Dr. Higbee had been in office but a few weeks when I was elected to the Principalship of this school. I had never met him before, but during the past nine years I have been much with him, and under many different circumstances. I suspect that few outside of his personal and official family have had better opportunities of knowing him. But well as I knew him, I never ceased to be surprised at the wide range of his culture and scholarship. He was as familiar with the abstruse points of the differential calculus and the technicalities of modern chemistry as he was with the broad culture of philology and philosophy. There seemed to be no subject in which he was not an expert. And then with all his ability, with all his culture, he was as humble and as gentle as a little child. He was himself so free from guile, so free from anything that was insincere, that he was almost too unsuspicious of and confiding in others. Yet this was one of the most beautiful traits of his character. But best of all was his pure heart, and the high moral and religious tone of his thought and life. I have been with him in many places and in a great variety of circumstances, but I never saw anything of him that was not noble, pure and good.

It seemed to me that he spoke to Institutes during the past fall as he had never done before. At Norristown, in October, he spoke so forcibly, and yet so touchingly, upon the duty of the teacher to the moral and spiritual, as well as to the physical and intellectual nature of the child, that at the close of his address I said, "Dr. Higbee, I have heard you speak many times, and always well, but never as you spoke to day." Teachers elsewhere heard him speak in the same way, and I am sure that he would have wanted to be remembered by these last words. He died just as he would have prayed to die, "in the harness." It seems to us that he was called away too soon, that he ought to have been spared to us for many useful years yet; but his good Father, whom he always delighted to honor before all men, knows best. His life was one of honor and usefulness, his death was the death of the righteous, and about his memory is the fragrance of good deeds and of a pure life.—*Dr. G. M. Philips, Principal State Normal School, West Chester, Pa.*

HIS GOOD WORK FOR ARBOR DAY.

While Pennsylvania is the chief mourner at the grave of Dr. Higbee, his death is a national loss. His ability and efficiency, his enthusiasm and success, gave inspiration and encouragement to the leading educators of the country. A profound and original thinker, he had the courage of his convictions, and spoke as one having the authority of truth and right on his side. Conscious of integrity and the soul of honor, though he came out of the furnace as gold tried in the fire, when "place seekers" bitterly assailed his character—which was dearer to him than life—their cruel aspersions pierced his sensitive nature and shortened his useful life. It shows his noble Christ-like character and forgiving spirit, that no word of vindictiveness escaped his lips, and that he spoke kindly of those who had so deeply wronged him.

At a Pennsylvania Institute some six years ago, after I had spoken of Arbor Day as an educational force, he accepted these suggestions, ably advocated their general adoption, and pledged his earnest coöperation. How grandly did he redeem this promise! It is due to his enthusiastic efforts that since that date Pennsylvania has observed Arbor Day in the schools more generally and successfully, and more *frequently*, than any other State in the Union—for Pennsylvania is the only State that observes Arbor Day both in the Spring and in the Autumn.

No State School Superintendent during the last five years has written so much and so ably on this subject as Dr. Higbee. Arbor Day is now observed in several foreign countries; but no educational journal in the world has published so many articles on the aims and advantages of Arbor Day

* Oh, illustrious day, when I shall set out for that heavenly council and assemblage of souls—when I shall depart from this turbulent crowd, this hog-wash of vice! For I shall go * * * to that Cato of mine, than whom there is no better man born, nor any more excellent for piety.—*Cato Major.*

as *The Pennsylvania School Journal*. A large share of these articles was evidently from the facile pen of Dr. Higbee.

The statement that over 300 000 trees were planted on the ten Arbor Days observed in Pennsylvania hardly suggests the broad and wide-spreading influence he thus initiated. The improvement of home and school grounds and roadsides by the planting of so many trees—however important this may be—is of minor consequence. Dr. Higbee, with his ardent love of nature, his desire to lead youth to study and observe common things, his poetic spirit, his appreciation of the higher wants of the juvenile heart, aimed thus to improve minds even more than the grounds. Hence, he urged children to start little nurseries in their gardens and plant not only trees, but tree seeds, acorns, and nuts, that they might observe the wonderful miracles which the tree-life they have started is working out before them. What interest and profit, what growth of mind and heart many of the planters of these 300,000 trees will yet gain as they watch the mysterious forces of these vital germs—their assimilating power transforming coarse earth into living forms of surpassing beauty!—*Hon. B. G. Northrop, Clinton, Connecticut.*

BRIGHTEST AND SUNNIEST FACE.

In compliance with the suggestion of a Memorial, I contribute a single stone to the cairn which you are building in honor of Dr. Higbee. I most deeply regret that my opportunities of personal acquaintance with our late friend were not more numerous. We met principally at conventions at rather rare intervals; but such meetings were always most delightful to me.

Our acquaintance was begun at a dinner party in this city, and of many genial gentlemen around that festive board, his was the brightest and sunniest face. We went together to Washington, and I never had a more interesting traveling companion. In the Department of Superintendency next day his paper was acknowledged to be one of the most thoughtful and most eloquent. I never had the pleasure of hearing him preach; but I have been told by those capable of judging, that, in addition to their literary merits, his sermons were distinguished by an earnest Christian spirit, which often rose into impassioned eloquence. Of his services as an educator and as a director of education it is unnecessary to speak. They have passed into history. Thousands of teachers and tens of thousands of children will delight to remember his calm judgment, his broad sympathies, his inextinguishable good humor, his love of goodness and truth, his untiring and successful efforts to serve the cause of humanity, in whatever position Providence placed him.—*Hon. M. A. Newell, State Superintendent Public Instruction, Baltimore, Maryland.*

GRAND WORK AT MERCERSBURG.

The following paper is from the pen of Prof. J. B. Kerschner, who was closely associated with Dr. Higbee in his work at Mercersburg. There is probably no one who is more competent to write the history of this important era in the life of our late State Superintendent. The service rendered in the high office to which he was afterwards called was all the more effective because of the intense strain, and toil, and blessed results of this life at Mercersburg. Prof. Kerschner writes:

Dr. Higbee came to Mercersburg in 1864, to fill the position of Professor of Church History, etc., left temporarily vacant by our venerable teacher, Dr. Schaff. There I met him for the first time, on my return to that place to assume certain duties in the Theological Seminary. He came in April, I in November, of that year. At once with his characteristic kindness he received me into the circle of his friends, and in his house I enjoyed unnumbered hours of the sweetest social pleasure. Our friendship was based, at first, perhaps, on a certain community of studies; for although he was then deeply plunged into the massive tomes of the Church Historians, his duties in the department of New Testament Exegesis led him into fields of study adjacent or identical with my own.

It seemed to me that he had always been a master of the Latin language; and good service did it render him in his calling. I see him yet poring over those stout Migné volumes of the Fathers, over the Magdeburg Centuries, and especially over the mighty Hospinian for the sacramental controversies of the era of the Reformation. But like Iphigenia

Das Land der Griechen mit der Seele suchend.*

he was always pressing on in his mastering of the Hellenic literature, in which, during the course of his labors in Mercersburg, he attained a rare proficiency. Dr. Higbee had in the very depths of his soul an impulse to thoroughness; he was contented with no half-way excellency; hence he surrounded himself, to the utmost of his ability, with the means and aids of scholarship, and used them with the vigor and delight of the born student.

It may interest some under whose eyes these lines may come, to know that during these years Dr. Henry Harbaugh, of blessed memory, held the chair of Didactic Theology at Mercersburg. *Haud ulli veterum virtute secundus,*

* Seeking the land of the Greeks with all her soul.

this great man had something Titanic in his nature; he was felt by all to be a tower of strength in the Church, was in the ripest development of his powers, at the very acme of his vast usefulness, but alas! was near the end of his life's endless toil and endeavor; he died December 30th, 1867. Into such a company, as a third, my "wenigkeit" was admitted.

The sparsely occupied Seminary building itself, the halls at the south end of the town, the fine roomy preparatory building, all monuments of the zeal and liberality of a noble band of workers who now rest from their labors, confronted these faithful and earnest men. The thought powerfully seized them that these buildings might be refilled; that these long corridors might echo the footsteps of academic youth; that these toil erected structures might be saved from decay, and the work of the pious dead might be rescued from oblivion. Thus Mercersburg College was founded, and Rev. Thos. G. Apple, then pastor at Greencastle, now the venerable and beloved Coryphæus of the institutions at Lancaster, was called to preside over its destinies. The teaching force of the Seminary assisted him, as their time allowed or their inclination prompted. Dr. Higbee was now incessant in labors, tireless in his efforts. Watering others, he was himself abundantly watered. He refreshed and enlarged his college course; he made great strides in breadth and accuracy of knowledge, but was unconsciously only preparing for greater things.

Thus eight delightful years of my friend's life passed away in that uneventful quiet that marks the student's existence; to me also delightful then, and delightful now to look back upon, save that

> A feeling of sadness and longing,
> That is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles rain,

comes over the spirit, when I remember that both of these eminent men, whom I am *thankful* that I can call my friends, are removed forever from the scenes of their earthly labors.

In the spring of 1871 the theological students dispersed, to meet no more in their old quarters at Mercersburg; Lancaster was henceforth to be their home, as it had been that of most of them during their collegiate years. At this important juncture, Dr. Higbee thought that the voice of duty bade him remain with the young and promising institution which he had helped to establish; and, as Dr. Apple at that time resigned his position, he naturally became his successor. This exchange of positions, viewed from the standpoint of ordinary prudence, looked like the sheerest folly. His labors had been vastly increased; his anxieties were endless; his remuneration was smaller; the discipline of the college, no light burden when faithfully discharged, rested mainly upon him; he was a committee of ways and means where such seemed not to exist; his duties were often harassing, always incessant. But his faithfulness to duty and to conscience was the highest wisdom nobly rewarded. In no case, if he had under such conditions retained his easy place, could he have become the *man* he was afterwards known to be in the Church and in the State; whatever he might have been, or might have known, never could he have become acquainted with the celestial powers which deign to visit only those who "eat their bread with tears."

In the course of the ten years during which he was at the head of Mercersburg College, he completed his own education, in a wide sense. Not only had he now become well acquainted with the wealth of classical literature, but he had studied, and taught classes in Psychology, Logic, Æsthetics, Ethics, the history of Philosophy; he had made studies in the Philosophy of History and the Theory of Education; while his duties as pastor of the chapel congregation, and in the post-graduate course, kept him in living communication with all departments of Theology. He gained new and valuable experience in dealing with youth and in aiding them in the formation of character. If the material with which he formerly had to do in the Seminary came to him after their characters had been to a great extent fixed by a college experience, such was now no longer the case. The students of Mercersburg College came under his influence long before they came to recite to him; but it was chiefly in his own class-room that he exerted his greatest, happiest influence. I need not say that for the most part his pupils idolized him; he won their hearts entirely, and few indeed are those of them who did not grow in affection and reverence for their old teacher as they grew in manhood and in years. But the chapel—dear to the hearts of all Mercersburg students, and enshrined in their memories as the jewel of their academic life—was the scene of Dr. Higbee's severest labors, of his dearest joys, and of his noblest spiritual victories. It happened during the last few years of his connection with the college that the duties of the pastorate of the college chapel congregation fell almost entirely upon him. It seems really beyond belief that a pastor, no matter what his ability might be, should be able, after teaching profound and difficult branches of science for from twenty to twenty-five hours weekly, to preach two sermons in addition, for a number of months together, or even the whole academic year: and a preacher so over-worked, so weighed down with care and anxiety, would justly be excused if he preached indifferently, or if he preached not at all. But there was nothing perfunctory in Dr. Higbee's discourses; on the contrary, they were characterized by the highest freedom and power, were wonderfully fresh and incisive. Many of those discourses are still remembered for their intense earnestness and eloquence. Through the chapel he still speaks, and long will continue to speak to the churches.

Dr. Higbee's homiletic resources seemed absolutely inexhaustible. When in fair bodily strength (he never enjoyed robust health), with time to prepare his sermons, he was the equal of the greatest pulpit orators of our land. No doubt many still remember the impressively

eloquent discourse delivered before the Synod of Winchester in November, 1876.

It was during these laborious years that he was appointed chairman of a committee to prepare suitable tunes for the new hymn-book of the Reformed Church. He spared neither money nor labor faithfully to meet and discharge this important duty. He surrounded himself not with music of the *Shawm* and *Dulcimer* style, but with the very best in use in England and Germany. It was a labor of love, a spiritual recreation, and he toiled over a great mass of material most assiduously, most intelligently. He knew what he wanted—"immortal music married to immortal verse;" and he often found it. It is deeply to be regretted that the results of the labors of that committee were not given to the Church, as then we would have had a collection of tunes *suitable* to that unrivaled hymn-book—a better collection of tunes than is now before the American churches. Thus nine full years of his life were passed in the most strenuous endeavor, and brought with them the reward of a wider and more accurate scholarship, a deeper insight into the nature and methods of education, and a great discipline of his own spirit.

He was then called, as State Superintendent, to a wider field of usefulness. If in that great field he knew scarcely a face; if, as had been said, it required consummate generalship successfully to take command of those forty thousand teachers and school officers, he certainly had every necessary qualification except personal acquaintance. He had passed through every grade, from private tutor and teacher of a public school, up to positions of highest difficulty, responsibility, and honor, Of his walk in this great office, of his success or want of it, I leave it to the officers and school men of Pennsylvania to speak. His wishes and hopes were of a two-fold character; on the one hand, to see the Public Schools of the Commonwealth, with all their collateral interests, developed to their highest possibility; on the other, to effect, or at least to aid in effecting, an integration of all the educational interests of the State, that as properly correlated organs of the one body, they might co-operate for the advancement of the body politic; that the advanced culture of the higher might be brought to aid and strengthen the lower. Whether he at all succeeded in this last respect, is not for me to say, but the end was important, and "worth the sweat of the noble."

Per aspera ad astra! The whole life of Dr. Higbee was an illustration of this painful but glorious truth. At an unusually early age he was cast wholly on his own resources. He worked faithfully for all he received. At Bethel, at Tiffin, his salary was pitifully small; but his inward life was rich, and his ministry was a success. He was greatly beloved. Still more severe was the outward struggle at Pittsburgh; duty and the solace of friendship alone sustained him. At Mercersburg, while pecuniarily somewhat more favorably situated, his career was an heroic struggle. He passed through deep troubles, but he labored to conquer his spirit. While State Superintendent he was called to see the last formed, and sweetest bond of natural affection dissolved by death—he mourned the loss of his oldest son. A political intrigue of the vilest description sought to smirch his official, perhaps also his personal character. This truly infernal persecution—*flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*—ended by strengthening his faith in God, and the faith of all good people in him; his reappointment was his public vindication. But it was a sight worthy of the gods to see this singularly incorrupt man struggling with those "beasts of Ephesus;" and a sight for tears to see the sordidness of the press of Pennsylvania, with but three or four noble exceptions, as it unconcernedly beheld or aided this attempt to blast the character of a high State official. The sweet fruit of all this painful but salutary experience was calmness and strength of spirit; but his more recent conflict had shown him with, if possible, more clearness than ever, that the centre of gravity of his work lay in the moral and religious strengthening of the teachers and children of the State.

In Dr. Higbee's nature the external and internal in religion were blended into an unique unity. All that the fine arts could do for religion and for the service of the Church was dear to him. The beautiful edifice—for him *eine erstarrte musik*—devout paintings, the deep-blowing organ supported by trumpets and massive choirs; all of eloquence and poesy that the power of the human spirit revealed in the sacred orator could bring, was thrice welcome if made and done in the spirit of sincerity and truth. But if he thought that pomp or pride or self were behind it all, no matter how fair outwardly, it was to him as the taste of brass. The "blind mouths" he could rebuke with the severity of the mitred "pilot of the Galilean lake." In the church and out of it he despised what he called bread-and-butter science; money was not his aim, and he was generous to a fault. He carried high the standard of his own personal and official rectitude, a veritable Nehemiah in this respect, and urged it upon his theological students to do likewise. He used to say that he was naturally a Methodist. Personal religion was all in all to him; the emotional element of his nature was highly developed. No pomp, no outward beauty or grandeur, could atone for the want of sincere devoutness of spirit. In this regard he was a son of the Puritans to the last. But, unlike them, he loved the Church and all its high festivals.

The Church Year was to him an idea of unutterable grandeur; but above its general level towered the great Christian Festivals—Christmas, Easter, the Ascension and Pentecost—like mountain peaks, bathed in eternal glory. As often as those glorious days came round, when it was his duty to set forth their meaning, it seemed as if the angel who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips, resumed his function as a ministering spirit. The preacher's tongue was on fire, his imagination ablaze with the sublime significance of the day for the Master, for the Church, and humanity. The warmth of devout emotion illuminated also another day of the Church Year, All-Saints' day, "saintly day of

saintly men." Every Hallowe'en found the Chapel congregation in the sanctuary, and the holy significance of the day was rescued for many. The hymn always used on these occasions was "Light's abode, celestial Salem," with the old Latin music, so tender, pathetic, and withal so grand. The unusual strength of his natural affection, purified by Divine grace, and supported by the facts of Christianity, kept him in near communion with the spirit world. Thither had preceded him father, mother, sister, two of his children, and many dear friends. He loved to think of them and of the life of the world to come. This is shown by his, as I think, favorite hymn, one of those glorious heaven-hymns. I give the first verse only:

On the fount of life eternal gazing wistful and athirst,
Yearning, striving from the prison of confining flesh to burst,
Here the soul an exile sighs for her native Paradise.

"Blessed are the homesick, for they shall get home." This trait of his spirit had been deepened by many years of frail health. He longed for rest. But not here; he was determined to work as long as his day lasted. He could not be induced to spare himself. It was best so. He fell like a hero, on the field where duty called him. The final conflict was short and decisive. We may assume that he was spared the real bitterness of death. . . But it is all so quickly over. A few short years ago, a man in the splendid fulness of his powers—now, a name!

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep!

The spirit is oppressed. It is all an enigma, dark and terrible, till seen in the light of the holy Easter morn. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

GOLDEN "WHATEVERS" OF ST. PAUL.

Without exaggeration it can be said that I knew Dr. Higbee right well as a man, a scholar and an educator, having often been associated with him on the educational platform in teachers' institutes, in superintendents' conventions, in the National Council of Education, in which he most honorably represented his State, and having had the rare pleasure and lasting benefit of frequently of discussing with him many questions of scholarly interest that spring from the field of broad learning and of critical scholarship.

As acqaintance grew and ripened into friendship, the noble qualities of the man shone brighter, emphatically impressing me with the fact that there was nothing in him small, narrow or pedantic. To say that he was one of nature's noblemen in mind and soul, seems hardly enough to write on this occasion. His intellectual equipment was not made up of crude, second-hand material; but all of the vast store he had received had passed through the assimilating process of a remarkably strong intellect, and received the characteristic impress of his individuality.

As an educator, he moved in the clear, bracing atmosphere of general principles, which enabled him to give a spirit of dignity, force and progress to the cause of education, in which he was a scholar of acknowledged ability. His official visits to our city were always occasions of fruitful enjoyment to scholars and teachers.

In reviewing his public and social life, I can think of nothing that so fully reflects his character as a man and a Christian, as the golden "whatevers" of St. Paul, closing thus, "If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—*Supt. H. S. Jones, Erie, Pa.*

INCIDENT AT NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Were it an expression of veneration and esteem of the late Dr. Higbee to a personal friend, how difficult the task! To give an adequate expression of the same before the world—the task is hopeless.

That man is pre-eminent who can maintain among those who know him most intimately, and therefore best, a character that, in no respect, occasions the repression of a hidden wish that some characteristic, unknown to the world, did not exist to mar what would otherwise be irreproachable; and such a man was Dr. Higbee. He impressed himself in a wonderful degree upon all who listened to his voice, whether in conversation or upon the platform. Two years ago, while in attendance at the National Department of Superintendence at Washington, after Dr. Higbee had spoken from the floor upon a question before the Association, a number of the Washington teachers expressed a wish to me that they might meet him, as the man had so impressed them. When the desired introduction had been given, the Doctor gave them one of his most incisive talks upon what preparation the teacher should make, especially in the line of literature and higher education. I have never heard any other presentation of the subject that was so forcible, that showed more remarkable familiarity with the world's masterpieces from the earliest times, arranged so logically that their study in the precise order as mentioned by him seemed indispensable. My heart swelled with pride for the Common School Department of the old Keystone State as I saw the effect of his words upon his auditors. There was an inspiration never equalled elsewhere in my experience.

His institute and off-hand talks were models of classic English, and his manner of presentation of the subject in hand was, to my mind, inimitable. For every school officer and teacher in the State, under every circumstance, was the sustaining thought that at the head of the School Department there was limitless strength, sympathy, and support.

Every worthy occupant of the position of State Superintendent of Public Instruction has marked it with his own individuality. The impress of Dr. Higbee's scholastic attainments, practical common sense, and grasp of detail, made Pennsylvania, as I think, first among the departments of public instruction in the country at large. When such a man dies, the educational forces of the nation recognize the loss. How truly might his epitaph be the line from his favorite Horace:

Exegi monumentum ære perennius!

Supt. G. W. Phillips, Scranton, Pa.

REVISION OF CHURCH HYMN-BOOK.

The following tribute to the memory of Dr. Higbee from his intimate friend Hon. L. H. Steiner, M. D., Librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore, which we take from a late issue of the *German Reformed Messenger*, will be recognized, says the editor, as befitting and worthy. In a private letter Mr. Steiner says: "Dr. Higbee had so grown into my friendship that I know not when we first met. We must have then attained the age of manhood, but from the first meeting we *knew* each other. As time passed by our intimacy increased, and my knowledge of his native genius and encyclopedic abilities grew. And with it all, he was so unpretentious, so genial and so open-hearted in his relations to every class in the community, so full of sympathy for the suffering, so full of enthusiasm for all kinds of work, whether intellectual, religious, or social!" We quote as follows:

An elegant English scholar, a profound theologian, a successful educator, an accomplished gentleman, a warm-hearted friend, and an earnest Christian, has been called away from his earthly labors to his heavenly reward. While bowed down with sadness at the thought that we shall no longer encounter his genial smile and cheerful voice and feel the warm grasp of his hand, memory brings up a host of recollections of past associations with Dr. Higbee, always dear, but henceforward to be dearer than ever.

Of good New England stock, his engraftment into the Reformed Church seemed to be absolutely perfect. The graft retained its own native energy and Yankee vim, while it was modified and vivified by a different vitality which coursed through all its parts. And so he became as real a *son* of the Reformed Church by adoption as he would have become by heredity.

How faithful he was to whatever duties were imposed upon him was known to all his friends and associates. He disdained superficial investigation, but would delve and delve until he had attained the profoundest knowledge of the subject under consideration. And then, how transparently clear would be his statement of the results! There was no obscuration of ideas with empty or high-sounding phrases. His thoughts always found expression in the purest and choicest English, in and through which would flash bright scintillations of genuine poetic fire. He was not a prosaist, nor was he ever prosy, but of such a poetic nature that the dullest subjects became clad with bright attractions and aglow with interest, when he took them in charge.

"Hymns for the Reformed Church" in its present form would have been an impossibility, had *he* not first made such an excellent study of the theory and construction of the Church Year, on which the collection was to be based. But with the way for the work cleared by his previous study, the duty imposed upon the subcommittee of three, who made the compilation, was comparatively light. And, through all the work of the committee, his quiet, intuitive appreciation of what should be put in hymnic form for the worshipper, with his thorough acquaintance with the best that had been done by the hymnologists on the special subject under consideration, were of the greatest value. Moreover, when the idea seemed not to have been expressed in suitable verse, his own pen put into poetic form, with great rapidity, the thoughts that were deemed most appropriate. Several hymns, now in the collection, were thus written under a momentary inspiration, which was startling to his associates.

His students, whether of the clergy or the laity, are ready to bear testimony to the great value of his teachings, not only for the direct information which he gave, but still more for the inspiration which they received from his lips, and which so curiously afterwards shaped their work in life.

In his position as Superintendent of Education in a great State, he had done much to harmonize all portions of the same, and to break down the antagonisms supposed to exist between the public schools and the colleges. But this was only the beginning of what might have been expected from him, if his large and liberal views and constructive spirit had been allowed time enough to formulate and execute what would be needed to bind schools and academies and colleges in one common system of education, complete and perfect at each stage, but always looking upward to a higher one more adapted to satisfy the wants of the ambitous young American. May the foundations he laid be so widely built upon that the Keystone State shall attain in this department the

same enviable greatness she has in so many others!

I have said nothing of him as a pulpit orator; but who that has ever heard him, when, aglow with poetic fire, his utterances became brilliant with a vivid rhetoric ornamenting his earnest logic, and were enforced by an oratory which was of the most captivating character,—could doubt that he occupied a place among the first in his Church and in the country?

I dare not speak of him as a friend, for words can not enshrine the feelings entertained by those who were honored with the friendship of such Christian brothers as Higbee and Harbaugh, a friendship that brought with it so warm a benediction. Peace to their ashes! May their memory be ever dear to the Church!

DR. HIGBEE, OUR ARBOR DAY SUPERINTENDENT.

Near the end of the programme for Arbor Day at the Lancaster High School, April 11, 1890, the Principal, Mr. J. P. McCaskey, spoke of Dr. Higbee's work in connection with Arbor Day, and gave some incidents not generally known, showing his interest in his yard and garden, and the bird-life, etc., about him. His remarks were as follows:

Of the ten poorest men in Lancaster, probably six live in big houses and have a good bank account. They don't suspect their hopeless poverty; but the shrewd world makes its own comment while they live and when they are gone. Few human hearts, if any, care whether they live or die. But when a good man goes beyond,—whose life has been one round of loving benefaction; whose smile has been sunshine because "his heart has had a look southward to the whole noon of nature;" whose thoughts have dwelt much upon eternal things, and whose desire has been only for whatsoever is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report,—what a contrast is presented! Then again poverty and sham stand forth revealed; and the dignity of man, "made in the image of God," is once more vindicated.

It is good to know good men—to be near a man who has been a great blessing to his fellows. We have here been very near to such a man—and I would not have you forgetful of your great privilege. One of the best things this man ever did was to introduce the observance of Arbor Day into the great State of Pennsylvania—with its cumulative benefits through the years, and, I trust, through the centuries. Other men gave him their generous aid in this great work, but the enduring honor of being our Arbor Day State Superintendent of Public Instruction belongs to him alone, and as such he will continue to be gratefully recognized in the years to come.

But I wish now to speak of Dr. Higbee in a relation very different from this. His love of nature was an inborn trait in his strong personality, an instinct which was the secret of his keen powers of observation as well as his quick apprehension of truth and beauty and goodness wherever found. Some facts have come to our knowledge since his death which present another phase of his many-sided nature and which we have thought proper to present to you to-day—his work in his yard and garden, his care for the birds, and his joy in the life manifest everywhere about him.

At Tiffin, Ohio, where he was at one time preacher and teacher, he built a house, in the construction of which he drew upon his ample resources to make it a model of convenience and comfort. The surroundings received his attention from the start, and the yard seemed to grow up with the house; so that by the time it was finished, the grass, the terraced lawn, the trees, the shrubs, and the flowers were there to prevent any feeling of strangeness of things new, and to add the charm of that beauty which he ever associated with the idea of Home.

At Mercersburg he had a large garden and yard. In the midst of his manifold duties—teaching for the greater part of the time five hours a day, besides evening lectures and exercises, and preaching often twice a week—he gave loving attention to the improvement of his grounds. With his own hands he labored, and the college bell, summoning him to the classroom for a lecture on Ethics, Æsthetics, or some other of the numerous branches he was teaching, often found him with his coat off, and with hoe, rake, spade, or scythe, working hard to make the most of his rare moments of leisure.

What a delight he took in his garden! The first signs of Spring set him to digging and planting, and he was always among the first with his early vegetables. His pleasure was complete to see them grow, and to furnish them for the enjoyment of others. It was no uncommon sight to see him, during a warm spring rain, walking about in the garden under an umbrella, poking in the ground to see whether the beans were sprouting, and marking the growth of the plants, "fairly leaping out of the ground," as he used to say. "I think I can see them growing," was a frequent expression with him. If there was danger of a frost—and he was rarely deceived in his weather prognostications — he would go out at night with a lantern, and carefully protect the tender sproutlings with paper or boards against the killing cold.

His yard had nothing artificial about it, and yet everywhere could be noticed the evidence of unflagging care bestowed upon it. Trees, flowers—a magnificent bed of choice roses—shrubs and vines were there, flourishing under the watchful care which he gave them. He was sure to discover the first opening blossom and bring it with beaming countenance to grace the breakfast table.

The first notes of the Spring songsters would strike his quick ear and send him hurrying forth to greet them. He had a tender regard for the birds, and could tell them every one, knew their habits, where they nested, etc. There was an old tree in the yard, rapidly falling into decay, and an eyesore to his cultivated taste, but he would not cut it down because it was the favorite nesting-place of a Baltimore oriole for whose return he eagerly looked at the opening

of every Summer. He took out a brick from under his library window that a wren might be tempted to make its nest there, and for years this sheltered retreat was occupied by the little bird. This nest was to him an object of very great interest. Year after year he looked for the coming of the wren and welcomed it gladly. He put up small boxes all about in suitable places for the convenience of his little feathered neighbors and acquaintance; and they went to housekeeping everywhere as if they appreciated his good-will and felt themselves safe under his protection. The robin, the oriole, and the red-winged tanager were among his especial favorites, and every Springtime he watched for the return of these and other birds with keen expectancy.

The work in his grounds at Mercersburg was all done by himself. His flower-beds were his delight. His roses, already referred to, were chosen for beauty of contrast and fragrance. He seemed never happier than when among them, or when gathering them to adorn the table or the house. His garden also was the scene of his most active labors. He was not more interested in fruit and shade trees and grape vines, than in his peas and beans, his tomatoes and strawberries. He had so great respect for them all, that he wanted no vandal hand or foot to invade the sacred precincts of his garden range; and, when he gathered beans and peas into the basket on his arm, the pods must not be torn from the vines, but cut from them with the scissors. All this, however, was merely the by-play of an earnest life. His mighty work as scholar and theologian was all the while going forward as though this lawn, these birds, and this garden, were seldom or never in his thought. You can from this the better understand why he should say to you, as once he did: "My dear boys and girls, I cannot tell you how glad I am to be again amid all this Spring time wonder of leafage and bud and blossom; nor can I tell you what pleasant thoughts and cherished memories are always associated in my mind with some of the simplest and commonest flowers of the meadow and the field."

His was that close and real kinship with nature which the heart recognizes more than the head. It was a perennial spring of gladness to himself and those about him. The daisy and the buttercups starring the meadow with their dewy blossoms; the columbine nodding among the rocks; the liverwort, the violet, the spring beauty, unfolding to the sun amid the green grass—how he loved them all! He would laugh over them with boyish glee, and talk—he couldn't help it!—to them and of them as though they were old friends come back after long absence or delay. One bright morning a year ago—how well we recall it!—he took us quite out of our way to the garden of a gentleman in another part of the city to see whether his ferns were yet unrolling their crozier-like fronds; at another time last Spring we must see with him, for our enjoyment and his own, the star-eyed chickweed open its little blossoms to the sun, just inside the railing by St. James' church, which he had been observing for days as he passed it near his home, and of which he had been talking with much interest and pleasure. Now a tree must be noted and described, now a shrub, as he watched the swelling bud and the growth of the tender leaf. How often would he return from traveling over the State, saying nothing of any speeches that he had made or of any work that he had been doing, but eloquent of Nature, of mountain slope and river scenery, of green meadows, of wheat fields and corn fields, and especially of the beauty of the late Spring landscape when the Judas-trees were "purpling all the hillsides with their bloom!"

Is all this over now, and ended quite? and nothing left but rosemary and rue, which "keep seeming and savor all the winter long?" Rue—for sorrow, is it? And rosemary? "That's for remembrance."

AMONG THE CLASSIC POETS.

Dr. Higbee was a man of a very versatile genius, susceptible of being moved pathetically by all the varying modes of life, whether cheerful or sorrowful, lightsome or profound, entering into the gambols of children and participating in their whims and oddities with as keen a relish as he had while pursuing and following out with success the most erudite speculations of the profoundest philosophers. Every pursuit undertaken by him was entered upon with a will and determination of purpose not to be baffled or diverted from, until he had mastered thoroughly all its requirements, and was ready to enter afresh upon some newer field of enterprise.

In his literary pursuits he was as highly delighted in poring over, at times, the simple Idylls of Theocritus as he was, at other times, in partaking in ecstacy of the sublimated strains of Pindar. This disposition of his of passing readily

> From grave to gay, from lively to severe,

a fair opportunity was afforded me for observing while we were warm friends together, though employed in different occupations, long ago at Mercersburg, and latterly, at intervals "few and far between," when he was residing occasionally in Lancaster; and especially in the letters which he wrote me at times from different places of his abode, was this versatile genius to be observed, one of them while being written in Latin Sapphics as correct in scansion as are those of Horace, another containing a metrical rendering into English of his own of some one or other of the Idylls of Bion or Theocritus, and again, in another, some lyric effusion of his in "braid Scotch" after the manner of Burns.

Though fulfilling the duties of the Superintendency of Public Schools with signal

ability and success, elevating the standard of these, as we apprehend in many respects, and especially in the improving of their religious tone; yet latterly was he more desirous, as he expressed himself, at the close of his work as State Superintendent, of assuming again more fully his clerical profession, bestowing his time thereafter mostly in writing on religious subjects for the press, having at the same time in charge the superintendency of some quiet, orderly congregation.

This small tribute of affection and regard, I am happy to add for one whom I always held so dear as a friend, and of whom by me is the memory still so sacredly held and treasured.—*Prof. Wm. M. Nevin, Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.*

AN ENTHUSIASTIC EDUCATOR.

I never knew Dr. Higbee until he was appointed to the State Superintendency, and have seen him not often in the meantime; the first ten minutes of conversation revealed his wit, refinement, and scholarship.

He came to the office from a college. He was a college bred man, and all his tastes and sympathies were with colleges. He was not a common school man, and it required some time to adjust himself to his new environment. While he brought to his position all the breadth of culture and high notions of what an education ought to be, which belong to a thoroughly educated man, he believed in the Common School System—in the system more than in the schools as he found them. He determined to improve the character of the schools of the State. Like most new incumbents, he thought improvement could be made easily and speedily. He knew that both school and college would be better if they could be brought closer together; so close that each would influence the other. I shared both his opinion and his enthusiasm; and, later on, his failure. In a convention of County Superintendents, to which he invited me with other representatives of Western Pennsylvania colleges, he discovered that his idea was impracticable, turned away from the colleges, and thereafter let them severely alone, devoting his time and energies to what he knew was practicable—the elevation of the Common Schools, with the Normal Schools, which are a part of the system. Had he been willing to wait, and had he possessed tact and skill in managing men equal to his scholarship—or cared to rely much upon these qualities to secure the end he had in view—his idea would, I believe, have been practicable then; and before this time we should have seen the different educational institutions of the State working together harmoniously, and with mutual helpfulness, in a complete system.

If other men have been more distinguished for executive ability than was Dr. Higbee, no man ever did more to create an enthusiasm for education in the broadest and truest sense of the word. Wherever he spoke, in county institute or State convention, we all felt like offering our services under his leadership in the great cause of learning; every teacher resolved that he would develop his own powers up to their highest capacity, and lay in the minds of his pupils the foundation of the broadest scholarship.

Dr. Higbee was a man, and therefore imperfect; but he was an enthusiastic educator, and therefore left his impress on the intellect of the State—a "monument more lasting than brass," and more creditable to him than even the memorial which his fellow-teachers will erect to his memory.—*Rev. Dr. E. T. Jeffers, Professor of Theology, Lincoln University, Pa.*

HIS FIRST SCHOOL IN VERMONT.

We are fortunate in being able to present the following reminiscences of Dr. Higbee from the pen of Rev. R. H. Howard, A. M., of Franklin, Mass., who, it may be, is one of the few pupils left of those who attended his winter school in Burlington, nearly forty-five years ago. Mr. Howard is probably the only man living who could give us an appreciative sketch of this country school and its youthful school-master from the standpoint of the pupil, which he recalls with so much gratification. He says:

The first time the writer ever saw the late Elnathan E. Higbee was towards the close of a Saturday afternoon, late in the autumn of 1846 or '47. It was in one of the outlying school districts of Burlington, Vt., a neighborhood known as "Fourth Street." He was standing on the roadside at the time, not far from the humble country schoolhouse in which he had that very week begun to teach a district school for the ensuing winter term. He was then a student at the University of Vermont; and who knows but that it was then and there that Mr. Higbee began that long and remarkably brilliant educational career which has so recently and so suddenly terminated?

When I first met, and, by a schoolmate, was introduced to Mr. Higbee, his appearance was as interesting as it was striking.

He was rather under size as to form. He stood erect. His countenance seemed youthful—he was but 16 years old—but it was singularly vivacious; and, as he stood there by the roadside on that autumn Saturday afternoon, gun in hand, with his pantaloons tucked into his boots, and dressed in a hunter's suit—he was evidently returning from a gunning expedition—he quite realized one's most romantic dream of an intrepid young huntsman. How well I remember every feature of this scene—the whole picture then ahd there presented having been indelibly impressed upon my boyhood's memory. Meantime, how little the then verdant school boy dreamed that, after the lapse of more than forty years, he was to pen his recollections of this same brilliant young school-master, who, after an exceptionally successful career in that educational sphere into which he was just then so hopefully and auspiciously entering, was at the last to be so abruptly summoned to lay down his charge, and cease at once to work and to live!

On the ensuing Monday I became a member of Mr. Higbee's school; and, if I had been favorably impressed by his striking personal appearance, and by his vivacious talk, at my first interview with him, I at once became still more deeply interested in him because of his brilliant qualities as a schoolmaster. His energy and tact in the management of his school were marked. As a disciplinarian he was always and completely the master of the situation. I can remember his talking with deepest earnestness and seriousness to certain of his larger boys, who were sometimes tempted to disorder during school hours—never in a threatening manner, but always in a way to shame and subdue them. I never knew him, even in these early days, and though dealing with very many very rude natures, young and inexperienced as he was, to resort to any other disciplinary measures than those of moral suasion. I doubt if he struck a blow during his whole term. Nor was this dependence upon moral means or measures, on his part, indicative of any lack of firmness or decision. He was a martinet in reference to the matter of order in the school-room. He was always kind and respectful in dealing with his pupils; but the instant he had crossed the threshold of his school-room, nothing was more evident to all concerned than that he was *Master*.

His rare gifts and efficiency as a teacher, also, were thus early clearly manifest. Perhaps he did not at that time always insist upon independent, original work on the part of the pupil, as much as we do in these latter days; there may then have been a little more of rote-work than of reasoning; but I still remember my amazement at the lightning-like rapidity and dexterity with which he would shower both sides of a boy's slate with algebraic symbols and processes. No wonder he subsequently became a mathematician and mathematical instructor of extraordinary proficiency.

But what was quite remarkable about Mr. Higbee, in those days, was that he was no less brilliant in his performances on the play ground than in the school-room. He was a natural-born athlete, easily outstripping, in all manly sports, the most active and stalwart of his boys. Indeed, there is nothing which I remember about him more vividly or distinctly than the fact that he was *facile princeps* among his boys in connection with their various school games—could always be relied upon to run faster, jump higher, knock a ball, or kick a football farther than any of the rest of us. As a skater he was fleet as the wind, and as alert, nimble, and agile as seems possible to any master of the art. How well do I remember his prodigies of dexterity on the glare ice of Shelburne Pond on Thanksgiving Day! How well also do I remember his once taking after me that day? Did I elude, or escape him? As well might one attempt successfully to elude the lightning. O what a glorious boy, truly, was he among his boys! It is quite likely that those who knew him intimately only during his later years, can hardly realize with what keen zest he shared, and what decided, invincible relish he had, in those early days, for these athletics, indeed for all the physical activities and exercises of juvenile and youthful life. Under the circumstances it can quite easily be seen how that while, on the one hand, he was idolized in the school-room, on the other, he was in all respects our ideal hero outside of it.

The writer is unable to say whether, of all the rustic boys and girls that attended Elnathan Higbee's school that winter, he alone survives. But of this he is confident, that if there be others of them still living, when they shall hear of the death of this their beloved school master of the years long gone by—though his surviving family or friends may never hear from them to that effect—they will yet, notwithstanding this lapse of more than forty years, sincerely mourn his loss. Meanwhile, eminently brilliant and useful as has been Mr. Higbee's subsequent career on educational lines, let

me here add that in these, his earliest experiments in the art of pedagogy, he, in my judgment, gave most ample proof and promise of it all.

The last time I saw Mr. H. was in the college chapel of the University of Vermont. Years had passed away since the district school experiences described above. He had become a clergyman; and he had now been invited by the Faculty of the University to deliver the "Master's Oration," on the ensuing commencement day. I remember distinctly just how he appeared as, on the occasion of chapel prayers, he sat with the Faculty on the old chapel platform. He was dressed with scrupulous neatness and taste. His handsome countenance had become "sicklied o'er," to some extent, with the "pale cast" which high thought and true sanctity so often confer. Yet still there played about those clear-cut features his characteristic smile, the light and sweetness of which no portrait will ever be able to catch or reproduce. As I sat there on that occasion and looked at him with not a little of my early boyhood's interest and devotion—he little suspecting that before him among those college students sat one of his former Fourth Street boys—I said, "Can it be that this quiet man, so intellectual and saintly-looking, is actually the same that in other days with so much brusque energy, dashing not to say dare-devil earnestness, had awakened such unbounded admiration and romantic enthusiasm on the part of the boys and girls of the Fourth Street district school?" Yet there he was—confessedly one of the most brilliant and most promising young men that had ever gone forth from that institution.

The Higbee family was a large and unusually interesting one; there were several sons, and two or three daughters; all of them talented, enterprising, and, as I thought, singularly handsome young men and women. I have often seen the two homesteads of this notable family. One of them, in which I think all the children were born, was in St. George, about seven or eight miles from Burlington. It was quite an imposing farm-house in its day, very eligibly situated on a gentle rise some distance from the highway, and handsomely set off by its broad natural lawns. The second, or Williston home, a short distance east from Burlington, was not so attractive or so spacious as the former. Mr. Higbee the elder, the father of this great family, was a very unique character. He was, indeed, eccentricity itself. But yet he was a strong, true man, whose memory will long be as ointment poured forth in Burlington. His chief claim to perennial consideration, however, I ween, lies in the fact that he was the father of the gifted, genial, glorious Elnathan E. Higbee.

MAN, EDUCATOR, PASTOR, PREACHER.

The following tribute to "Dr. Higbee, the Man, the Educator, and the Preacher," is from the pen of the Rev. S. L. Whitmore, Adamstown, Maryland, who was for eight years a student at Mercersburg, and has therefore the very best means of knowing the man and his work.

I would gladly yield to others more competent to speak or write upon the life and labors of our friend, teacher and pastor, Dr. Higbee. I watch with eager interest for all that is said or written of him. And yet it would seem selfish and ungrateful in me, if I should fail to speak of the impressions and influences of this remarkable man upon my own life. Few of us have many such men among our acquaintance. We have not many such friends, or teachers, or benefactors to lose. I may be permitted to speak freely of Dr. Higbee, because, under God, he has been more to me than any other man. "For though we have ten thousand instructors, yet have we not many fathers." For eight years I was privileged to sit at his feet as a student. In that time opportunity was given to know him most intimately—as a man, as a teacher, as a pastor and preacher.

In each of these relations he was exceptional. I will not attempt a eulogy here. No man could be more averse to mere sounding words of praise than Dr. Higbee. His whole intense, consecrated life was a protest against the hollowness of empty words or merely embellished phrases. He was pre-eminently a man of action. He was not a man "to darken counsel by words without knowledge." He was a most earnest, painstaking student. Truth was for him of first importance. The *truth* was with him at the same time, motive and end. It was his inspiration, and no amount of toil could turn him aside, or cause him to halt in his search. The True, the Beautiful and the Good were apparently never absent from his mind and heart. They stirred the very depths of his soul. He saw them in everything, everywhere. And he saw them, because he looked for these superior things. Where others contemplating these same things are charmed, or entertained, or enraptured, Dr. Higbee was thrilled, filled with enthusiasm, nerved for action, and ready to infuse them as a benediction into the life of others.

He possessed poetic talent of a high order, with the gift of a brilliant fancy. He readily discerned the poet *born* from the poet *made*, and clearly distinguished the work of the former from that of the latter. This poetic nature was asserting itself continually in conversation, in the pulpit, and on the platform. His word-painting was at times most graphic; his sen-

tences were often realistic pictures. He has enriched the hymnology of the Church, and, had leisure been granted him, might easily have enriched our general poetic literature as well. But his genius was not only poetic. He was above everything else a teacher and preacher. This office of teacher of men, and teacher of teachers, absorbed his time and his talents.

As a man, Dr. Higbee was always approachable, kind and most generous. His friendships were frank, earnest and sincere. His brilliant flashes of wit, quick perceptions, rich humor, readiness in repartee, and the point and grace of his anecdotes, made him at once the life of a company of friends. No one favored with intimate acquaintance with Dr. Higbee can ever forget him. One felt instinctively that he was in the presence of a great soul—who was at the same time a warm-hearted, genial spirit.

There was indeed a majesty about his learning that compelled reverence. One could not help but acknowledge the thoroughness and precision of his scholarship. His familiar acquaintance with the thought of the past and present would manifest itself upon occasion. His learning was not only very thorough and profound, but it was also exceedingly versatile. He seemed equally at home in any and every field. So that in his company one's horizon must be broadened by his ability to point out the truth, beauty or virtue in the particular field of thought or action under review.

This he did in the most agreeable manner. There was nothing pedantic about him. He did nothing for show, nothing for merely subordinate ends. Sometimes he was even censured by his friends for not making some effort to attract the public notice which his splendid abilities merited. He was content to let his work speak for him. An approving conscience was, for him, sufficient reward.

In his family he was kind, affectionate, indulgent; with his students he was patient, prudent, considerate; and with company, whether on the campus or ball-ground, on the ice or along the trout-stream, upon the mountains, in the woods, on the journey, in the family of friends, or among his clerical brethren at Classis or Synod, one felt his genial disposition, caught the animation sparkling in his eye, and the thrill of his inspiring enthusiasm. Nothing was done, even in diversion, or recreation in a half-hearted way. He entered into the spirit of recreation with a zest and abandon that exactly corresponded to his unflagging devotion to his study or his work.

Dr. Higbee was not a trimmer. He did nothing by halves. He despised shams, subterfuges, and pretense. He was even careless at times of what men should think or say of him. Sometimes he seemed to act and speak in opposition to commonly-accepted or popular opinions merely to expose their superficial character. To less informed minds, to small souls, and to persons of shallow perception, his paradoxes were without interpretation; and to the narrow, the prejudiced, and ignorant, he was a standing enigma. Emptiness and hollowness are negatives that are not always receptive; and they are not always capable of understanding or appreciating a positive, aggressive personality. Hence his enemies where he had enemies, and his opposition where he had opposition.

As an educator, Dr. Higbee took rank among the first men of our day and of our country. He had extraordinary gifts as a teacher; and to interpret him correctly is no easy task. No educator of his day possessed more of the requisite qualifications of the ideal teacher. A trained mind splendidly equipped, he was at home in the various departments of history, philosophy, science, art, and literature. To this was added the very best of all qualifications of the teacher, a profound yet simple faith in God.

He had a method of grasping the central truth, perceiving the underlying principle, and seizing the "high vantage ground" with the percision of a master. He was born to be a teacher. Nothing was taught in a merely perfunctory way by Dr. Higbee. The dullest, prosiest subject became instinct with life. Truth, under the symbol of light, illumined everything; and he could arrest the attention, and fasten a truth upon the mind of a student as few teachers know how to do it. All his students remember his animation, his magnetism, in the class-room. His soul was in his work. He built, not carelessly, but wisely and well, as a master-builder; he built for the future.

I can speak more freely of him as a teacher in the college or theological class-room. So vividly do I recall his manner that even now, after a lapse of more than ten years, I seem to hear the ringing words, and terse, epigrammatic sentences, in which he sought to impress the truth. And whenever I return to the halls of Mercersburg College, where much of his best work was done, it seems to me that I still hear him speak, see his flashing eye, and stop involuntarily to listen and wait

> For the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

As a teacher of teachers I need not speak of him at length; others will do that. I must be permitted, however, to express my admiration and reverence for his great work in the Department of Public Instruction. It was in this enlarged sphere of usefulness that his remarkable powers were put to the severest test. This learned and good man has dignified and ennobled the vocation of the teacher everywhere; and the lustre of his name and talents must long remain after him, a blessing to the State and the nation.

Examine his annual reports, and they will be found models. I happen to have before me his report for 1884. It is the work of a master. Every subject treated is handled in a masterly way. Every sentence of its first nineteen pages is Higbeean. And although an old report it is none the less readable or valuable because it was written in 1884.

But if the character of Dr. Higbee's versatile genius is difficult to interpret as a man and as a teacher, how much more difficult is it to describe him as a preacher! I may be permitted nevertheless to bear my own testimony concerning him, in my own way. I do it cheer-

fully, reverently. For eight years he was my pastor in our College chapel congregation at Mercersburg.

He brought with him into the pulpit all the traits of character I have mentioned above. Dr. Higbee, the man, the student, the lover of nature, was the same Dr. Higbee in the pulpit. His manner, his gestures, his voice, his animation, amounting almost always to enthusiasm; his zeal, his faith, his ardent love,—nothing was lost in the pulpit. It was Dr. Higbee still. In the pulpit he seemed to imitate nobody, regard nobody, rival nobody, but simply brought himself, with all his powers, into the Master's service.

If as a man and a friend he made a charming companion; and as a teacher in the classroom was able to brush aside the cobwebs, clear the mental vision, break the fetters of ignorance and set the intellect free; how shall I describe him when under the inspiration of Divine truth! It seems to me that the Spirit of God finds few men more ready or willing than he to become the simple organ of communication of the divine light and life.

I might be misunderstood if I were to say Dr. Higbee disliked flowers. He loved flowers. But he never came into the pulpit to make bouquets. He loved the stars of heaven. He often looked up to them and learned from the God who made them. But he never allowed himself, when in the pulpit, to wander off among the stars, while a congregation waited before him on earth for a message from "Him who is invisible."

His pulpit oratory was unique. As I have already intimated, it was not ornate. Not that it was without adornment, but it was not for ornament. It was pointed, practical, direct; and yet the whole realm of fancy, philosophy, science and literature was laid under tribute and made to do his bidding. He always managed to make himself understood. He did not believe in preaching over the heads of his congregation, nor yet simply and only to their heads. "Young men," he said to our class in theology one day, "it is a mistake to talk about preachers over-shooting the heads of their congregations. The fact is too many preachers over-shoot their own heads. They do not themselves really know what they are talking about: and how then shall they be able to communicate truth to others?"

In exegesis he was admirable. His familiar acquaintance with the Word of God was the chief source of strength in all his sermons. No mere rhetoric, no philosophy, no words of man could take its place. Then he had a habit of massing the truths of the Bible, until they seemed to come with the irresistible force of the avalanche. He rarely thought it necessary to mince the truth into crumbs as for sparrows to feed upon, and did not often undertake to prepare it as if it were intended only for babes; but would at times hurl it forth in "blocks," as it were, for his students to exercise their powers of investigation, analysis, mastery. Sometimes he handled the truth as if it were the very lightning of heaven, and it would strike us just when and where we least expected. And yet few preachers know so well as he knew how to present the attractive, the winning, the comforting side of religion, and the deep love of the Gospel of peace.

He was a great preacher, though not necessarily a popular preacher. He always seemed to care so little for what is commonly called popularity that he made little or no effort to be popular in that sense. I never thought his sermons suited to "itching ears." He spoke to instruct, to edify, to comfort, to warn, to admonish, reprove, rebuke in righteousness, and to bring men to *Christ*. He did not ask men to stop and admire or worship Dr. Higbee. "Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God," was, in some way, the basis of all his sermons. Christ, as the orb through which all the divine rays are focused upon the world, formed one eternal theme; ever old, yet forever new, fresh, radiant, glorious. "For in Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," "And ye are complete in Him, who is the head of all principality and power." These, and kindred passages, were his great proof-texts.

Ah, I shall never forget that College chapel! Dear old chapel! Its services, its sermons! It is a sacred place to me! Dear Dr. Higbee! How I still hoped to see him once more in the flesh, and tell him again, as I have done before, how much I owe to him. But alas! not till we meet again in a better country. How wonderful it is, that one man can so impress others, as to become interwoven into the very fibre of their intellectual, moral, and spiritual being.

Somehow, since Dr. Higbee's death, he seems much nearer to me than he did even while yet in the flesh. I now recall scenes, incidents, words or truths he uttered with a vividness I did not before. It was as a preacher he made the deepest impression upon me; and as a minister and steward of the mysteries of God he will live longest in my memory and affections. He was a positive character. His teaching was positive, his theology was positive, all from the positive life of Christ.

Dr. Higbee did vastly more preaching than is commonly supposed. When not otherwise engaged or resting from arduous labors, he was almost certain to preach somewhere on the Lord's day. And a most singular fact in this connection is that his sermons were given gratuitously—that is, without compensation. Of the thousands of sermons he preached during his busy, active life, I feel safe in saying the great majority were without the least financial compensation. In College and Seminary, of course, he received no compensation for his preaching; and then at Classis and Synod he was expected to be present, bearing his own expenses, and was expected to preach, regardless of the cares and burdens already laid upon him. Was a minister sick, unable to preach, Dr. Higbee was called to supply his pulpit. Had a minister fallen in the ranks, Dr. Higbee must go to his funeral, to cheer and comfort those left in his desolate home.

No, we may as well confess it, we of the Re-

formed Church have not many Dr. Higbees to lose. No church has many such men to lose. How hard to give him up! So brave, so true, so courageous, so loyal a life is ended here! But it is safe with Christ, "which," after all, "is far better." As I stood by that casket and looked upon the calm, placid features of my dear old teacher, death seemed far less terrible. Is that Dr. Higbee? And is he dead? Can this be he who so often and so eloquently told us of the "victory over death?" Yes—and no. It is Dr. Higbee—and he is dead—but he lives! He lives because Christ lives. He lives where earth's troubles never come. Faithful unto death, he has gone to receive his crown. God bless his sorrowing family! Peace to his precious dust!

DR. HIGBEE, A LOVER OF CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas entertainment at the Lancaster High School, with its varied programme of music, by a good school orchestra of twenty or more instruments, and by a chorus of two hundred and fifty voices, is always an enjoyable occasion. December 24th, 1889, a strain of sadness intermingled with its joy, when Mr. J. P. McCaskey, after reading the story of the Nativity from the New Testament, spoke as follows to the boys and girls who had grown familiar with the presence of Dr. Higbee from his repeated visits to the school:

I want to talk with you a little while to-day of a man whose presence was familiar to you all; a man who loved the Christmastide; the pervading atmosphere of whose life was the Christmas spirit that finds its highest enjoyment in helping others, and especially those who need help; a man who was himself beyond question, as I think, more widely beloved throughout the length and breadth of this broad Commonwealth than any other man in Pennsylvania—nor is there any other in whose death would be experienced such wide-spread feeling of personal loss. This results—the man being capable of arousing such feeling of confidence and personal affection—from the peculiar relation which he bore to the tens of thousands of teachers, superintendents, directors, and friends of education throughout the State.

He met all the leaders of our educational work in all their varied fields of labor, and everywhere he impressed them as a man of unusual type and of extraordinary attainments; he came into contact, upon the Institute platform and otherwise, with all the teachers of their respective counties and of all the cities of the Commonwealth, with the single exception of Philadelphia; looked into their eyes, addressed their intelligence, impressed their hearts, revealing a deeper purpose in their work and constantly challenging their attention to the transcendent importance, from its spiritual side, of the relation between teacher and pupil; he spoke to directors everywhere, to citizens everywhere; he led in prayer anywhere, everywhere, in public, in the social circle, and in private—for Divine aid and guidance; he preached with ringing utterance from many a pulpit, and from many a platform that was not a pulpit, the unfailing gospel of righteousness; with the pen of the editor, and in his official papers, he addressed the school men of the State constantly and with all the power of a master purpose; until men and women who came under the spell of his intense personality everywhere recognized in him an educator of the first rank, a man of the purest and best type; helpful to the uttermost, generous to a fault. And knowing him thus, they came to trust him, to love him because of that self-same Christmas spirit which was the animating, informing spirit both of his official and private life.

My dear old friend, Dr. Higbee! One week ago to-day I stood beside his open grave in Mountain View Cemetery, at Emmitsburg, Maryland, an attractive spot to which in his frequent visits to this little town among the hills—where live some of the friends he loved best on earth—he would often resort for the varied beauty of the landscape and that invigoration of soul which comes from the "strength of the hills." We saw the walls of his tomb rising somewhat above the coffin lid, covered with broad slabs of native limestone rock to form the roof of that low chamber in which his mortal remains may rest apart from other earth for a thousand years, and turned away to see that loved face no more on earth in any light save that of memory.

With others, and alone, I had stood beside his coffin again and again, as he lay in quiet sleep from which it seemed a touch might wake him,—and tears were stayed, for the peaceful calm of the sleeper had diffused itself to those about him in death, as it had often done in life. I saw in this delightful home of his young manhood—whither he always went back with glad heart to a warm welcome—and in the community around, the abiding reverence which love inspires; I knew again the enduring value of a noble Christian life; and came away from Emmitsburg with a feeling that I had been permitted to read another chapter of fascinating interest in the life of the most remarkable man it has ever been my privilege to know, whether in the relation of ordinary acquaintance or on terms of close personal intimacy. "In this room," said one—it was a spacious parlor with all the appointments of comfort, taste, and elegance—"we had our Christmas tree for a dozen successive years, and Dr. Higbee was always the life of our party." It seemed as if his genial presence still pervaded the place—perhaps it did, who can tell?—though his mortal form lay in the silent majesty of Death in a room upon the same floor, just beyond the broad hall-way of the house.

Christmas day is a birth-day—and why do I speak of death at Christmas time? Well, I think of death very pleasantly, and take pleasure too in knowing and thinking of people like Dr. Higbee, who regard it as only another birth-day—into the life immortal. And Dr. Higbee

we all knew so well! You have heard him speak from this spot; you have seen him and enjoyed him here, and that enjoyment has been mutual, for he has been glad to be here. Besides other reasons, he had an especial interest in this school where he had once taught. He came and went as if at home here. He left the school in 1854, after one year's service as teacher; and I remember well the morning in 1881, twenty-seven years later, when, after appointment to his late office, Mr. Hensel brought him in to introduce him to one of his old pupils. We had both changed so much in the interval, that otherwise we would hardly have recognized each other. The last time he was here was on a friendly errand—it seems but a few brief days since then—to give me a book that he had brought from Emmitsburg, containing some music of which we had spoken and which he knew I wished to see.

He has not been at any of our Christmas entertainments, but he has told me how he has wished to be with us, for your singing and our instrumental music always gave him much pleasure. But your Arbor Day entertainments he especially enjoyed. On this spot he inaugurated the first general Arbor Day observance in Pennsylvania with a formal paper entitled "Arbor Day with the Children." He lived to see this day observed ten times, and to know of hundreds of thousands of trees planted, because of its appointment,—which is not the least of his many good works.

But the kindly presence that we knew so well we will see no more; the voice is hushed that spoke so cheerily its "Christmas all year long," emphasizing it all the more at the happy Christmastide. Let us, like him, follow the Star with the Wise Men, through darksome night and desert way, until it stand over the manger of Bethlehem, and, entering with them, in reverent adoration lay our best treasure as gifts at the feet of the Child. With the shepherds on the Judean hillside, we, like him, may hear the angel voice proclaim its message to the listening earth, may hear sweet angel voices resound the matchless song of "peace on earth, goodwill to men;" with him may hear the music of their harps celestial, and see the wondrous light that else hath never been on earthly sea or shore.

Christmas was a holiday and a holy day to him. We remember how some years since, he discouraged the holding of the County Institutes during this week, many of them having been appointed for this time. At his wish other dates were thereafter appointed, so that Christmas week might again be given back to Church and Home as their chief festival occasion.

But I have talked too long. Let me emphasize this thought, once more illustrated in the eminently successful life of Dr. Higbee: The only life worth living is a life of goodness, with every energy of mind and heart trained and directed to this sole end of human existence: and the only perfect ideal after which such life may be lived is that of Him who was born at Bethlehem, the world believes, on Christmas Day so long ago.

Speaking for Dr. Higbee, then, as well as for myself—for I am glad to believe that we are still in quick sympathy in all things glad and good—I wish you, with all my heart, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

A WOMAN'S EARNEST TRIBUTE.

Among tributes to the memory of Dr. Higbee from many sources—from pupils and fellow-students, from brother clergymen and professors in the most advanced lines of thought and study, from Superintendents of educational work and friends of education in varied lines of effort—we are glad to place this heartfelt and graceful tribute from one of the most gifted and earnest women of our acquaintance, who heard him often and knew him well, Miss Lelia E. Patridge. Her work upon the Institute platform afforded ample opportunity to learn the value of Dr. Higbee's moulding power upon the educational thought of the State; and there are few persons capable of estimating more accurately the ability and character of such a man as Dr. Higbee, and his influence as State Superintendent of Public Instruction. She writes as follows:

I remember well with what mingled feelings of prejudice and distrust I first met the kind and valued friend who has passed beyond.

I had been told that the newly-selected State Superintendent was a conservative by nature, by circumstances, and by education. He believed that woman's sphere was home, her mission that of the goddess of the household. What regard could he have for one who found her place outside the pale of private life, who earned her living on the public platform like a man? Himself a thorough-bred student, a scholar standing high even among scholarly men, what justice would he show to a woman's intellect, especially when that intellect lacked the college training upon which he set such value? Thus I assured myself that neither as a woman, nor as an educator, was I likely to receive the support of Dr. Higbee in my position as laborer in the educational field of which he was now placed in charge.

Ah, how greatly was I mistaken! From his first most cordial greeting, when he promptly claimed me as a kinswoman, because we both were born in old Vermont, on through all the years filled with generous recognition of my motives and my work, down to the last kind words written in my behalf, how many times was put to shame my narrow judgment, made before I knew his liberal mind, his just and upright soul!

As time went on I came to see that there were other gifts and graces granted him besides the scholar's elegance and polish. The thinker's power of argument and reason, the orator's persuasive art, the poet's fancy and imagination, all were his. And then the wit and humor of the man! Humor so kindly that it never

wounded; wit so keen that its shafts struck sometimes half unnoticed by the lookers-on. A single instance must suffice. We were out riding, a party of teachers together. But the day was hot, the road was dusty, and it was beginning to be borne in upon us that the drive considered as a pleasure-trip was not entirely a success. Still no one hinted at the fact till, just as we passed an angry hissing flock of the fowl reputed to have saved Rome, the Doctor, sitting on the front seat, said in his quietest fashion, with a quick backward glance at us, "More geese." He made the statement without even the glint of a smile or the twinkle of an eye, but lost his self-command, and laughed out with the rest of us a moment later, when an unthinking member of the party unwittingly pointed the joke by remarking, "I didn't know that we had seen any geese before these."

He was a man so free from petty vanity, so pure from taint of jealousy or envy, that he failed to recognize these faults in others; he was so simple and so good, so honest and so true in thought and act, that he never dreamed of half the evil motives swaying all the world about him. And then the work he did! We realize it now that

"The day is out, and the labor done."

Only a great mind could have gone on growing and expanding as did his in his new field of labor. Only a rare intellect could have taken up and studied a fresh problem at middle age, as he grappled with the (to him) unfamiliar question of public education and conquered it as he did. Yet all these years, while he walked among us talking of the true, pleading for the beautiful, setting before us the good, it was done in such a simple though masterful fashion, that we only half appreciated the man who did these things. To day we recognize not only the respect in which the teachers of the Commonwealth held their official head, and recognize it more certainly and surely than ever; but we feel what we never knew before, how firm a hold our dead chief had upon their affection. Alas! that it should be too late to show this to the sensitive and sympathetic soul that would have been so much the happier for the knowledge.

But regrets are vain; his work here is finished: he will come to us no more. Never again shall we see that spare, quick-motioned figure crowned with the massive down-drooped white head. Never can we watch again the lifting of that thoughtful, mobile face, that the keen eyes might sweep the audience with sudden fiery glance, while the clear voice rang out its clarion tones, moving us at will to laughter or to tears.

Thus he stands in my memory as I saw him last at York. What a ringing speech he made to the Directors there! How forcibly he argued that the most skillful teachers should be placed in charge of the youngest pupils! How earnestly he urged that Primary teachers should receive the highest salaries—that they might be the best. How eloquent his plea, in closing, that it was but just to pay to women equal wages with the men for equal service.

So on the last page of my book of remembrance of Dr. Higbee is written this expression of thought and feeling, fitting close of what I have known of him and his work:

Surely he was wise, for he saw that which was true; he was pure, for he loved that which was beautiful; he was righteous, for he did that which was good.

INFUSED HIS SPIRIT INTO HIS WORK.

True Education, as Dr. Higbee defined it: "To unsense the mind and to unself the will."

"When a great man dies the people mourn." When, on the 13th of December, the news flashed through the State that Dr. Higbee had fallen, hundreds of hearts were touched with sorrow in every county of the Commonwealth. County Superintendents who had recently met him at their institutes were astounded; institutes which had not yet convened but had his name on their programmes, were grieved at their loss; and teachers in the public schools, as they heard of it, told it to their pupils with bated breath and sorrowing hearts. No event associated with the history of education in our State has touched so many hearts with sorrow, or awakened so wide a feeling of sympathy and regret.

Called to the Superintendency from the classic shades of academic life, it was feared by many that his previous training and associations unfitted him to preside over the interests of the great cause of popular education. But his administration of the duties of the office soon dispelled all fears. With a breadth of thought and grasp of general principles that come from a liberal education, he soon showed his ability not only to fill, but to adorn the position to which he had been called. Richly endowed with intellectual gifts and attainments, when his great soul came in contact with and felt the touch of those influences which were at work giving life and vigor to our common school system, it quickly responded to the touch, and began to contribute its own warm sympathies and lofty ideals to the movement.

The early public recognition of his ability and fidelity, and his constantly increasing popularity, were exceedingly gratifying to his friends. Each year served but to enhance the popular appreciation of his fitness for the position, and to cement the esteem and confidence of the educational public. With a conscience true to principle and a heart beating with high impulses, he learned to appreciate and love the cause in which he was called to labor, with an al-

most sacred ardor, and he gave to it his best thought and his untiring energies; and the public was not slow to recognize his purpose and his devotion. This support of public sentiment was sincerely appreciated, and inspired him with an ambition to make himself even more worthy of it; and when the shadow of unjust and wanton criticism fell upon him, his sensitive nature was stung with a poignancy of anguish that few can understand or appreciate. It was my lot to be invited to visit the orphan schools of the State in the interest of truth and justice, and to report their actual condition for the information of the educational public; and the gratitude with which he read the only paper which it seemed necessary for me to write and publish, is to me a precious memory now that the great heart to which it helped to give relief is stilled.

This attack, most wanton and unjust, almost crushed his proud and sensitive spirit; yet conscious of an unswerving rectitude of purpose, and with a strong trust in the triumph of the right, he went forward in the discharge of his duties; and had the proud satisfaction of a complete and even glorious vindication of his rectitude and fidelity. It is to the lasting credit of our great Governor that amid the excitement and prejudices aroused by acrimonious criticism that seemed to be centred on the head of the Superintendent, he could discriminate between the defects of a system and the merits of the man; and that he had both the sense of justice and the courage to stand by the man and vindicate his honor by re-appointing him to the position which he had filled with a guileless purpose and a wise and efficient management. And no more noble tribute to Dr. Higbee's memory will be spoken than those words with which he announced his death, words worthy of being printed in gold: "As a public officer he was painstaking and conscientious; as a man he was pure, simple-hearted and genial, gentle and kind. The teachers of the State and his associates in the great work of education loved him with a filial devotion, and the Commonwealth trusted him as a pure, noble, true, and honest man."

In reviewing the work of Dr. Higbee as Superintendent of Public Instruction, I am convinced that he will take high rank among those who have occupied and adorned the position. While lacking somewhat in that broad statesman-like comprehension of the genius of popular education that characterized the author of our common school system, and the strong executive ability that marked the administration of his immediate predecessor in the office, of him it may be truly said that he came nearer to the teachers and the people of the State than any one who had preceded him in the position. By his eminent scholarship and high personal character he gave a dignity to the cause, and awakened a sympathy for it, that magnified its value to the teacher, and brought it closer to the heart of the public.

From a somewhat careful observation of his work, two or three elements of it impress me as being especially worthy of notice. Among these I name first, his influence in favor of a high standard of scholarship among teachers. A great scholar himself, and with high appreciation of scholarly attainments and culture, he infused this spirit into his work, and became an ideal of high attainment to the teachers of the State. The value of such an influence is especially great at the present time; for the tendency to magnify methods, and the devices of primary instruction, and the use of tool-work in our schools—all proper and necessary in their places—has a tendency to lower the standard of high scholarship and thorough intellectual training in the higher thought and culture studies of the academic course. Appreciating this lower work at its full value, he did not, as so many do, lose sight of the higher and more important work of broad mental culture and the enrichment of the spiritual nature. His oft-repeated expression that we must "unsense the mind and unself the will," showed his grasp of those high principles of education that have given strength and glory to modern civilization.

Then, he was himself an ideal of the high scholarship which he so highly prized. A profound linguist, a well-read mathematician, a broad-minded theologian, a critical literary scholar, a writer of vigorous and classical English, a clear and vigorous speaker, whose utterance often rose into eloquence—all these rare gifts he gave to the cause of education; and as he stood on the lecture platform he was in himself an inspiration in favor of the highest culture and the broadest scholarship among our educators and teachers. Indeed, it can be truly said to the honor of Pennsylvania that in Dr. Higbee she had at the head of her school system the most accomplished scholar among the State Superintendents of the entire country.

Another element of his influence as an educator was that all of these graces of

culture and scholarship were adorned with the crown of Christian faith. Untouched by that popular materialistic philosophy which when it does not deny the higher attributes of the spiritual nature shrouds the future in gloom and doubt, he saw with the certainty of Christian faith that there was something divine and imperishable in the human soul; and thus education to him had a meaning far higher than it could have to the materialist and the agnostic. The work of education was not only the work of an advancing civilization, but a restoration of man towards the divine image. The problem of education ended not in the falling shadows of death, but reached over into the light beyond, and the result was to be scanned by an omniscient eye and receive the divine approval. The high work of education was thus crowned with the chaplet of Faith, and received that inspiration which alone can come from a belief in the grander development of the life immortal.

Thus believing he lived and wrote and taught, and at last fell with his armor on, and has gone to test the truth of the faith which gave inspiration to his labors. The great brain, the chamber of high thought, is quiet; the throbbing heart, so full of lofty aspirations, is stilled; the voice that so often touched the hearts of listening teachers and friends of education is hushed; the frail body that for years was too weak a casket for the gem it held is passing to dust;—but his work remains, a hallowed and inspiring memory to thousands who loved him, and his influence will be felt beyond the present generation. We lay these chaplets of our appreciation and gratitude upon his grave, and rejoice in the thought that "He giveth his beloved sleep."—*Dr. Edward Brooks, Philadelphia, Pa.*

THE DRAPERY OF MOURNING.

No one could know Dr. Higbee well without admiring his gifted qualities of mind and heart. My relations with him, official and personal, were close and intimate. He was more than a friend to me, and in common with many others I deeply lament his death.

Much has been said in commendation of him, his congenial and kindly nature, his social qualities, his rare attainments, scholarly accomplishments, and cultured mind. Tender and affectionate tributes to his memory are heard on every hand.

His college students remember him as an instructor whose teaching was an inspiration and whose life was an example. Members of his church recall the earnest Christian admonitions of their pastor, and treasure in their memories his wise counsels, leading them to that blessed inheritance beyond the grave, apparently so near and real to their departed brother even in this world, and which he now enjoys as the just reward of his labor.

His associates in other relations of life were endeared to him by ties no less affectionate, and many who did not know this generous-hearted man have yet to learn how much they are indebted to him as a public officer. He was truly a public benefactor in the highest sense.

He thoroughly comprehended the magnitude of his official trust in connection with the Public Schools, and had a clear discernment of the responsibilities of his office. He seemed to forget everything in one grand purpose to inspire teachers with a feeling of like responsibility to their profession. The ideal man and woman, with all the powers of mind, body, and soul properly trained and developed in home and school, was the great end for which he labored in his unselfish devotion to the interests of education. His keen discernment and power of analysis made clear to him the solution of educational problems in their far-reaching significance, and the realization of the possibilities of youth inspired him with the courage of his convictions in the accomplishment of his purpose.

Deep and abiding are the impressions of his efforts to elevate the schools of this Commonwealth to a high standard. Teachers through him have a new conception of their duties in training the young, fitting them to lead moral and useful lives in this world, and, by precept and example, preparing them for an eternal destiny beyond.

In him the children had a most devoted and thoughtful friend. The last time that I heard him speak in public was at the Huntingdon County Institute, December 5, 1889, and his earnest plea for the "little ones" as heirs of immortality, so beautiful and impressive, seemed like a farewell benediction to all who heard it, which it really proved to be.

Returning to Harrisburg the next morning, the sun shining brightly at times, he greatly enjoyed the scenery along the river and commented on the beauties of the distant landscape. He was a lover of nature, and with his poetic bent of mind and vivid imagination could discern and describe the beauties of forest and field as few men can.

He was delighted with his visit, and with the kind reception by Supt. Brumbaugh, the teachers aud other friends, at Huntingdon. Turning homeward on Friday evening, he was with us in the office again on Monday—for the last time. His sudden illness and death soon after are recalled—and I forbear to say more.

Doctor Higbee always impressed me as one who had an intelligent comprehension of revelation in Scripture. He had a strong Christian faith, and was a consecrated servant of the Great Master whom he delighted to honor in his life and in his work. His unoccupied chair, draped before me as I write; the desk at which he sat, with its heavy hangings emblematic of sorrow; the flag at half mast, floating in the breeze from the dome of the Capitol; the building itself with its sombre drapery swaying in the wind,—all these things are reminders of our recent sad loss, and through them we are silently warned of the fate which is to be the common lot of all the living.—*Hon. John Q. Stewart, Deputy Supt. of Public Instruction, Harrisburg, Pa.*

AWAKENER OF SLUMBERING SOULS.

The memorial services at Mercersburg, January 16th, 1890, were most impressive. At our request Rev. Dr. J. S. Keiffer, of Hagerstown, Maryland, has written out his remarks on that occasion, and we take pleasure in presenting his tribute to the memory of a good man, a ripe scholar, and a dear friend, as follows:

It seems very proper to hold a service of this kind in memory of our departed friend, and it is eminently appropriate that such a service should be held here at Mercersburg, where so large a portion of his active and useful life was passed. When one of our dear friends is called away from us by death, we love to come together and speak of him and his now finished career; considering his character; commemorating his achievements; praising his manifold excellences and virtues. We compare our impressions of him; one friend was chiefly impressed by this phase of his character, another by that. And so we seek comfort, as also instruction and edification, in regard to the death of our beloved friend. This is what we are doing now; and, accordingly, being requested to do so, I desire to give, in the simplest and most informal manner, some of my impressions of him in whose honor we are holding this service, briefly stating first what opportunities were afforded me of knowing him.

The first time I saw Dr. Higbee was in the month of May, 1865. I was at that time a student on one year's leave of absence from the Theological Seminary of this place (where I had already passed two years under Drs. Schaff and Wolff) and happened to be spending part of a day at the annual meeting of the Maryland Classis, at Burkittsville, Maryland. On that occasion Dr. Higbee appeared as one of a committee representing Mercersburg Classis, which had been appointed to visit the Classis of Maryland and seek the co-operation of that body in the project of establishing the institution of learning which was afterwards established under the name of Mercersburg College. The other members of the committee were, if my memory is correct, Rev. Drs. T. G. Apple and P. S. Davis. I did not then become personally acquainted with Dr. Higbee; but, re-entering the Theological Seminary in the Fall of 1865, I then not only formed his personal acquaintance, but also became one of his pupils for the remaining year of my theological course. During this year, I sustained to him a relation perhaps somewhat more intimate than that which is usually sustained by theological students to their professors. After I had finished my course, this relation between us was still maintained by an occasional letter and an occasional meeting, until, in 1868, I again became more directly and intimately associated with him as a member of the Board of Regents of Mercersburg College. As secretary of that Board for thirteen years, Dr. Higbee being a member of it during all that time and during part of the time its President, I often saw him and stood in very close relation to him. I may add that, during these years, he frequently preached to the congregation of which I was, and continue to be, the pastor; and also that he was a frequent and always welcome visitor at my house. Within the last eight years it is only rarely that I have had the pleasure of seeing him.

Such were my opportunities of knowing our friend. And now, as regards my impressions of his character, I wish to make mention, first, of certain intellectual qualities. Perhaps the most immediately conspicuous thing in Dr. Higbee, so striking as to be noticed by all, was his intellectual brilliancy. Intellectually, he was a bright and shining star. And the special characteristic of his intellect, as it seemed to me, was the extraordinary wakefulness and attentiveness of it; its alertness and eagerness; its sensitiveness and responsiveness; the lightning-like rapidity of its action, in whatever direction. Intellects take rank according to the degree in which they are sensitive, alert, attentive. Some minds are good, but they are slow and heavy; they are capable of attending, but their attention requires to be aroused and stimulated. Other minds there are which are naturally, constitutionally and constantly vigilant, attentive and eager. Great is Attention. Sir Isaac Newton, being once asked why he was so much greater than other workers in his particular sciences, said, "I do not know, except that I, perhaps, pay more attention than they do." Helvetius defined genius to be "nothing but a continued attention." Few men know how to attend. I remember Dr. Higbee's once making to me a remark somewhat akin

to this, "Not one man in a thousand," said he "knows how to *think*." Intellectual wakefulness and attentiveness is, we say, one of the principal intellectual virtues. And this peculiar quality was characteristic, as it seems to us, in a very high and extraordinary degree, of the intellect of Dr. Higbee.

We feel obliged to mention the important fact, also, that this intellectual eagerness was not restricted to any one particular form or department of truth. There was no narrowness in it. There are intellects whose alertness is only in some one direction. They are interested in one kind of truth, but not in others; they hear acutely on this side, but deafen themselves on that. It was characteristic of the intellect of Dr. Higbee (and, as it seems to me, one of the special and chief characteristics) that it was open and eager, apparently without any difference, for the reception of all truth. There was something very fine in the large and catholic way in which he took interest in everything pertaining to the great world of truth; despising no kind of knowledge; considering every species of truth to be high and sacred. Truth mathematical; truth physical; truth poetical; truth philosophical and theological; truth moral and spiritual, —all appealed to him, and found him intellectually open, interested, and receptive. Such an intellectual nature is of rare and extraordinary quality. Dr. Higbee taught us the lesson (no small lesson to learn) of an open, eager, intent, hospitable mind, always inquiring and always learning. Such an intellect cannot grow old; constant growing keeps it fresh and young. Over Dr. Higbee's grave might be written the epitaph which is borne by the tomb of the English historian Greene, in Italy,—"He died learning."

But there was more than this. Beautiful as it is, intellect is not all; it is not even the most. Man shall not, and cannot, live by intellect alone. A man may be rich in intellect yet poor in manhood, as was Bacon, "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind." Not by a man's intellectual qualities and acquirements, but by the way in which he carries them and the use which he makes of them, shall the manhood of the man be tested. The man is always something other, and more, and larger, than his intellect. The real scholar is far from being a man of mere information, the possessor simply of a vast accumulation of intellectual possessions. These are the mere materials for the man to use. There must be in the man himself something more than, and superior to, his intellectual acquirements, that shall take them and use them for wise and noble purposes.

Of this peculiar power, whatever it may be, there was a large measure, we believe, in the personality of Dr. Higbee. There was in him much of that subtle and mysterious energy or force, which is one of the chief characteristics of the true scholar as distinguished from the mere man of information. One of the earliest heroes and martyrs of scholarship said that he considered it his destiny and calling as a scholar to be "an awakener of slumbering souls." Our friend was the possessor, in no small degree, of this high and peculiar power of awakening slumbering souls. When he spoke, when he taught, when he preached, all who heard him were sensible of this peculiar, vitalizing and inspiring force. Virtue went out of his personality; there was living and vivifying contact of soul with soul. "Whatever he touched he adorned," was Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith. "Whatever he came in contact with he vivified," might well be said of Dr. Higbee. And to say this is to say much; this is one of the highest vocations with which a man can be called, to be an awakener of human souls.

Qualities like these gave a peculiar energy and intensity to the character and life of our friend. Whatever he did, he did intensely, energetically, passionately. He was a passionate man, and his career was a passionate career. We are using the word passionate now in the high and noble sense; in the sense in which Hegel uses it when he says, that "nothing great is achieved without passion." The highest personalities are apt to be passionate and intense. Gœthe somewhere says that men seemed to him to differ one from another chiefly in respect of energy. And Thomas Carlyle defined genius as "an immense capacity for taking trouble." Whatever we may think of these sayings, it is evident that in some form this peculiar energy, intensity, passionateness, is characteristic of all the higher souls. Dr. Higbee had this. He knew how to "toil terribly;" we were the witnesses of some of his terrible toiling. He left no stone unturned. He was rapid and urgent; he was as one who hastened to get his work done and finish his course. Such men do not usually live long; but their lives make up in intensity what they lack in duration. The standard of a life is not the number of its years. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." One of England's greatest statesmen expressed the wish, when a boy, in a poem written at school, that he might "live in a blaze and in a blaze expire;" to whom his boyish wish was also granted in his after years. To our friend it was given to live and to die in a blaze of constant and intense activity.

One thing more. There is something more than intellectual brilliancy; more than learning, or wit, or eloquence, or energy, or zeal. It is kindness; it is affection. This is the highest. Love is above all. Knowledge shall pass away, but love shall abide forever. To me, his tenderness and gentleness of feeling was one of the chief distinguishing characteristics of Dr. Higbee. And it is this, I fancy, that has had most to do with bringing us here to-day. We are here, not because he was eloquent, but because he was kind; not because he was learned, but because he was affectionate; not because he was energetic, but because he was tender and loving. This is what we think of most and remember longest, when our friends are taken from us. And justly so. For love is the highest and best. It is the one everlasting thing. It is the one all-comprehending thing; the source of all that is good, the greatest motive power in the universe; the fountain-head of all knowing and all doing.

I could give many instances of Dr. Higbee's kindness; of his gentleness of manner and speech; of his tenderness to little children; of the way in which he would put himself out to render a service. I took down, yesterday, a package of letters (scarcely knowing till then that I had received so many letters from Dr. Higbee), letters reaching back as far as 1866, and what struck me most in reading them over, was the kindness and affectionateness of their tone. This is what I dwell upon, and what I most like to think of now, in regard to our departed friend. I recall the many times we were together, the many conversations we had, the many hours he spent in my room in yonder Seminary (how I like to think of the austere simplicity of that student's room, in those days of "plain living and high thinking!") and what I find most pleasure and comfort in is the remembrances of his constant kindness and affection. He was very tender and gentle with children. From what I have heard, it seems probable that the last person he spoke to on earth was the boy to whom he spoke at the railroad station at Mifflin, just before the fatal stroke. And I know just the tone and the manner with which Dr. Higbee spoke to that boy.

There is one thing pertaining to Dr. Higbee of which I will not venture directly to speak—his life as a Christian man. His real life was "hid with Christ in God." There was in him something remote, mystic, unobserved, seldom spoken of. I recall now more than one occasion on which a word, a look, a movement, made one aware that he was thinking much of things of which he did not speak, and that there was in him a deeper current than that which the observer saw.

I leave it to others, also, to speak of the services which he rendered to the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in the high and responsible office to which he was called in his later years, that of Superintendent of Public Instruction. How faithfully he administered the affairs of this office; how well he represented the public schools of Pennsylvania, speaking in their name, caring for their welfare, planning for their future; and how he has gone to his honored grave mourned by a vast army of the teachers and pupils of this great State—of this there are others who have told and will tell.

There is little to regret, it seems to me, as regards the manner of our friend's departure. So swift a death would seem to be a close not unbecoming a life so rapid and urgent. To every high-minded, ardent, and passionate server of his fellow-men, there is something attractive in the thought of passing away in the midst of his activity, of dying at his post and "with the harness on." To stand up in one's place for the last time; to discharge with conscientious care the last duty; to render the last service; to say the last word; and then to die, as by the swift and merciful stroke of an angel's invisible sword,—there is beauty and glory in that. Though sad, yet neither inappropriate nor undesirable was the manner of the death of our honored and beloved friend. The thought of it suggests to us Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful and touching lines on "Life,"—lines with which we may not improperly bring to a close this our affectionate tribute:

Life! we've been long together,
Thro' pleasant and thro' cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night, but, in some brighter clime,
Bid me Good-morning!

DR. ARNOLD AT RUGBY: DR. HIGBEE AT MERCERSBURG—IN CLASS ROOM AND COLLEGE CHAPEL.

The longest paper in the present volume is one that might be yet longer without loss of interest to the reader. It presents a graphic sketch of Dr. Higbee in the class-room and the pulpit. Dr. Arnold of Rugby had here his counterpart in Dr. Higbee of Mercersburg. It is from the pen of Supt. E. Mackey, of Butler, Pa., who was for five years a student under Dr. Higbee. In an accompanying note he says: "I have thought that other men of the State would refer to the eminent services of Dr. Higbee as Superintendent of Public Instruction, and have therefore confined myself almost entirely to the impressions he made upon me as preacher and teacher at college. As I know no other pupil of his among the Superintendents of the State, I have felt the duty devolve upon me to offer some tribute to his praise in his favorite calling. I have been with him often since he has been State Superintendent, and he has several times been my guest. In sending you this paper, which I fear is too long—for I neither know where to begin nor where to leave off—my only desire is to do something in his honor, something to aid in doing justice to the name and memory of one who has done so much for me."

"Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value." Dr. Higbee was for me the grandest character I have ever known. In my boyhood he was my hero, to my mind the embodiment of all learning, the personification of every virtue. In manhood he was in the highest sense my master, the type of human perfection, my exemplar in my chosen calling. The thought of meriting his approval was an inspiration to my greatest efforts. Long as I have known him I have loved and revered him, and I have never seen a blemish in his character nor a flaw in his scholarship.

To tell what Dr. Higbee has done for me would be to write my own eulogy. I was scarcely fifteen years old when I found my way to Mercersburg College, and there I stayed five

years until I had finished the course. What man has power to open the history of the development of his character, and trace the results of every influence at work during his college days? As I see it now, the best I have was of Dr. Higbee's planting.

It was from the pulpit that he made the most vivid impression upon my mind. I doubt whether I had ever listened to a sermon from beginning to end until my first Sunday in our College Chapel. That morning, as I entered the chapel, I found myself facing the entire body of students. I was too embarrassed to proceed far, and sat down in the nearest seat, which was almost within reach of Dr. Higbee and his pulpit. The liturgical service was novel and impressive. Then the Doctor began his sermon. I was spell-bound—thrilled to my very soul. It was not conversion, it was the joy of the soul in the apprehension of truth. Need I say that at every service during all my stay of five years at the college I sat in the same seat, nearest the pulpit? I learned that the nearer the fountain, the purer the stream and the sweeter the draught. It has since been my privilege to hear some of the most famous pulpit orators of our time, both in this country and abroad, but I have never been so moved as hundreds of times in that little chapel at Mercersburg.

I think the Doctor was at his best there. We students were specially prepared to hear and enjoy his sermons. Doubtless they were specially directed to our needs. Our field of study afforded him numberless themes and illustrations. However barren a field of thought may have appeared to us, when Dr. Higbee went gleaning thither, there was a most glorious harvest. Mind and matter, science and art, opened their treasures to him, and he held them up to us imbued with new beauty by his magic touch. The portrayals of his lofty ideals were to us like visions of Paradise, and lifted us with rapture to its very portals. How often, like the utterance of a divine inspiration came his revelation of "the true, the beautiful, and the good."

To my mind he had all the elements of the great orator. He had so much personal magnetism that I could sit, and look, and listen while he spoke, and be thrilled with an indefinable pleasure, even when I did not understand what he was saying. His voice was characterized by sweetness and power, and his enunciation was very distinct. He was always precise in his use of terms, and I can recall metaphors that he coined which rivaled in vivid imagery those of Pindar or Homer. He often used a vigorous, explosive kind of emphasis on certain words that contained the key to his thought. His gestures were frequent, usually rapid, and peculiarly his own. It was a pleasure to see him while he spoke.

Yet he was versatile in his style, never monotonous. At times his speech was smooth and flowing, abounding in exquisite descriptions, most charming word-painting; then again it was crisp and concise, full of power, like a mountain torrent. He made the minds of his hearers his own, and led their wills into a captivity none cared to escape. One left his presence with the desire and the will to act as he directed. Guilt and hypocrisy trembled before him, and hid their heads for very shame. The blatant voice of heresy and infidelity was silenced in the presence of the majesty of truth. Sin was robbed of its mask, and its hideous countenance was held naked to the world that all might see the filth and horrid purpose written there. However unconcerned we were with life's most vital theme, however complacent as to the welfare of our souls, it seemed to me that Dr. Higbee could convict us all of sin, and drive us all with abject shame to penitential prayer. His was the irresistible eloquence, heaven-born, that moves the hearts of men to hate evil, that drives them to repentance and "better things"—that leads them with an unutterable longing to the feet of the meek and lowly Jesus.

He read hymns and the Scripture lessons with perfect expression and with singular power. To hear him read was to find new thought and new beauty in almost every sentence. His was the rare power to read aloud so that it was more satisfactory to hear him than to read the passage for ourselves. He read so as to cause his hearers to understand the meaning, and to the rhyme of the poet lent the beauty of his voice. Dr. Higbee's favorite hymns will never be forgotten by his students. With how much feeling would he often quote:

> Cold mountains and the midnight air
> Witnessed the fervor of His prayer.

How full of devotion our frequent morning hymn:

> Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.
> Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee.

I was too timid and too much in awe of him to discover much of his power as a pastor. I went to him for help when I was trying to decide the momentous question of joining the Church; told him that I could not love God as I thought I ought; that I could love people that I had seen, but not an invisible, unimaginable being, a spirit. He said: "Obedience is love. Obey Him, and you will learn to love Him." My problem was solved, and no tongue can tell how much that answer did for me. In my last days at college he especially befriended me, and with the bitter thought of the saddest failure of my life, comes the sweet recollection of his tender sympathy and consolation.

Dr. Higbee was a lover of nature. When he chose to picture its beauties, it was a most exquisite pastoral poem in prose, and a Theocritus himself might have envied him the eloquence of his diction, the charm of his fancy.

He was in sympathy with the vital current of the plant as well as with the throbbing heart of man. The wanton destruction of plant or animal grieved him. We were taught to respect life, however lowly its form, to recognize it as a gift divine with a mission of its own. Impressed with such thoughts as these, no student in his daily walk went idly slashing with his cane the leaves of the wayside bush or the inviting heads of timothy, but rather with a feeling akin to pity regarded each flower torn from its parent

stem, each plant crushed beneath the wanton heel.

Himself a poet, a linguist, a writer of classic prose, he was an enthusiast in the field of literature. He was possessed of the most exquisite taste, the finest imagination, the keenest sensibilities, and an extraordinary acquaintance in the realm of ancient and modern literature. I had tried in vain to read Shakespeare until I entered Dr. Higbee's class, in "Readings from English Literature." The selections he read from Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, and other dramatists, were fascinating; but when he began to read Shakespeare our enthusiasm knew no bounds. It was not only his keen analysis of the drama, his enthusiasm, his bright comments, that made the play of such thrilling interest to us—it was also his elocution, the magic of his voice. As a reader of Shakespeare, indeed, I have never heard his equal except Edwin Booth.

Every point of beauty or interest was brought out, the design and history of the play, the subtile philosophy pervading it, the meaning of its division into acts, the harmony and unity of its parts, the keen portrayal of human nature, the thought, the language, the arrangement, the figures of speech, the gems of expression—it seemed to me that everything that the myriad-minded poet had conceived and given form was revealed to us! Yet we never tired—and left his class-room with regret, only to hasten to our own rooms to find new treasures in those fascinating pages. I doubt whether a student ever left this class without a love and relish for the work of the great master keener than for any novel!

It was thus with all subjects the Doctor taught. The hour spent in his class-room for Latin, Greek, Ethics, Æsthetics, and History of Philosophy, was an hour of thrilling interest, always to be anticipated, never to be forgotten. Let it not be imagined that Dr. Higbee's success in the class-room was magnified by contrast. The Faculty of the College in his day comprised men apt to teach, of broad scholarship, full of animation in the class-room, worthy comrades, characterized by a self-denying, patriotic devotion, like his own, to the interests of the College.

He usually sat at his desk while teaching his class. In lectures he was wont to begin with bowed head, with the attitude and tone of one soliloquizing; then, as his interest in the theme grew, or as some especially attractive line of thought presented itself, he would become more animated; he would rise to his feet, step out beside his desk, his countenance all aglow as if in the halo of divine inspiration. Then would come an exposition, an extempore discourse, that beggars all description, in thought transcending anything we had ever conceived, in eloquence thrilling the soul with emotions that must be experienced to be known. One can no more have an adequate idea of Dr. Higbee in the class-room than of Switzerland without having been there. He was a skilled questioner, and often employed the Socratic method in drawing out his students or in developing his own thought. He was marvelously clear in his explanations, and never failed to make a vivid impression with the subjects he chose specially to emphasize.

He was a most successful disciplinarian. The secret of his success lay partly in his good judgment, partly in his noble example, largely in the dominant force of his own personality. In class no one dared annoy him. At that time we did not know why. It was simply a thing not to be considered for a moment, even though we had not the faintest idea what the consequences would be. Although we knew that he was always kind, never severe, yet we feared to offend him, and the mere thought of our doing so had in it some nameless dread.

He was in sympathy with his students in all their legitimate pastimes and pursuits. I was fond of skating. The creek was a mile away. I was never refused permission to absent myself from chapel exercises and study hours to enjoy an evening's skating. Dr. Higbee himself, it was said, was the finest skater ever seen on the creek. He must have been a most accomplished athlete. Even when he was nearly fifty years old I have seen him kick a foot-ball from his hands *straight over the College cupola* —a feat no student could perform during my College days. The College building was four stories high, and the cupola not more than ten feet wide!

He was a perfect gentleman, not so much perhaps in grace of manner or in stylish demeanor, as in the better sense, that "it is only noble to be good." His gentlemanliness was but the outward expression of the heart that was within him. I recall a circumstance that illustrates this fact: Sam Brooks, as he was called by the boys, was a colored man so long employed by the boys about the College in various chores that he doubtless considered himself part of the institution. On Washington's birthday he was invited with mock formality to deliver an address. The boys anticipated some fun, and Brooks could make a speech with all the characteristics of his race. The students assembled, Brooks mounted the College-steps, hat in hand. Just then Dr. Higbee came up; Brooks bowed, and Dr. Higbee raised his hat. There was no mockery about it. Dr. Higbee would raise his hat to a colored washerwoman. Our orator began his speech; not a boy interrupted, not a boy attempted to guy him in the least. He wound up with his pet peroration: "George Washington, Dr. Higbee, and Mercersburg College," and then the boys cheered as only college boys can, and if not a cheer of patriotism it was a cheer of filial pride in our Alma Mater and for the President of our Faculty.

There were rumors of a wedding in town, and some of us boys that loved to make a racket went down to join in the serenade. Some days after, in the chapel, the Doctor spoke feelingly of a death-bed scene—how the friends of the dying were gathered around to hear her last words; how impressive those moments when the soul was about to take its flight; how, the victim of some acute nervous disorder, the dying woman suffered at the slightest noise; how, suddenly, there had burst in upon that

sacred stillness the fiendish sound of horns, of battered cans, of screaming whistles, demoniacal howls, and how, in agony, the sufferer had breathed her last, and friends so dear were unable to catch one word of the message she tried to leave them. I doubt whether any one of us has ever participated in a "calithumpian concert" since. Thus by appeals to our sympathy, by glowing pictures of high ideals, by precept and by example, we were taught the invaluable lessons of charity, of love for our fellow-men, of respect for the wishes of others, reverence for age and for sacred places; and we were inspired to live and work for a noble purpose, "counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord."

In my intercourse with young men from other colleges, I have often had reason to think that Dr. Higbee's students were witnesses to his teaching. There was no unkindly feeling among men of different classes; Freshmen and Juniors, Seniors and "Preps," mingled freely with one another. We students, as a rule, raised our hats to every member of the Faculty and to the clergymen of the town. We took off our hats and entered any sanctuary reverently, even when there was no service. There was no hazing. Though fond of practical jokes, and ever ready for a college prank, we knew that the predominant sentiment of the students would denounce anything mean. Popular sentiment, too, condemned vulgarity. Profanity was rare. An unusually large percentage of our students chose the ministry as their calling. The influence of the Doctor was even more marked in the post-graduate life of his students. One can almost recognize his pupils in any vocation, but especially in preaching and public speaking do they reveal the signet of the master-mind of Mercersburg.

Our last days at college were especially impressive. With the love and anxiety of a father, the Doctor sought to prepare us for leaving our college home, and to equip us with right principles and high ideals for life and its duties. The classes usually sat in order in the College chapel, the Seniors in front, and to them the Doctor especially directed his teaching. In choosing an occupation, we were taught that it was better to go to work at once, even to break stones on the road or to dig in the ditch, than to wait in idleness for something to turn up; to lay hold of the duty we found next to us and to do it with our might, rather than to stand still in procrastinating indecision; that to labor is honorable and right, and that there is more honor, and more wisdom even, in blacking shoes and in doing it honestly and well, than in going into a profession we were unfitted to fill. In those last days, how fervent his prayers for us, how earnest his advice, how eloquent his pleading that we should give ourselves *wholly* to the Lord Jesus. "God grant," said he —and how he could utter those words!—"God grant that the best minds in the Senior class may choose to serve the Lord in the holy ministry." What wonder that so large a percentage of his pupils followed his example? One-third of my class and one-half of the class succeeding mine are preaching the Gospel. Then, if ever, was his eloquence mighty to move our souls to great resolves; then was sown the seed that has blossomed and borne fruit in hundreds of lives; and then was Doctor Higbee the scource of an influence for good whose vast results God alone can comprehend.

He was himself an example of the noblest virtues. Were we tempted to shirk our recitations—there was the thought of Dr. Higbee with one of his attacks of sick headache, bravely sticking to his post at the preceptor's desk. Were we tempted to seek other institutions of learning to finish our course—there was Dr. Higbee refusing a call at $4,000 a year and a position of comparative ease, to remain loyal to the interests of the College, with its endless tasks, on the pittance of ten or twelve hundred a year, and that seldom, if ever, fully paid. Did work accumulate upon us, and were we in danger of growing faint-hearted and discouraged—there was the Doctor forging ahead, overcoming all difficulties, hurling obstacles out of his path with the strength of a giant, and pushing along toward the goal of his high endeavor with a zeal that it was an inspiration to behold. In those sad hours when trials came, when the hand of chastisement was laid heavily upon us, and when all the way seemed dark, then came the sweet comfort of the hymn the Doctor so often quoted, whose pathetic story we knew so well,

> Judge not the Lord with feeble sense,
> But trust Him for His grace,
> Behind a frowning providence
> He hides a smiling face.

With all his learning, with all his honors, Dr. Higbee was one of the most modest of men. He never referred to his attainments. There were few, if any of the College boys that had any notion of them outside of the department he chanced to teach. His record as a college boy, his achievements as a theologian, his preeminence in mathematics, were unknown to me in my college days. I have learned them since from others. Yet with all his extraordinary attainments he was never heard to boast. Some men are so constituted that they crave to be told of their talents and their successes. There are public lecturers that will wait upon the platform to receive the tributes of praise from their hearers, and that seem to subside into a bitter fit of melancholy if they receive them not. Dr. Higbee sought no compliments, shunned adulation, despised flattery. He was sincere; he said frankly what he thought. As a teacher he seldom commended in words, but the student that received a compliment from him upon his work has reason to treasure it for a life-time.

Dr. Higbee was most richly endowed with that charity that "suffereth long and is kind." I remember he was my guest shortly after the trouble in regard to the Soldiers' Orphan Schools. I was very indignant, and could not refrain from giving vent to my feelings. I had taught in an Orphan School, and was acquainted with teachers in others of these schools and homes; I knew the Doctor's plans for the education of these orphans; and I knew that he

was a man of absolute integrity of character, and that it was impossible for the charges to be true that were laid against him. The Doctor spoke of his persecutors in the kindest way—no shadow of malice, no thought of revenge; time would convince them of their error and would vindicate him; and he went on to extenuate their conduct with such loving charity, in such a way that I felt rebuked. He seemed absolutely incapable of hating his fellow-men; he certainly "loved his enemies."

It is not for me to set forth the boundless riches in such a character as that of Dr. Higbee. There may be those that have fathomed the depths of his mind, and they will speak of his great intellect. I speak of him simply as I remember him at college, as pastor and teacher. Nor do I speak for myself alone. We all loved him. Every student of his revered and respected him. It seems to me that they always spoke well of him, and that almost every day there was some new-found quality, or charm, or glory in our hero that was discussed amongst us in terms of highest praise. The news of his death has made many sad hearts. But though dead he speaks. We hear his voice to-day as in those dear old by-gone times, and we go forth resolved to be more worthy than ever of his noble teaching and his no less noble training.

CO-LABORERS AND COMPANIONS.

The following paper is from the pen of Mr. George S. Jones, of Philadelphia, late Financial Clerk of the Department of Public Instruction, a fine scholar, graduate of rank of one of the leading New England colleges, —a gentleman who has made with his own hands, for his personal use as an amateur astronomer and microscopist, a telescope and a compound microscope, both excellent instruments, himself working out the mathematical formulæ needed in the construction of the lenses. Dr. Higbee used greatly to enjoy this scholarly association. Mr. Jones writes as follows:

Your purpose to dedicate an issue of the *The School Journal* to the memory of our late friend and associate, Dr. Higbee was, I think, most happily conceived; and I gladly contribute my small part towards making it the fitting memorial that it should be. Such a memorial, made up of the tributes of appreciating friends, is better than any monument of stone erected on the Capitol grounds or in any other public place—however imposing and durable it might be, and however honorable to his memory as a great and good man.

My acquaintance with Dr. Higbee began with his entrance upon the duties of his office as State Superintendent of Public Instruction. For eight years I was thrown into the most intimate relations with him, nominally as an employe in the Department, but in his own estimation as a co-laborer and companion. I make this distinction advisedly, and it applies alike to all the deputies and clerks under him. From the first day of his entrance into the office our little coterie was placed upon a most democratic basis. The distinction of chief and subordinate had no apparent existence. We were simply comrades working together in a common cause, each with his allotted part to do, and none entitled to more consideration than the rest. It is true, the Doctor, as we always called him, was unavoidably distinguished from the others of us by having a separate room; but he was seldom in it, except when he had work to do there. His favorite lounging room—the room to which he came to enjoy the passing moment, to read the papers, to talk over his plans, to unbend himself—was ours.

Those only who knew the Doctor well can understand fully what "unbending" in his case meant. Not that he was ever stiff or formal; he was always genial, always companionable, and his presence among us always brought sunshine. But there were times when he became more than genial, when an overflow of animal spirits carried everything before it, and he became boyishly frolicsome. It was useless to attempt to work at such times. "Come," he would say, "what is the use of all this drudgery? Let us have a little recreation," and away we would go together in a round of frivolity, a mock speech from the Doctor, perhaps, or a happy burlesque rendition of a scene in Shakespeare, with a paper-cutter for a dagger, or—well, if the public had been admitted at such a time it would have been as dumfounded as was the ambassador who found King Agesilaos romping with his infant child. He entered as heartily into the spirit of honest fun as into that of earnest work—and how he could *work* everybody knows! Not another man in ten thousand, placed in his position, could have made as free with his subordinates as he did without losing caste. But in him we recognized in this occasional exuberance of spirits the gushing overflow of a whole-souled nature which had never taken on the fetters of conventional restraint.

Dr. Higbee was the most unassuming, the most ingenuous, the most *natural* man I have ever known. What he did was often done from a spontaneous impulse, without stopping to consider whether or not it was the "correct" thing to do. If he chose to carry a lunch-basket, he did so; if he wished to roast potatoes in his office, why not? If you invited him to your home and left him in your parlor, he was quite likely to turn up in your kitchen, if perchance your wife had called you there to consult on some grave culinary matter. What harm? He could talk with you there as well as elsewhere, and besides he could give some advice abont broiling the shad. An hour later, perhaps, you had him in your library engaged in the discussion of some subject, literary or historical or educational, in which he was deeply interested, his countenance aglow with earnestness; or perhaps, you were listening to his impulsive oratory before a County Institute, and involuntarily you asked yourself, "Is this *the same man?*" Certainly it was; the situa-

tion only had changed, and he had been drawn out in another direction. But there was the same artlessness, the same homely directness, nothing studied or strained, everything impulsive and natural. The Doctor's style of oratory was peculiar, but there was no art about it. His choice of words, his imagery, his impassioned earnestness, were just what they were, simply because they could be nothing else. His evident sincerity was a vital element in his power as a public speaker. Every one who listened to him felt that he meant what he said and said what he meant.

I have spoken of him more particularly as we knew him in the office. I leave for others to speak of his superior scholarship, his love of nature, of art, of music, of whatever is beautiful, and of his power as a pulpit orator. Yet I venture to offer my own judgment upon one or two points in regard to which I think he was generally not quite correctly estimated. He was an unusually good mathematician, with a certain fondness for that exact science, but this was not his strong point. The field of the natural sciences he had gone over carefully, as is done by every man of culture at the present day, yet I think he had no special inclination for the sciences as such, with the exception of botany, which deals the most directly with things of which he was most passionately fond; and of astronomy, in which the splendor and mystery of the stars stirred his being to its profoundest depths. His love of nature was the love of a poet and artist rather than of a scientist. He had little patience with the *crawling* method of arriving at truth; but placed far more reliance on the intuitive method. Reason might carry the searcher after truth to a certain distance; but beyond was truth—the truth of all truths—which reason could not reach and which could only be seen clearly through the eye of faith. His ratiocination was essentially metaphysical, not scientific in the accepted sense of the term.

In history he was profoundly read, and his studies here had ever one purpose, the tracing of the Christian idea, which he found revealed in the whole story of man's progress from the beginning.

I cannot close without paying a tribute to a trait in his character for which humility is the best word I can find. With all his great learning, he was one of the most unpresuming of men. Indeed, I do not believe that he himself knew that there was anything remarkable about his attainments! He knew, of course, that he had read and studied a great deal, but I do not believe that he was fully conscious how thoroughly he had digested and assimilated what he had read, nor how exceptionally fine was the memory which kept his vast store of learning at ready command.

His learning never obtruded itself: it was a light kept, it would often seem, "under a bushel;" still, it could not be concealed, but would occasionally flash out. It was impossible to start in his presence any question of art or literature or history, to which he could not bring some elucidation in the way of commentary or of apt quotation. Let me give a single instance, to illustrate. On one occasion I had taken with me to the country, on my vacation, a copy of Æschylus (light reading for summer!) and had read the Prometheus. Upon my mentioning the fact to him on my return, his countenance brightened up and he at once launched out into a running commentary on the play, displaying as great familiarity with it as though he had read it only that morning, and even quoting, if I remember rightly, a passage near the close—the effect of all of which was to make me reread the play, feeling that I had overlooked the half of its beauties!

But I am running on to an inordinate length. The theme is one which I am loath to drop; but I must leave room for others. Personally I have felt the Doctor's death very keenly, as the loss of one for whom I had come to cherish a peculiar affection, and whose friendship I had hoped still to enjoy for many years. I recall a passage in the last letter he wrote me, shortly after the death of his friend Dr. Lane, of Chambersburg—a letter pervaded with a tone of unwonted sadness—"One by one my old friends are dropping off, and I cling all the more closely to those who are left." There is here a moral for us all.

INDOMITABLE ENERGY AND FACILITY IN THE DESPATCH OF BUSINESS.

Dr. Higbee visited Clarion county during the spring of 1882. He came on Monday, and remained through the week until midnight of the Friday following. The writer was County Superintendent, and was engaged in a tour over the county conducting examinations for elementary school graduates. Public meetings were held each evening, and were attended by citizens, teachers and pupils. Dr. Higbee was my constant companion that week. He assisted during the day in the examinations, looking over the papers, and marking the grades with as much care as if the young people in the classes were passing an examination for a college degree. His industry was remarkable. In the evening he would address the assembled people on subjects pertaining to the school work. The influence of this visit by the State Superintendent to the county is felt to-day. I recall his genial companionship as we drove from one appointment to another. Although I afterwards spent four years in the School Department with him as my chief, I recall this first week of our intimate friendship with peculiar emotion. Each succeeding day brought to my notice new qualities of heart and head which commanded my admiration and love for him. What new inspiration I felt under the spell of his presence! How he kindled the noblest aspirations in the hearts of the children whom he met in the school-room!

Ere another year elapsed he invited me to take a position in the School Department, and I accepted. For four years I remained near him, and only left the place when called to another position. During these years I learned to know him as only those who were near him could know him. His great intellect, coupled with a simple and child-like nature; his nobility of character; his deep religious feeling; his charity for the weak and unfortunate; his indomitable energy, and the facility with which he could despatch business, made him one of the remarkable men of the age. All who knew him intimately loved him.

His work is ended, but the influence of his life will go down the ages. His connection with the schools of our Commonwealth marks an era in our educational history of no mean importance. His memory will be cherished by the tens of thousands of children, teachers, and superintendents, with whom he came into contact. His was a life of goodness and devotion worthy of imitation.—*Prof. A. J. Davis, Principal State Normal School, Clarion, Pa.*

"GLAD THAT WE HAVE MET HIM."

The friends of popular education in this part of the State learned of the death of Dr. Higbee with feelings of profound sorrow. We felt not only that the cause had sustained a great loss in the removal of a noble and inspiring leader, but that every worker in the schools, every lover of the best interests of youth, had lost a friend. His official utterances were always freighted with wisdom, and with encouragement and hope, indicating a firm grasp of truth, and an unwavering faith that it would prevail.

It was my good fortune, about two years ago, to have the Doctor in our home for a part of two days and a night. None of us will ever forget that delightful guest. The conversation lasted till the small hours came, and embraced a variety of topics. Poetry, German metaphysics, theology, and pedagogics, each received a share of attention; but the prevailing theme, the one returned to again and again, was the true aim of our public schools and how it can best be attained. Upon this subject his words were quickening and helpful, and were a complete demonstration, if such were needed, that a lofty ideal in education is at once the truest and the most practicable. During the evening a number of our city School Directors called, and each one of these afterwards declared himself, not only charmed with the man, but newly impressed with the importance of school work, and more desirous than ever that this work should be well done. "We are glad that we have met him," was the expression of all. I give this as an instance of his power to affect men in the right way.

When such a man, so broad in culture, so quick in sympathy, so sure in faith, whose mere presence was an encouragement, departs from us, we feel deeply our great loss. But his character, his words, and his life are not lost to us; their far-reaching significance and good influences will long be felt by the members of that profession which he loved and for which he so successfully labored.—*Supt C. A. Babcock, Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.*

WITH THOUSANDS OF OTHERS.

We are all influenced to a greater or less degree by the personality of those with whom we come into contact. It is evident that we are often unconscious of this influence, but when the personality is so pronounced and so positive as was that of our highly esteemed friend, Dr. Higbee, we cannot fail to discover at least some of its effects upon us as individuals. I first saw and heard him, as did thousands of other teachers, on the Institute platform. It was soon after he was appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction. Those of us who were not acquainted with him naturally looked upon him somewhat as pupils upon a new teacher the first day; and as pupils form a rather correct estimate of the character of the new teacher in one day's experience, so we were enabled from one of his characteristic, soul-stirring addressess to get at least a glimpse of the lofty character of our new Superintendent.

Some of us had been led to doubt the wisdom of the Governor's choice. This doubt was not prompted by anything that we knew of Dr. Higbee beyond the fact that his previous experience had not been directly in the line of the great work that he was about to undertake. His first address made a great impression upon my mind, and did much to remove any doubt I may have had. The following paragraph from my notebook, written at the time, may not be out of place in this connection:

"Dr. Higbee is evidently a man of deep, well-grounded convictions, with power to express them. His address to-day proves that he thinks well what he says, and says well what he thinks. The eloquent, intelligent manner in which he spoke in behalf of the dear children of the Commonwealth,

and finally summed it up into one expressive exhortation, 'Don't forget that the schools are for the children and not the children for the schools,' shows that he has a broad conception of the great work upon which he has just entered. It was inspiring to hear him speak of the worth and work of the true teacher. He feelingly referred to the example of the Great Teacher who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' There were no uncertain tones as to where his sympathies are. The humblest teachers of the State, as well as the most exalted, will find in him as they found in his honored predecessor, a kind-hearted, sympathetic friend."

Not long after hearing that address it was my privilege to become personally acquainted with him, and, contrary to the oft-repeated statement that the more intimately we become acquainted with great men, the less they grow in our estimation, the good impression then made was intensified by every subsequent platform talk or personal interview. I take great pleasure to-day in adding my testimony along with that of thousands of others, whose lives have been influenced by his grand personality—to the fact that the world has been made better by the life of Dr. Higbee.—*Supt. L. E. McGinnes, Steelton, Dauphin County, Pa.*

TO THE SACRIFICE OF HIS LIFE.

It was my privilege to listen to Dr. Higbee under a variety of circumstances. The first time I met him was at the first public commencement of the Media schools in June of 1883, in response to my invitation when principal of those schools. He spoke to the audience at some length, and made a strong plea for a higher moral standard, not only in the schools, but in the communities at large; and urged upon the citizens the great necessity for a more general interest in the public school system. This was his first introduction to a Delaware county audience. Our exercises were in the afternoon, and in the evening he went to the closing exercises of the public schools of Lower Chichester, at Linwood.

A year or two thereafter, he attended our Teachers' Institute at Media, and the next time that I met him was at Harrisburg, in February, 1888, when he called the superintendents of the State together in convention. In June of the same year, I was associated with him on the examining board at the West Chester State Normal School. On the evening of the first day's work of the Board, we all met in Dr. Higbee's room, where many pleasantries passed. In the conduct of his examinations he showed himself full of sympathy, and frequently took occasion to impress the graduates with the importance of their calling.

It was my privilege to hear him speak before the National Educational Association, in San Francisco, July, 1888. He there took part in the discussion of the subject, "Text-books, and legislation pertaining thereto." I shall not attempt to give a synopsis of his talk, which, although given late in the afternoon, was listened to with great interest, but simply state that he opposed very earnestly the idea of a State attempting to publish a uniform system of text-books for use in the public schools.

On November 5th and 6th, 1889, Dr. Higbee attended the sessions of the Delaware County Teachers' Institute held in Chester. He favored our Institute with three very forcible talks. Here again he raised his voice in behalf of high moral and religious training, and said that the teacher should do much towards imparting such instruction, because of his opportunities to shape and mould the young mind. He also spoke of the increased State appropriation for the public schools of the Commonwealth, and urged upon the directors and citizens to see that it was applied to increasing the length of the school term where necessary; and also to increasing the teachers' salaries, and providing well-selected libraries for the use of the pupils in every public school in the State. He said that the last object was one very dear to his heart. If we wish to prevent our boys and girls from reading the trashy literature of the day, we must put into their hands that which will elevate them and give them higher ideals of life.

On Wednesday afternoon he accompanied our teachers on a visit to Roach's ship-yard, and there carefully inspected every stage of progress in which he found those great ships. He seemed to thoroughly enjoy the trip, and expressed himself as delighted with his visit to our Institute. It was a great pleasure to have him with us during those two days, because it gave our people a better opportunity to become acquainted with him than ever before, and the impressions he made upon their minds were such as to give them higher and nobler ideas of life, and make them the better for having listened to him.

When the sad news of his sudden prostration came to us in the daily papers, nothing

but feelings of sorrow were expressed, and words of sympathy and regret were heard upon every hand. Dr. Higbee was one who realized to the fullest extent the responsibilities resting upon him. He put his whole energy into his work, even, I think, to the sacrifice of his life; for he wrote me, under date of October 22, 1889, that he would try and be with us, yet he said his physician wished him to rest as much as possible through the fall months. Instead of resting as much as possible, I believe he went about as much as possible: so great was his interest in his work that he could not be content to remain at home.

His whole desire seemed to be to make the world better for his having lived in it, and he so thoroughly carried out into his life the principles he taught that he has left us an example of manhood which we may safely follow, and to which we may always point with pride.—*County Supt. A. G. C. Smith, Media, Delaware County, Pa.*

BEST INTERESTS OF THE CHILDREN.

It was with the deepest sorrow that I learned of the death of Dr. E. E. Higbee, Superintendent of Public Instruction. In him the world has lost a great and noble heart, the State a true and patriotic son, and the schools a most loyal, devoted, intelligent, and energetic leader. When I have seen him at County Institutes, and have listened to his stirring words to teachers and directors, I have always been deeply impressed with his force of character, the range of his intellectual attainments, the loftiness of his views, the intensity of his purpose, and the yearning of his heart for the best interests of the children of the State.

The thoughts of such a master-mind as his ringing in the ears of his hearers, and his magnetic personal influence attracting the hearts of thousands of those who heard him towards higher things, cannot fail to be as leaven to the mass, and thus, in some degree at least, improve the moral tone and elevate the standard of educational requirement in our Commonwealth.

His death leaves a wide gap in the front ranks of our educational forces. The noble presence we loved so well we shall see no more; we shall hear no more his inspiring voice cheering us onward to new and greater conquests; but his noble word and example will ever be the spur to urge us forward to higher aims, and his sacred memory will ever bring back to our hearts feelings of tenderness and affection.—*Supt. Thomas C. Miller, Erie County, Pa.*

ALWAYS SCHOLARLY, NEVER PEDANTIC.

Feeling personally, as I do, a measure of the great loss sustained in the death of our late honored and efficient State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Dr. E. E. Higbee, I desire with others to bear brief testimony to the many qualities of mind and heart, and the nobility of character that so endeared him to those who were permitted to know him and associate with him in life.

I was first introduced to Dr. Higbee in 1881, shortly after his appointment to the State Superintendency, but at that time had no conversation with him. Our next meeting occurred November 9, 1882. I was at the time a candidate for appointment to the superintendency of schools in Dauphin county, made vacant by the death of the late Supt. D. H. E. La Ross, and called at the School Department in answer to a request for an interview on the subject. While he gave me no intimation by word or manner during our conversation that my application would be considered favorably, I was specially impressed by his kind, frank, honest manner.

Located near the School Department, I had the opportunity of meeting him frequently and became very intimately acquainted with him. The good opinion, formed on the occasion referred to, of his scholarly attainments, honesty of purpose and nobility of character, was confirmed and strengthened as I learned to know him better.

During the last eight years I met Dr. Higbee in quite a number of Teachers' Institutes in different counties of the State, and heard him speak on nearly every department and phase of our educational work. Whether he was discussing the subject matter of a technical science, treating the principles of psychology or methods of teaching, outlining the work of the teacher as an instructor, disciplinarian, or leader of public sentiment, exhorting school directors in their duties, or inspiring the people with the importance and necessity of educating and properly training the children of our Commonwealth, he invariably showed his complete mastery of the subject under consideration and his thorough acquaintance with all its details.

In public address he was always scholarly but never pedantic. His varied attainments and broad culture shone out in all his speeches, but not through any effort on his part to exalt himself. He lost sight of himself in the interest he felt in the theme he was discussing and his efforts to impress its truths upon his hearers.

With the exception of 1882, he was present and addressed every annual session of the Dauphin county Institute from his appointment as State Superintendent till his death. Our teachers were always anxious to hear him because of the inspiration and help he gave them. At our last Institute many of the teachers and directors said they had never heard him speak better than on that occasion.

If he was eloquent and forcible on the platform, he was charming in the social circle. It was a delight to listen to him on any subject of conversation. Though possessed of great ability to entertain and instruct, he never monopolized the conversation, but gave courteous and interested attention to the humblest who took part in it. He thoroughly despised everything that savored of sycophancy, and avoided thrusting himself on officials unless business called him to seek them. For this reason he was sometimes regarded by public men as being cold and unsocial, but such was very far from being the fact.

Only those who were on the closest and most intimate terms of friendship with him knew the many admirable and distinguishing qualities of heart and soul that he possessed. He had the tenderest sympathy for all who needed encouragement, and many a humble toiler gathered inspiration and zeal from his helpful words. I recall two Normal School examinations in which his kind words and assuring manner toward a few nervous, excited ladies, about ready to leave the class, quieted their fears and helped them to finish their work quite creditably.

Possessing as he did a sensitive nature and a high ideal of honor, the unfounded, cruel and malicious assaults made upon him during the Orphan School trouble fell with crushing weight. Until appointed to the State Superintendency, he had had no experience in public life, and consequently had never before felt the sting of that noisy criticism which cares little for the facts, but which is the inevitable lot of men holding public office. Conscious of his innocence, he keenly felt the injustice of the charges and insinuations made against him. That he could be thought capable of being in any way, directly or indirectly, responsible for a wrong done to these orphans, in whom he felt the most compassionate interest, was so revolting to every instinct of his nature that it wounded him most deeply. But amidst it all, I have never seen a more perfect example of true Christian charity than was manifested by Dr. Higbee. He bore patiently these wilful and malicious misrepresentations, and never indulged in any harsh denunciation of his calumniators.

The Doctor was in feeble health during the whole of the last Institute season, and was importuned to rest, but his faithfulness to duty led him to sacrifice his health in his earnestness to advance the interests of the great cause that lay so near his heart.

Truly a great and good man has fallen! As an able, earnest teacher, an eloquent and devout minister of the Gospel, and a pure and faithful public official, he made himself felt in many of the relations of life, and thoroughly impressed his personality upon all with whom he came into contact. Although he has ceased to work, the forces and influences set in motion by his useful life will continue to be felt in society long after his mortal frame shall have been resolved into its native dust.—*Supt. R. M. McNeal, Steelton, Dauphin county, Pa.*

MASTERFUL AND PERVASIVE SPIRIT.

My acquaintance with Dr. Higbee was limited and almost wholly official. I met him on two or three occasions, and thus came more or less under the influence of that gentle, yet masterful and pervasive spirit which so attracted every one who knew him. Whenever he spoke I think he carried conviction full as much by the spirit that was in him as by his logic and eloquence. He was clearly a *born* leader, and Pennsylvania is to be congratulated that he was called to the head of her educational affairs when he had added to natural endowments the rich culture, ripe experience and comprehensive knowledge which gave him such power as Superintendent of Public Instruction.

I have always felt that I knew Dr. Higbee best through the columns of *The School Journal.* There is no writer on educational themes whose pen has had more attraction for me than his, and I shall greatly miss his stirring words and vigorous thoughts.

The educational leaders of Pennsylvania have received a rich legacy in the work and influence of their late Superintendent, and the most worthy tribute they can pay to his memory will be to carry on the work upon which he was engaged upon the same broad lines upon which he conducted it so successfully. In that way he will still live in every school district of the State, and his memory never fade.—*Hon. T. B. Stockwell, Commissioner of Public Schools, Providence, Rhode Island.*

THE CRUSADE OF SLANDER.

My acquaintance with Doctor E. E. Higbee began with my appointment, in 1881, to a clerkship in the Department of Soldiers' Orphan Schools, and throughout all our intercourse our relations were always of the most cordial character.

To know Doctor Higbee was to honor and admire him for his sterling qualities of head and heart. He was not of a demonstrative nature, was devoid of all ostentation or pretension, and it was necessary to be for a time intimately associated with him to fully appreciate his superior attainments and attractive manners as a man, a scholar, and a friend. Kind and indulgent, almost to a fault, generous, frank and open-hearted, we loved and respected him for his affectionate consideration for the wants and comfort of those associated with him. Of a genial disposition, no one could be in his presence and receive his friendly sympathetic greetings and advice without being benefited and encouraged. Strong intellectually as he was, his nature was as gentle as a child's, and he had a tender regard at all times for the feelings of others.

As the honored head of the immediate Department to which only I refer, he was faithful and zealous. He soon became acquainted with the duties of the position, and familiarized himself with all the details of the trust committed to his care. He was ardent and earnest in all that would in any way contribute to the welfare of the "wards of the State," or promote the cause of the system in which he had a deep and warm interest. He never shirked duty, and willingly assumed all responsibility, and personally inspected and approved all official papers before final action was taken. Even when absent it was our rule to forward all cases to him for his examination and sanction. He never left what he considered his work to others. Untiring and energetic, he never spared himself, and, although at times admonished by friends to exercise care as to his health, he would not falter or hesitate when he thought his presence was required in the discharge of his labors.

Doctor Higbee was not a politician in the common acceptation of the term. The practices and methods so often relied upon to insure success in that field were most distasteful to him, and utterly foreign to his nature. His conscience was his guide, and, with the courage of his convictions, his actions were governed by its promptings. When the fearful storm of abuse, in connection with the Soldiers' Orphan Schools, came sweeping down upon him and his Department, through the newspaper press, he was at first amazed and at a loss to understand its true import. He could not realize why he should be made the target for so much venom and bitterness. Confident that he had done nothing wrong, and having further convinced himself, by personal examination, that no glaring errors had escaped his vigilance, he was content to abide the time when "truth crushed to earth would rise again." He bravely defended his position, and stood "in the deadly breach" between right and wrong, like the heroic man he was, ready at all times to answer for his work, assured that his course in the administration of his trust had been just and correct, as he understood the law and the duty devolving upon him as a man and a public official.

I well remember when, at the opening of the Legislative term following this stormy period, he called me into his private office and handed me two letters. "Take these," said he, "and deliver them personally to the respective officers of each branch of the Legislature. I said I would submit my case to that body and request an impartial and thorough investigation of my work." The letters were delivered, but no action was taken, much to his regret, as he courted the severest investigation by any proper authority—when fairly conducted.

During the progress of these stirring and exciting events, I went to him one day and said to him, "Doctor, if my resignation will, in any way, relieve you from this terrible ordeal, or end this attack upon you and your office, I am prepared to give it at once." Rising from his chair he placed his hand on my shoulder in that tender way, so characteristic of his nature, and replied, "No, sir! We have done nothing wrong. Your promotion to the chief clerkship was right, and I propose to stand by it. We will go up or down together in this fight." Could man be more faithful than this hero? It was such friendship and fealty as must win affection and command admiration.

Throughout his trials he bore no resentment, and never sought revenge for injuries done him, believing that his course would be vindicated and his administration approved. Both came, as is well known; and were shown in his re-appointment by Governor Beaver, an act that met with the most hearty approval. It is pleasant to record the fact that the present Commission of Soldiers' Orphan Schools, after an experience of over six months, and an examination of the work accomplished, in a series of resolu-

tions regretting his death, endorsed his administration in the following language: "We are convinced from our knowledge of his work that, with motives pure and conscience void of offence, he performed his duties in connection therewith."

He was indeed very near and dear to me in all my work, and in his death I have sustained a great personal loss.—*Mr. Joseph Pomeroy, Chief Clerk S. O. Commission.*

A MAN OF MARK WHEREVER HE APPEARED.

Among the great multitude of men that make our Commonwealth the second in the sisterhood of States, there are a few in each of the walks and callings of life that stand head and shoulders above their fellows. Dr. Higbee was of this number. Scholarly, cultured and gifted, he was a man of mark wherever he appeared. In the higher grades of teaching he excelled; in Church Councils he was a recognized authority; on the rostrum and in the pulpit where men were to be swayed by logic and eloquence he had few superiors.

As a scholar, I admired him.

As a man, I respected him.

As a friend, I loved him.

Supt. Geo. J. Luckey, Pittsburgh, Pa.

INTEREST IN NORMAL SCHOOLS.

Dr. Higbee succeeded, as State Superintendent, a man thoroughly conversant and in full sympathy with the work of the State Normal Schools. It would not have seemed strange if, at first, he had shown some lack of appreciation of the work and worth of these schools; but from the time he was fairly installed in office until the day of his death, the State Normal Schools had no firmer friend in the Commonwealth than he. True, he sometimes criticised them, but only that he might make them better. With his high and just ideal of what a teacher's training school should be, it vexed him that so much non-professional work should be done in these schools, and he sometimes expressed these views in vigorous language; but no one ever had reason to doubt his sympathy with the Normal Schools in their arduous work.

He made two visits to the California Normal School, once as a member of an examining committee, and once merely to show a friendly interest in the school. Each time his presence was an inspiration. In 1887, he was to preach the baccalaureate sermon for us, but was prevented by sickness from doing so. At all times he was held in high esteem by our trustees, faculty and students. Personally my relations with him were of the most pleasant character. When called to my present position nearly seven years ago, being then as now, I believe, the youngest Normal School principal in the State, and wishing advice on questions that would have been perplexing enough to a more experienced man, I wrote to him. I looked for a reply couched in official phraseology. But it was not of that sort. It came straight from the heart, and was too generous to be tied up in judicial formalities.

The Normal Schools have lost a devoted friend in the death of Dr. Higbee, and those officially connected with these schools are part of that host who will never forget the hearty greetings, the unaffected manners, and the eloquent and inspiring words of our fallen leader.—*Dr. Theo. B. Noss, Principal State Normal School, California, Pa.*

AFFABLE, SYMPATHETIC, AND KINDLY.

I observe that the February number of *The Pennsylvania School Journal* is to be largely devoted to the memory of the late State Superintendent, Dr. E. E. Higbee, and that his friends throughout the State are invited to make contributions thereto. Although I live out of your State, and am not to be counted among his intimate friends, yet I venture to believe that a word from me will not be unwelcome. I knew Dr. Higbee, as one State Superintendent cannot help but know another in any case, and particularly so when they represent great States so closely related as Pennsylvania and New York. My first impressions of him were not over-favorable. Official correspondence between strangers must necessarily be somewhat stilted. We met for the first time at the meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association at Washington in February, 1888. Before I had ever shaken his hand I heard him publicly criticise one of our County Institutes which he had chanced to attend. I felt responsible for the thing which he held up to ridicule, and his words cut to the quick. None of us relish criticism, and I was no exception to the rule. But time cured the bruise. As I came to know him and appreciate his strength of mind, his frankness and freedom in discussion, supplemented by his intense devotion to all that belonged to Pennsylvania, and when I came to understand the radical differences which characterize the institute work in the two States, I was ready to disagree with his views concerning institutes, and respect him for the ability and

tenacity with which he stood by his people and his opinions.

I never doubted his natural ability or his scholarship. From the moment I first heard him, he left no room for such a doubt. But he was a far more affable, sympathetic and kindly man than my first impressions led me to suppose. In a word, I had come to look upon him, as I know he is generally regarded by the educators of the country, as a strong, ready, just and true man, disposed to be progressive, but not ready to believe that all change is in the line of progress.

Within the last year I had come to understand Dr. Higbee much better, and to appreciate him much more fully. I had seen more of him, had read much more that he had written, and had been more in correspondence with him. He came to be much interested, I think through our mutual friend Mr. Amos M. Kellogg, of New York, in bringing about a better understanding between the public school authorities of the different States, touching the recognition of certificates of teachers moving from one State to another; and, largely at his instance, provision was made for a conference between State Superintendents at the approaching meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association in New York city. Little was it thought that such a conference would assemble and he not be there.

When it came time to prepare the programme for the meeting above referred to, it was thought well to obtain, in brief papers, the views of about ten of the most prominent and representative men in the country, concerning the best method of making the American Educational Exhibit at the International Exposition effective. The list of names was carefully chosen, and included two State Superintendents, of whom he was one. My letter inviting him to supply the paper was dated December 4th, and was a formal and hastily dictated official communication. He replied on the 6th, and it did not escape me, nor did it fail to touch me, that he addressed me, "Dear friend." With characteristic pointedness he said, "I will prepare the paper and forward to you in due time." When a week later I was shocked by the news of his death I assumed that the paper had not been prepared, and when a few days later it came to me, it was like a message from the other world. As his last written word it will certainly be the centre of great interest in a circle of which he was a prominent and influential member.

I close this letter with the assurance of my profound sympathy with our educational friends in Pennsylvania, afflicted as they are by the death of Dr. Higbee. His untimely decease has brought to me a sense of personal loss, and involves a loss to the cause of public education which is almost irreparable. He will always be kindly and affectionately remembered by his contemporaries, and his name will become a cherished tradition in the educational work of your great State and the country.—*Hon. A. S. Draper, State Superintendent, Albany, N. Y.*

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT MERCERSBURG.

On Thursday evening, January 16th, services commemorative of the life and labors of Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee were held in the Reformed Church at Mercersburg. After devotional services conducted by Revs. B. R. Carnahan and I. H. Motter, Dr. Aughinbaugh read a tribute from the pen of Dr. Callender, his personal friend for nearly forty years, after which Rev. S. L. Whitmore delivered a eulogy in which he referred, especially, to the relation, which Dr. Higbee sustained to himself, and many others who were present, as a teacher; of his work being extended through almost every state and territory of this broad land, through his students who had gone forth from these halls; of his brilliant intellect and warm heart; of the great privilege he enjoyed in being permitted for eight years to sit at the feet of such a man, saying, "I feel that I owe more to Dr. Higbee than to any other man living or dead. All that I am, and all that I may hope ever to become, I owe to him."

Rev. Dr. J. S. Kieffer followed with an admirable address. He spoke of Dr. Higbee's relation to himself as teacher, fellow-member at the Board of Regents of Mercersburg College, and as a friend. He alluded to the pleasure it gives those sharing a common sorrow to talk over the virtues of a loved one gone before—one viewing him from this standpoint, and another from that. What most struck him about the intellect of Dr. Higbee was its wonderful quickness, eagerness and alertness. Some intellects are slow and plodding. Most men require time to grasp a truth that is presented, but he seemed to catch a thought like a flash. Another point was the intense way in which he lived. As was said of Rufus Choate, he "toiled terribly." Whatever his hand found to do he did with his might—and though his death was sad in its sud-

denness, was it not a fitting ending of such a life? Living in beneficent activity until—one day his work ceased a little time, and all was over. Was it not much more in harmony with a life so earnest, so full of action, than weeks and months of sickness and helplessness? If it be God's will, for himself he preferred such a death. The many-sidedness of the great intellect he was speaking of was one of its marvels. In mathematics, or metaphysics, or science, it was equally well-balanced, rounded, and complete. But after all, it was not for his intellectual attainments that Dr. Higbee was celebrated — "had he been only a great scholar we would not be here to-night." He was not only wise but kind. After wisdom and knowledge and all things vanish away, what shall endure but *love?*—and to that element of his character we pay the highest tribute.

Rev. Dr. Aughinbaugh then read one of Dr. Higbee's hymns, "Thy glory Thou didst manifest," after the singing of which he gave an opportunity for volunteer addresses.

Judge Stewart arose and paid a glowing tribute to Dr. Higbee, whom he admired for his many brilliant qualities of mind and heart, and from whom he had received more valuable information on all great subjects of human thought and speculation than from any other man that he ever knew. While he lived he was not appreciated—the common lot of mortals! He did not suppose Mercersburg appreciated him; he knew Franklin county and the State did not—that when here his reputation was greatly circumscribed—that when he recommended him to Governor Hoyt for that position, the Governor had never heard of Dr. Higbee, but that he told him afterwards he did not think he could have found another man throughout the whole Commonwealth so well suited for the position. He was glad that he had been instrumental in having Dr. Higbee appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. No better man had ever occupied that position in this or any other State, and the common school system throughout the land would in all time reap great benefits from the labors of Dr. Higbee. Yet, after all, it seemed to him that as a preacher of the Gospel he found his highest calling and was most successful. He regarded him the most interesting preacher he had ever heard, and he knew no other man his equal in scholastic attainments. He knew too, that it was the purpose of Dr. Higbee to return to the work of the gospel ministry—the highest vocation that any man can occupy in this world.

Rev. Cyrus Cort said, in his remarks, that Dr. Higbee and himself had been thrown together a great deal at the beginning of his ministerial career. He was President *pro tem.* of the Classis, and chairman of the committee that ordained Rev. Mr. Cort, as missionary pastor at Altoona, in 1862. Before long the mission was transferred to Mercersburg Classis, and Dr. Higbee was appointed Professor in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg. For some three years they were associated together, along with Drs. Henry Harbaugh, Thos. G. Apple, P. S. Davis, and others, as charter members of the Board of Regents of Mercersburg College. It was an inspiration and benediction for him to be thrown socially and officially into the company of such men in the very beginning of his ministry, and the people of Mercersburg ought to cherish with grateful reverence the memory of the great and good man who walked amid these classic shades in times past. Illustrious men are the noblest heritage of any people. Vermont, the native State of Dr. Higbee, had, like ancient Sparta, been prolific in producing strong men rather than bountiful crops of fruits or cereals. He was glad in his recent visit to Boston to see so many enduring memorials, statues in bronze and marble, erected in every part of the Athens of America, to perpetuate the memory of the heroes, benefactors and statesmen of former days. It was a good sign; and for his part he had always felt it to be a religious and patriotic duty to do all in his power to honor the memory of worthy men. He endorsed all that Dr. Kieffer had said of the many-sided character of Dr. Higbee's mind. It was truly of the mould of Shakespeare, Gœthe, Leibnitz, etc., a universal genius, and, best of all, it was ready to bow at the foot of the Cross and lay upon the altar of the gospel all its great endowments and attainments. Of illustrious men we may say with Pericles in his eulogy over the patriot heroes who fell at Marathon, and as amplified by Edward Everett at the dedication of the Gettysburg national cemetery, "The whole earth is their sepulchre and all time the millennium of their glory."

Rev. Mr. Carnahan spoke of the kind reception he met from Dr. Higbee upon coming to Mercersburg twenty-one years ago, a little orphan boy; of his kindness through his school years, and of his impressive baccalaureate address to the class of '74. With the Lord's prayer, doxology

and benediction, the services closed. A number of persons came by special train from Chambersburg to attend this memorial service in honor of a departed friend.

AS FALLS THE MIGHTY OAK.

I am glad that an opportunity is given those connected with the educational interests of the State to express those feelings and reminiscences that are awakened by the death of this good man. There are many who can, from their long and intimate association with the deceased, speak with eloquent fervency of his goodness, his high endowments, and his noble virtues; hence it should be the purpose of those in the wider circles to contribute to his memorial only such impressions and influences as came by personal contact.

I saw him for the first time at the Central State Normal School in 1881. Being at that time a member of the graduating class, I shared with my associates some prejudice against the newly-appointed State Superintendent, of whom it was said: "He's a college man," "He will expect us to pass a college examination," "He's not in sympathy with the Normal Schools," "He has never been connected with the Common Schools." He came—and when we looked upon his kindly face it stole in upon us that these things might not be true; and when the examination was over we knew they were false. From this time forward it was my pleasure to meet him, with greater or less frequency, at examinations, commencements, institutes, and in his office. I always thought he showed for me something akin to the solicitude of a father, and I carried with me its counterpart towards him of filial regard and obedience.

In the spring of 1885 he came to Liverpool to attend a high school commencement. It gladdened the hearts of the townspeople to have the honor of his presenee, and the stirring address he gave them was an incentive of incalculable value to their future educational efforts. He enjoyed the enthusiasm and hospitality of the people, who insisted that he should remain until morning; for the river was swollen to an extraordinary degree, while the night was black and tempestuous. However, he could not be restrained from going. So in charge of a trusty ferryman we were safely landed on the Dauphin side.

I learned incidentally that the Doctor was fond of gun and rod, and suggested in one of my letters that he come to Perry county for a little recreation, whereupon I received the following reply, which to me at least is of great interest:

BEAVER DAM, WIS., August 15, 1889.
SUPT. E. U. AUMILLER:

Dear Friend: Your very kind invitation to your Institute and hunting grounds has just reached me. I hope I may be able to come. I can make no engagements, however. I am here gaining some strength for my work, and if I find myself in good condition, I shall try to do some Institute work during the winter.

Nothing would please me more than a royal good hunt, but I must be better than I am now to attempt it. Thanking you for your kind invitation, and your recognition of me as a follower of old Nimrod, I remain, Yours truly,

E. E. HIGBEE.

I received many letters from him even more familiar in their tone, and submit this one to show a side of his life—his love of nature as the sportsman feels it—that may not be so generally known. But as he appeared to me there were many sides to his character, and they were all good. There was something in him that brought to the surface the best thought and feeling of those who formed his acquaintance. It took so short a time to know and love him, and yet there was so much unfathomed goodness left!

While we all take pleasure in paying our weak tribute to the pure and lofty virtues of the illustrious dead, we must at the same time be conscious that these kindly offices, words of praise, and expressions of sorrow, are all too late to warm and cheer the life of our departed friend. He died in the highest period of his usefulness, as falls the mighty oak in the forest. His life will furnish the texts for a hundred sermons. He was a paragon for the student, the scholar, the philosopher, and the Christian. Let us emulate his virtues.—*Supt. E. U. Aumiller, New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.*

MADE BETTER BY THIS MAN'S WORD.

It affords me a melancholy pleasure to add my small tribute to the memory of one of earth's greatest men.

Dr. Higbee was the most God-like man I have ever known. I have heard him as he has unfolded before his congregation the beautiful promises of God's eternal love, and it has seemed to me that I sat within the divine presence. I have listened to him as he expounded the great truths of nature and of mind, both from the platform and in the social circle, and have known that I was before one whose great mind was at home in that higher, purer sphere, where the reason perceives truth unfettered by doubt or error. There have lived but few such men. God

does not often bestow upon one of his creatures so many of His attributes. But how well were these talents loaned! There is not an earnest teacher in this broad state, who has not felt the power of Dr. Higbee's magnetic intellect and of his high moral purpose, and who will not say, "I have been made better by listening to this man's word."

We have lost a great teacher; we have lost a warm friend; but the schools of the Commonwealth will be better for all time to come because this noble teacher has lived. The purity of his motive, the sincerity of his friendship, the influence of his Christian example, should bring us all closer to God.—*Supt. C. B. Miller, Nanticoke, Pa.*

PERENNIAL SPRING OF HUMANITY.

The memorial year 1889 died not ere the light of a true, great son of Pennsylvania was extinguished, and the empty lamp of an honored official set in a goodly niche, as a token of work well done.

Dr. Higbee was a man who brought into combined expression, and applied with rare skill, a wide array of trained ability. He was excellent in the home, the school, the social circle; in the pulpit and in the chair of the highest educational office in the State. He was one whose scholarly life was harmoized to practical work. All his energies were harnessed to the obligations of the tasks which the Commonwealth demanded of him. He was a *warm* man. It seemed to be perpetual summer in his inmost being. What he undertook he executed, because he believed it to be right. He always spoke from conviction, and the tone of his voice and the magnetic expression of his noble face made it conclusive that there was not only a vast reserve of erudition in the talented mind of this venerable man, but also a perennial spring of humanity sympathetically pulsating through his heart.

He seemed like one of the skilled of ancient Egypt or Judah, a student both of the book of Nature and of that of the Word—a true priest of the Lord; going before his fellow-men with unsullied garments, in the paths of religion and Christianity, not to challenge attention to himself, but only to show that the path of devotion to the Master is the only wise and safe one to follow.

Religion was the key-note upon which he based all his versatile play of beautiful thought. True character was the aim of this great educator. True philosophy was to him the right Theosophy. And all that was real and beautiful in man, in the realm of man's world, Nature, and in God's holy Word, had value to him and was loved, imitated, and spoken of by him to all those who looked to him as a guide.

He was a true, safe leader, and only when the time for resting and awaiting reward and exaltation came, was it discovered how great an influence for good his work exerted. Though the light of his star is no longer shining, its reflection, caught in the retinæ of many memories, will stand ever unforgotten, just as it has been photographed upon the tablet of the constellations of Pennsylvania's history.—*Rev. C. Elvin Haupt, Pastor Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Pa.*

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

In looking over the years of my acquaintance with Rev. E. E. Higbee, D. D., I can remember nothing like the usual gradual ripening of acquaintance into friendship. I first met Dr. Higbee at Mercersburg, after he had entered upon the duty of Professor of Church History in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church. I was attracted by his frank and cordial manner; his countenance seemed to me expressive of a nature in which I might confide, and from that time I was his friend. As the years passed, I met him more and more frequently; and after he had accepted the presidency of Mercersburg College our association was rendered more intimate by our common interest in the success of his favorite work—the work through which his genius wrought best for the church of his adoption.

Through his labors there, a number of ministers—nearly thirty—were added to the active service of the Reformed Church. These men were, in most instances, induced to give up their lives to that service through Dr. Higbee's personal influence. In large measure they imbibed his energetic spirit; they loved and imitated his pure devotion; and now they revere his memory. He held himself in close fellowship with his students, and, while he insisted upon thorough work in the class-room, he enjoyed their sports, and encouraged them by joining in them with ardor. In the chapel of the College he exerted a powerful influence. The College was a congregation, and he was its pastor; and many of his old college boys, now earnest Christian men, have told me of the moulding power for good which Dr. Higbee had been to them in the chapel services.

But the Church neglecting her opportunity in this special field, the State, through

her scholarly and broad-minded Governor, Henry M. Hoyt, offered Dr. Higbee the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania. His friends urged him to accept the appointment, and in April, 1881, he entered upon a wider field of usefulness in the Department of Education, in which he labored with distinguished success to the day of his death.

Dr. Higbee was a sufferer from the hay-fever "pest," as he called it, and for years the 14th day of August was looked forward to with dread. He often suffered intense pain, his whole body feeling the effect of the torture; medicines failed, and the only relief was in flight to some point where the disease was unknown. I was with him on several occasions. Once—I remember it well—I was telegraphed to bring to Mercersburg Dr. Samuel G. Lane, a warm personal friend of his, now with him on "the other side." I immediately obeyed, and, after a seventeen-mile drive, found Dr. Higbee suffering very much. After Dr. Lane had examined his case, it was decided that I was to meet Dr. H. at Chambersburg in the morning, and go with him to Cape May. All ready for the journey, I met him at the train; but what was my surprise to hear him say, "Not to the sea, but to Oakland in the Allegheny Mountains." That afternoon we left for Weaverton, Maryland, and at 11 p. m. of the same day reached Oakland, a station on the top of the mountain. It was about the 15th of August, and as we stepped from the car he remarked, "I am much better; this is the haven." After a good night's rest, the Doctor feeling still better, we went down to breakfast. We had been but a few minutes at the table, when three unmistakable sneezes echoed through the breakfast-room. Without raising his head, the Doctor touched my elbow, and said, "Poor fellows! they are bitten by the 'pest!' We shall soon hear more." And his words were verified.

It was here that I first learned to know that he was a botanist. We had often discussed roses and other garden flowers; but here, two thousand feet above tide-water, we roamed the hills, and he taught me how to enjoy Nature, affording me new perceptions of beauty by his reflections on the development of plant-life, and his observation and enjoyment of its charming shades of color. There, by the way, we found the yellow-blossomed "rag-weed," to whose flowering the "hay-fever" poison is often attributed, and which grows rank in the valleys, not unfrequently three feet or more in height, but here on these elevated slopes diminished to a tiny, harmless plant. We remained here until the frosts had fallen over the valleys.

At another season we visited Deer Park, then just opened as a summer resort. Here, I remember, we found an orchestra from Baltimore, which had furnished music at Commencement times at Mercersburg College. They were all Germans, and Dr. Higbee was well acquainted with the leader. How the musician rejoiced when he found that the Doctor understood music, and was familiar with the German composers! What entertainments we had of classic music, often at meal-times, or during the mornings. Here also, as at Oakland, we botanized over the mountains, always returning to our hotel with a variety of rare wild flowers, and plenty of them. During one of his vacations, I went with him to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, to visit his sister and brother. There we had excellent fishing; and, what was better, enjoyed our rest in the hospitality of a family whose every word spoke the tender regard they felt for their distinguished brother.

The last pleasure trip that I took with him was in company with Dominie D——, a jolly, good-natured man, with a heart attuned to generous feelings, and a keen sympathy for those in suffering. Dominie D—— was a man of culture and a scholar, with a "weather-eye" always open to the ludicrous. Well, we left home on the 9th day of August, 18—, for a trip to the Green Mountains, and full of delightful anticipations, which were happily not destined to be disappointed. Up the Hudson by a day-steamer, "botanizing humanity," as we found it scattered over the deck of the steamer and through the cabins. We enjoyed the comparison of notes—in which the writer always used mongrel Pennsylvania German.

After a rest at Albany, at the Delavan House, morning found us pursuing our way on a lake steamer, across the broad waters of Lake Champlain. I can remember the boyish glee with which Dr. Higbee showed us the many points of interest on our way; Fort Ticonderoga with its fallen battlements, and other places of historic fame. He seemed to receive a new impulse as he neared the scenes of his boyhood; his two *German* companions often interrupting him with "*I say!*" "*Du tell!*" until the passengers might have taken us for boys just home for a vacation. How well I remember his exultation as we steamed up Burlington Bay,

and the spires of the city and the University buildings became visible. Dr. Higbee assumed entire charge of us at this point; and ordering our luggage to a hotel, we took a carriage for a drive. He had attended the University of Vermont in Burlington, and graduated with honor in 1849. He was, of course, familiar with the city, and played the host in the most gleeful manner. Our drive ended on the University Hill. The sun was fast declining, and looking toward the west, he turned to us, saying, "Boys, we are going to have a rare sunset!" and so we had. Before us was that beautiful bay, with the Adirondacks as a western wall, behind which the sun was just disappearing, his golden rays falling upon the wide expanse of water.

"Now look," he said; and there arose, apparently out of the bay, a column of reflected light, seemingly about eight feet wide, and ascending full forty feet,—a perfect image of a column of fire. We gazed on the wondrous sight, until the enchantment slowly vanished into the gathering darkness. "Such scenes," remarked Dr. Higbee, "you do not have in dear old Mercersburg; but the sunsets there are often more charming to me."

On the following morning, we continued our journey along the Onion River to Waterbury, and thence by the old six-horse Concord coach, we taking the box seats, to Stow's, at the foot of the Green Mountains. A night on the top of Mt. Mansfield was spent in hearing legends of the mountains, Dr. Higbee taking a full share in their narration, and astonishing the host of the Summit House by his intimate acquaintance with the history of the region. After refreshing rest, and a hearty breakfast, we started in a two-horse wagon for the return trip. That trip almost cost us our lives. The locking chain of the wagon caught upon a root, and upset the wagon and the party. Dominie D—— fell not twenty inches from a chasm three hundred feet deep. He was so severely stunned as to cause us the greatest alarm, while Dr. Higbee was fastened in among the seats. However, the Dominie revived, and a very subdued, but truly thankful party arrived at Stow's. I mention this incident particularly, because it served to call forth the Doctor's kindly, sympathetic nature; for, although himself badly bruised, he seemed entirely to forget his own discomfort in anxiety for our friend. Returning from Stow's by way of White River, we reached Boston, and thence home by a Sound steamer. Such excursions afforded me ample opportunities for testing the Doctor's social qualities; I always found him companionable and confiding, full of anecdote, and betraying in his conversation a remarkable familiarity with English poetry.

Dr. Higbee took great delight in a small literary society or club, which, when he lived at Mercersburg, used sometimes to meet at his house, but most frequently at the parsonage of the First Reformed Church in Chambersburg, the home of Rev. P. S. Davis, himself a member of the club. Other members were Hon. John Stewart, Hon. D. Watson Rowe, Dr. Samuel G. Lane, and Hon. A. Brady Sharpe, of Carlisle. At the meetings of this club, Dr. H. was particularly happy in the reading of Shakespeare's plays. I well remember his reading "King Lear" on one such occasion, lecturing on the play as he read, to the delight of the company. At another meeting he read "Hamlet." All were not only charmed, but instructed by his keen perception of the points of the drama, his insight of its characters, and his grasp of its underlying thoughts. The memory of those intellectual entertainments will be an abiding pleasure to the survivors of that club.

To me it is a heartfelt pleasure that I enjoyed his companionship to the end of his earthly life; that I was with him during the time of his trials, his persecutions, and his victory; that I am permitted to pay this humble tribute to the memory of the man whom I so dearly loved.—*Mr. J. Heyser, Department of Public Instruction.*

BENEFIT TO THE SCHOOL SYSTEM.

It affords me extreme pleasure to testify that in my business and social relations with the late Dr. Higbee, he was always the profound scholar, the true gentleman, and a most sincerely esteemed friend. While engaged in even casual conversation, he seemed to lose no opportunity of presenting the broadest educational principles. He taught that the care of our schools is the first and chief duty of the government.

His manner of treating any subject under discussion was so convincing that his most critical audiences could see how fully conversant he was with every detail of schoolroom duties, and that the eloquent appeals he made to teachers, directors and parents, adjuring them to carefully foster and promote the moral, social and intellectual welfare of the children intrusted to their care, came from a kind and sympathetic heart.

While his death leaves a vacancy that is most difficult to fill, his life leaves, for all true teachers, a model most worthy of imitation.

Having learned from practical experience that the best talent always seeks those professions which pay the best wages and in which the tenure of office is most certain and permanent, and seeing that the profession of teaching was annually losing many of its best members, who were making it merely a stepping-stone to some other calling more lucrative and secure, he set himself to improve this condition of things. Hence his strong advocacy of better wages for teachers, which had, no doubt, its influence in inducing the Legislature to double the former State appropriation. The insecurity of the profession was partially met by a further act of Assembly empowering School Boards to elect certain successful teachers for three years.

He was also deeply interested in the subject of Closer Supervision of Schools, recognizing in this the most effective agency by which the young and inexperienced teacher might be lifted to a level with his associates under the direct instruction and watchful eye of a skilled division superintendent, head-master, or inspector. Dr. Higbee labored hard to strengthen this very weak place in our School Supervision. The bill which he had framed to remedy this defect, failed to become a law during the last two sessions of the Legislature. It is to be hoped that it may be passed by the next Legislature as a deserved tribute to the memory of him by whom it was originally drafted. This new feature of Close Supervison would result in such increased efficiency of the school system of this Commonwealth as would prove the noblest monument that can be erected to the practical wisdom of Dr. Higbee.

At a local Institute held in Nanticoke two years ago, among other things the Doctor said: "Though we can't understand the Hungarians and other foreigners who have recently come here to make their home with us, our little boys and their little boys, running together by the brook and the hillside, enjoying their various childish games and pastimes, will read the same lessons in the book of Nature and in the school-book. They will understand each other fully. Hence it is our sacred duty to so educate and train them that the liberties of this Commonwealth and Nation may rest safe in their hands when we have been numbered among the elect."

When I first became personally acquainted with Dr. Higbee, the following instance of his parental affection made a deep and favorable impression upon me: The teachers of Schuylkill county met in Institute at Shenandoah in 1885. The Doctor was present, and after addressing the County Directors' Association, which convened on Thursday of the same week, he was on his way back to the Opera House, where the Institute was in session, when, by instruction from Supt. Weiss, I informed him that he would not be wanted at the Institute for about an hour. He immediately replied: "That suits me exactly. I want to visit some of the stores here and see if I can get a Christmas present for my little boy. I always get him something in remembrance of this great festival. Now is my only chance. I go right home after this Institute." And away he went to make the purchase. Often since then have I recalled the incident, and the more I recall it, after having listened to so many of his instructive lectures, the more I think that his life was fashioned after that of the Great Teacher, the anniversary of whose birth was then approaching, who said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."
—*Supt. David B. Gildea, Plymouth Township, Luzerne County, Pa.*

SCHOOL BOARD OF LANCASTER.

A special meeting of the School Board of the city of Lancaster was held on Saturday evening, December 14, to take action upon the death of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The President, Dr. D. R. McCormick, stated that they had met to take suitable action upon the death of Dr. E. E. Higbee, one of our own citizens, who had done much to advance the interests of public education in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Wm. McComsey, Chairman of the Executive Committee, said the Board had been peculiarly fortunate in the selection of teachers for the Boys' High School, and that three men among them had become distinguished in their respective lines of effort. One whom some of the older members recalled was Col. Kersey Coates, who died a year or more ago, one of the wealthiest and most eminent citizens of Kansas City, Missouri. He had been largely instrumental in laying the foundation of the future growth of that city. Another was Rev. J. S. Crumbaugh, a man beloved and honored for his great abilities and character by all who knew him. The last was Rev.

Dr. E. E. Higbee, whose death we now mourn. His death came somewhat like a thunderbolt from a sunlit sky; sudden, unexpected and startling, carrying not only surprise, but wide spread sorrow and deep regret. Always able, eloquent and earnest, always entertaining and instructive, how often have I listened to his eloquent voice in the school, the college and the institute, as well as in the pulpit. In educational affairs he was known and honored throughout the land as a leader; in theological, religious and literary circles he was looked upon as a shining light. When such a man dies, it is a public loss indeed. Having in view these facts, and Dr. Higbee having once been an honored teacher in the employ of this Board, a distinguished citizen and head of the State Department of Public Instruction, the speaker moved that a committee of five be appointed, of whom Dr. J. P. Wickersham, Ex-State Superintendent, and the predecessor in office of Dr. Higbee, should be chairman, to prepare a suitable expression of the feelings of the Board.

President McCormick appointed Dr. Wickersham, and Messrs. McComsey, Warfel, Hegener, and Marshall, as the committee, who, after a brief absence, reported the following tribute of respect to be entered upon the Minutes of the Board:

"Dr. E. E. Higbee was at one time a teacher in our schools. Prior to his death he for several years resided in our city, taking an active part in its social, educational and literary circles, and in the discharge of the duties of the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction he has on several occasions signally favored this community; therefore, it seems especially fitting that this Board should join in an expression of sorrow on account of his death, and place on record a proper tribute to his memory.

"This Board honored Dr. Higbee as a scholar. His learning was general and profound. He was equally well versed in the departments of Languages, Mathematics, Philosophy, Literature, Art and Theology. His mind was not only capable of ranging over a great surface, but of penetrating deep beneath the surface.

"We honored him also as an instructor of youth. Nearly forty years ago he taught in our High School, and his thorough knowledge of the subjects of instruction, his happy methods of teaching, and his genial manners in the school room, are still remembered among us.

"As Superintendent of Public Instruction for the past eight years, this Board has appreciated the ability and faithfulness with which he has discharged the duties of his high trust, and in common with the school authorities of the whole Commonwealth, is glad to bear tribute to his self exhausting labor in behalf of the cause of popular education.

"We knew and honored Dr. Higbee as a man, as a neighbor, and as a citizen. He was a gentleman, a patriot, and a Christian. His life was pure and his character spotless. He has left here, and everywhere throughout the State, hosts of devoted friends. Among those who knew him well he could have no enemies. As a mark of respect we offer this tribute to his memory, and resolve to attend his funeral in a body, and we also respectfully present the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That all the schools of the city under the control of this Board be closed on Monday, to afford teachers and pupils an opportunity of attending the funeral."

CLOSER SUPERVISION OF SCHOOLS.

Dr. Higbee's mind was full-orbed and luminous like the sun, pouring light, intellectual and spiritual light, with fervid enthusiasm upon every educational topic that came up for consideration. His fullness of learning was so comprehensive and profound as to leave no room for anything empirical or eccentric. As a teacher, and a teacher of teachers, his qualifications were superb. His untimely death is a heavy loss that cannot but be felt and deeply mourned throughout the Commonwealth.

When he was placed in charge of the general administration of our Common School System, with little previous knowledge of its organization and history, he was somewhat nonplussed at first to learn that it had not been modeled on the traditional New England plan, with which he was familiar; and that the school life which he justly considered so vitally important, and in which he soon became so deeply interested, was intimately connected with and largely dependent for its healthful development upon the organic structure in which it was enshrined. With his singular aptitude for quickly grasping the scope and purport of any new subject with which his mind came in contact, he was not very long in learning to comprehend and appreciate the merits of our Common School organization, and the value and availability of its different features for their intended purposes, and his estimate of them was very high. He soon recognized the compact strength of

the system and its wonderful flexibility when applied to so many diversified local circumstances. In the very last interview which the writer had with him, he spoke of this in warm terms of appreciation, and wondered if the men who framed it really knew at the time how well they had done their work.

He was one of the few teachers with whom we have come in contact, who seemed to fully and clearly comprehend the broad scope and detailed applicability of our school laws, as well as the professional work belonging to the narrow confines of the school room. So far as our observation goes, most teachers clearly see and keenly appreciate the latter, while their range of mental vision does not always take in the former. Hence the frequent desire and demand for change in details without clearly seeing the governing principle to be affected by them, and there is often unwisdom as well as unrest in projected modifications. Dr. Higbee's clear-sighted vision never misled his judgment. All qualifying circumstances and conditions were taken into consideration, and thus sound conclusions were always reached. In studying the organized supervision of the schools, he was not long in discovering what the friends of education had long known, that there was a missing link in the chain of supervision between the County Superintendent and the School Boards and the schools under their charge. As, prior to the act of 1854, there was a gap between the School Department and the School Boards that was filled by the law of that year by the creation of the county superintendency, so in getting down closer and closer to the schools, which has always been desirable, the introduction of an intermediate agency was obviously the right policy and was becoming every year more and more of a necessity in our school work.

Dr. Higbee undertook to provide for it by a symmetrical device of his own that had not before been suggested. At one of the biennial sessions of the Legislature he drew up and submitted a bill providing for circuit superintendents, in which the school districts in the respective counties were grouped into convenient and as near as might be equal circuits, for economy of expenditure and convenience of administration. The bill was skillfully drawn and the plan was absolutely perfect in theory; but as it required the joint action of so many different corporate bodies not accustomed to work together in anything like organic union, it did not meet with favorable consideration in the Legislature, and took its place in history as a tentative but unsuccessful effort in the right direction. At a subsequent meeting of the Legislature he prepared a simpler bill providing for District Superintendents, confining them mainly to the individual district, but leaving the door open for two or more contiguous districts to unite at their own option in the election and payment of that officer. This bill, after being somewhat modified in title and text by the Chester County Directors' Association, was introduced in the House, but the session came to a close without its being acted upon. In this bill—which is found in the issue for June, 1890, of the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, (page 465) and which we trust may be enacted promptly into law by the next Legislature—it will be seen that the adaptation of means to ends it is as nearly perfect as sound judgment and accurate expression can make it.—*Hon. H. C. Hickok, Ex-State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Philadelphia, Pa.*

HEART AND HEAD AND HAND.

The common schools of Pennsylvania suffered an irreparable loss when Dr. E. E. Higbee, Superintendent of Public Instruction, was stricken down with paralysis and soon after passed peacefully away. In his death not only did the schools lose an able Superintendent and the Commonwealth an efficient officer, but the State one of her foremost scholars. Intellectually, Dr. Higbee was a giant, and combined with this intellect was a character unimpeachable and irreproachable. In him was found, what is rarely combined in one man, a superior knowledge of the mathematics, the sciences, and the classics. In all departments of learning he was schooled; perhaps no man had a more profound mental grasp, nor any greater diversity of knowledge. He loved music and art as well as literature, and in these directions was a competent critic; as an extensive reader, he was acquainted with the best works of the best authors; and as a clergyman, he ranked in the estimation of many with the foremost in the land. Besides intellectual culture he believed in physical, and, when in college, it is told that he could kick the football highest, throw the baseball farthest, wrestle the longest, and run the fleetest. Nature was to him a great school; he loved the streams and woods; their music found responsive echo in his heart; and to his keen observation she unfolded many of her deep secrets.

Dr. Higbee, although a native of the State of Vermont, became early in life identified with the interests of Pennsylvania; and than himself she had probably no more loyal son. "Teach the children," said he, "that they are Pennsylvanians, with all that the word implies. Point them to their rugged, hardy, and God-fearing ancestry, who out of an unbroken wilderness carved a commonwealth second to none in point of Christian culture, educational facilities, and natural wealth." He used to point with pride and at the same time with regret to some of Pennsylvania's ablest teachers who are occupying positions of high grade in New England, in the South, and in the distant West, and deplored the fact that with all our wealth and resources, the citizens of this State should allow so many of their best teachers to be attracted elsewhere by better salaries and more generous appreciation. As Superintendent of Schools he brought all the powers of his great intellect to bear upon his work; and his appointment three successive times by three different Governors shows the true value of that work. Honest, courageous, God-fearing, earnest to an intense degree, he carried into his work these elements, fulfilling the expectations of his friends, and challenging the admiration of all intelligent men.

I think I may be pardoned some feeling of pride in the matter when I say that Dr. Higbee seemed to have an especial interest in our county, and that we were especially interested in him. His appearance before our Institutes had the effect of arousing in our teachers a greater enthusiasm and a deeper interest in the cause of education. His idea of education was such as commanded attention from every man. He hated mere mechanical routine in teaching. He believed teaching to be a virtue, an ethical art, governed by the inward laws of personal life. Character was the basis, the ground-work, of his system of education, and the development of heart and head and hand must all go on together.

These truths he used to utter with all the force and eloquence of conviction. Gifted with a wonderful imagination, he was not visionary, but in vivid pictures he could paint truth in such striking forms that all must see; and by his hard common sense, and, at times, most eloquent addresses, he won hosts of friends. He loved the beautiful, the good, the true, and these he taught in everything he said and did.

He had not yet reached the age which marks the allotted time of man, but in the triumph of his work, in the very midst of active duty, he "walked with God and was not." Let us emulate his devotion to duty, and push on our work to its highest consummation. As has been beautifully said: When the sun sinks behind the western hills, mellower and more glorious light remains: so when a good man's life is exhaled to Heaven, the beauty, the glory, and the beneficence of it abide with man forever.—*Prof. J. G. Becht, Lycoming County, Pa.*

A GREAT AND SHINING LIGHT.

I am very glad that you have arranged to make the next number of *The Pennsylvania School Journal* a memorial number, devoting it to the personal tributes of respect and affection paid to the late Dr. E. E. Higbee, State Superintendent of Schools. I had myself little personal acquaintance with him, but I had known him before he became Superintendent as a broad and generous-minded scholar, who recognized whatever was doing in the way of improving human thought and human deeds in all parts of the world.

I had occasion during his superintendency of schools to admire his ardent energy and devotion to duty. On receiving the news of his death I could not but feel that a great and shining light placed on a hill-top had fallen and become extinct to us engaged in the cause of education. This feeling of mine I know is universal among American teachers and superintendents. We have lost an educational leader, but his work will still live after him.—*Dr. Wm. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education, Washington.*

STERLING CHARACTER, MORAL WORTH.

When the historian of the future shall have gathered up the scattered fragments and woven them into a history of education in this State, the life, the character, and the work of the late Dr. E. E. Higbee will be found to occupy a prominent place there. And justly so, because of his large heart, the strength and brilliancy of his intellect, the nobility and purity of his character; because also of the earnest and untiring efforts of a life consecrated to the unselfish purpose of making the world purer, better, and happier. No one, in the educational work in Pennsylvania or elsewhere, could come within the sphere of his influence without being impressed by his personality, or within the range of his voice when discussing some important question of morals, education or religion, without being stirred,

often as by a galvanic battery, by the force of his eloquence. Nor could one be at all associated with him without feeling the influence of a heart great and good.

His kind words, his sympathetic nature, his childlike disposition, his love of truth, beauty and goodness, endeared him to many throughout the State whose tears to-day attest their affection for him as for a brother or near personal friend. The excellence of his scholarship, the wide range of his thought, his lofty purpose in life—these things are worthy to be held up before the young men of the State, and to them their eyes will not be closed.

The leaders in our educational work, who met him upon the platform or elsewhere, recognized his extraordinary attainments, felt the convincing power of his logic, and honored his high moral purpose. The thoughts that flowed so freely from his pen, the words of wisdom that fell from his lips, the sympathy that ever welled up from the depths of his generous heart, can never lose their influence for good.

Dr. Higbee, kind, noble, sympathetic and true-hearted, has gone from among us, but his memory is embalmed in a wealth of personal affection such as has been felt for but few men of our time. The cords of love that bind him to the people of this commonwealth were not severed when he passed within the veil; and the infinite tenderness of his nature will ever linger in the memory of those who knew him. His entire life seemed transparent. Through it and back of it could be seen at all times the motives which prompted him to lead a life of unselfish toil. He worked, he wrote, and he preached, not for himself but for others; and they were nobler, truer and better, because the course of their life ran for a time parallel with his own. He tried to walk in the footsteps of the Master, helping the weak, cheering the faint, and preaching by his every look, word and action, the sublime gospel of Love; and in the midst of his usefulness, suddenly and almost without warning, the lamp of his life was extinguished. The period of his earthly seed-time is ended, but the harvest for garnering the immortal grain has just begun, and will survive even the memory of the sower. Time must fail to record the extent of the harvest from a life of such unselfish devotion; and only when time is no more, and the centuries are gathered "as grains of sand to the Master's hand" from which they fell, can the real value of the life and work of the late Dr. Higbee be accurately summed up.

As the pebble dropped into the placid lake sends its influence in ever-widening wavelets to the farthest shore, so may we hope that the wavelets of his influence will go on in ever-widening circles, until they are felt on the farthest shores of time.—*Supt. Samuel Hamilton, Allegheny Co., Pa.*

INTEREST IN TREE-PLANTING.

I had no personal acquaintance with Dr. Higbee before his appointment to the State Superintendency. Some time after he came to the head of the public schools of the State, he visited Williamsport. The immediate object of his visit was to deliver an address before a convention of delegates of the Grand Army of the Republic. Although he had not been in office a year, yet, in a conversation which I had with him at that time, he spoke of the most urgent needs of the public schools. One of the things he seemed very much to feel a hindrance to educational progress, was the low salaries paid to teachers. "At the present salaries," he said, "it is utterly impossible for the State to retain good teachers in its schools. They will go where they are better paid, or drift into employments offering better inducements."

He seemed somewhat in doubt as to what he should say to the convention then in session in the Academy of Music; but of one thing he was very positive, that it was not only a blessed privilege, but a solemn and patriotic duty of the members of the Grand Army to do all in their power to see that the children of those who had lost their lives in the War for the Union should be liberally cared for, and that the Soldiers' Orphan Schools should be continued until those who were then in attendance in these schools attained the age of sixteen years. Although I did not have the pleasure of hearing his address, yet I know from conversation with members of the Order afterwards, that he left a very good impression upon them, and the Soldiers' Orphan Schools were continued.

Dr. Higbee was present at our second annual Teachers' Institute in 1888. He spent one day with us, and, in an address of about forty minutes, he urged the teachers to make the lessons so plain to the child, that they might not only reach the memory, but, if possible, the understanding, and thereby lift the child up into the sphere of thought and will.

He had a happy faculty of illustrating and enforcing his views and methods before

teachers. I remember on this occasion he made use of the right-angled triangle and the squares described on its several sides. He drew the figure of the triangle on the board, and when he was done with it, having completed the three squares, it was not, as is usually the case in geometry, a theoretical demonstration of the truths involved in the proposition, but an ocular demonstration of all that belongs to the theorem. Any child, without a knowledge of the principles of geometry, could see that the proposition is true. The aptness of the illustration was a surprise to many in the audience. For myself, I wished that I might have had such a teacher in mathematics.

Dr. Higbee often came to Williamsport, and he was always welcome. The last time he addressed a public audience in this city was on Arbor Day last spring. There was a large audience present, and he did not disappoint his hearers. He urged the children of the schools to plant trees, and by these means to beautify their school grounds and their homes. Every tree to him was a thought of God, which we were to use for the culture of ourselves and others. No man in this State ever did so much to awaken an interest in tree-planting as did Dr. Higbee.

He was a great man, if greatness is to be measured by usefulness and the success accompanying his efforts. We were only learning to know him fully towards the close of his useful career. His life will be an inspiration to many for years to come. The good, in their influence, never die.—*Supt. S. Transeau, Williamsport, Pa.*

SILENT AWE AND SUBMMISSION.

Never in the history of Pennsylvania have our people been called upon to sustain a greater loss than that experienced in the sudden and unexpected death of our beloved Dr. Higbee. How hard for us to part from such a friend! Let us find consolation in the fact that, ere long, if we but emulate his fidelity, we may again be permitted to clasp that hand now still, again be inspired by his more than earthly spirit.

How many times has our soul been lifted above the things of earth, and our fancy led into the realm of the beautiful, by the eloquent words and sublime thoughts that fell from those now silent lips. No person could converse with him, or hear him address an audience, without feeling his greatness. Scores of our teachers remarked to me after listening to him at our Institute held in November, that we should never hear Dr. Higbee again, for, said they, "He is too near the Kingdom." These words were sadly prophetic. May the life he lived be emulated by every teacher in Pennsylvania, thus continuing and broadening and deepening his influence, with that of all good men and women, until, instead of few, the world shall have within it, from generation to generation, many—an ever-increasing number—of such great souls as our late State Superintendent. His noble work in Tioga county will not soon be forgotten; but I feel, as I write, that silent awe and submission to the Divine will are more fitting than any weak words that I can use in this hour of sore bereavement.—*Supt. M. F. Cass, Nelson, Tioga Co., Pa.*

SOLDIERS' ORPHAN COMMISSION.

At a regular meeting of the Pennsylvania Commission of Soldiers' Orphan Schools, held at Harrisburg, on Wednesday, December 18th, 1889, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Commission has learned with regret of the death of Dr. E. E. Higbee, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and until recently Superintendent of Soldiers' Orphan Schools:

And whereas, It is desirous of placing on record our estimate of his ability and integrity; therefore be it

Resolved, That as the Superintendent of the said Orphan Schools he was honest, capable and untiring in his efforts in the interest of the children, and we are convinced from our knowledge of his work that with motives pure and conscience void of offence he performed his duties in connection therewith.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, to be signed by the officers, be sent to the family of the deceased.

JAMES A. BEAVER,
President Com. S. O. S.
GEO. G. BOYER,
F. S. and Treasurer.

No good man in America has ever been made the subject of so much wicked defamation and scurrilous newspaper remark as Abraham Lincoln, and yet he goes down into history not only as one of the most unselfish, greatest, and best men that has ever been at the head of our national government, but also the best-loved man who has ever been President of the United States. This last is due in no small part to his maligners, who so directed upon him the attention of an observant public, that, scanning his every word and act, they came to see for themselves how honest, how good, how true his patient soul. And then they learned to know him and—*to love him!*

It was so with Dr. E. E. Higbee in Pennsylvania. Never before in the history of the

State did such a tempest of furious detraction rage about the devoted head of one man—and he a high public official, of blameless life, conscientious in the performance of every duty, and innocent of every charge so recklessly laid against him! The newspapers of each political party, with three or four noble exceptions, vied with each other, from day to day, for many months, in their work of "bearing false witness," until the whole Commonwealth was roused to look carefully at Dr. Higbee and his work. We know now that what was meant to be his ruin has really given him that foremost place in the confidence, respect, and affection of the State, which, with his innate modesty and desire to avoid attention, he would not otherwise have obtained. Dr. Higbee would never have been fully known to Pennsylvania as he is to-day, but for this Soldiers' Orphan campaign of slander. Again, "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him." We quote from a private letter written to a friend during this most trying period of all his life, in which he says:

"I can stand persecution, but I feel it too, perhaps more keenly than my friends are aware of. I cannot see that I justly deserve what the Governor sees fit to put upon me. If he enjoys it, I only pity him in his youth, and trust he may not be called upon to suffer its sting in his maturer years. This much I have learned as never before, that without charity we are nothing. This queen of all the theological virtues is almost too tender and beautiful to be seen in the general walks of men."

GREAT WORK FOR THE SCHOOLS OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

Dr. E. E. Higbee was a great and noble man. The influence of his lectures at Teachers' Institutes was of a positive character, and left a lasting impression on the minds of his hearers. I was frequently associated with him in Institute work during the past few years, and am indebted to him for some of the most useful lessons of my life. In the fall of 1888, I attended the County Institute at York. One evening, instead of attending the lecture, I went with him to a little church in the suburbs of the town to hear him preach. On our way we passed a humble house in which the parents and children were singing. "Stop a moment," said he, "I want to hear the singing," and, after a moment's pause, he said, "God bless them! If there is one spot on earth that brings us nearer to Heaven than another, it is where father and mother and children mingle their voices in song around their own fireside."

Dr. Higbee was a dear friend to me, a friend who never withheld an encouraging word, and never hesitated to point out an error and seek to correct it; and in offering this brief tribute to his memory, I do so with a sense of loss that cannot be supplied. He was, in fact, an inspiration to every one associated with him; you recognized in him a great leader, possessing unusual natural gifts thoroughly developed and carefully cultivated; a finished scholar, whose depth of research, careful preparation, and personal investigation so assimilated knowledge that with him it became power because a part of himself.

He was a powerful speaker, with an unusual gift of expression and aptness of illustration. He used classic English, analyzed subjects thoroughly, and spoke with an energy, when expressing deep feeling, that at times made the very platform tremble beneath his feet.

He was also a good teacher. The brilliancy of his gifted mind shone with unusual lustre when, seated with a few friends, he entered into conversation in an informal way, touching literature, history, education, or philosophy. He would show you things you never saw before, and send you back to your history, to Shakespeare, and the Bible, to read as you never read before.

His ideals of education were high, his analysis of educational theories complete, and his criticism of methods keen and conclusive. In his lectures he dwelt mostly on subjects aiming at higher culture; to unite all the educational forces in the Commonwealth, and to lessen the difference existing between the home life of the child and the school life. He regarded the school as supplementing the home, and desired to bring them nearer together in sympathy and in their work. He did a great work for the schools of this Commonwealth, the influence of which will continue to be felt for many a year after the grasses have grown green over the grave of our friend and benefactor.

But above all, he was a man of earnest and exalted Christian character. The purity of his life, the simplicity of his nature, the depth of his feelings, the firmness of his faith in God, all gave evidence of the perfect ideals that shaped his manhood, that rounded out and completed his noble life.

In the death of Dr. Higbee the cause of Education has lost a firm supporter; the teachers of our State have lost a true and

sympathetic friend; and the youth of our land a great teacher. We all mourn the loss of one who inspired us to nobler deeds while he lived, and the memory of whose life, now that he is gone, shall be for us a guiding star toward Heaven and a glad immortality.—*Supt. James M. Coughlin, Luzerne County, Pa.*

FIRST SKATES, JACK-KNIFE, HOMER.

When I first met Dr. Higbee, I was a boy of about eight years of age. He was passing through Greencastle, and stopped off at my father's house, which was in those days a sort of resting-place for preachers and teachers and doctors of divinity on their way to and from Mercersburg.

I remember yet, I was holding myself somewhat aloof, peeping shyly at the man of whose scholarship even then I had heard a great deal, when, to my surprise, the distinguished visitor called me to him, and took me off to a store and bought for me my first pair of skates. Leaving the other preachers who were at the house at the time to settle the questions of theology which they were discussing, he took me off to where there was some ice, and gave me my first lesson in skating. I remember how his eyes twinkled when he saw how happy I was, finally, in being able to strike out for myself. On another visit he gave me my first jack-knife.

He did a thousand similar things for a thousand other boys in his life-time. His fondness for boys was proverbial. Youth attracted him, but a boy was a fascination. He never passed a boy without noticing him. Every new little face was a new world for him. I have heard it said of him that he often spent his last cent to make some little fellow happy. It seems like something more than an accident that the last person whom he talked with on earth was a boy at a railway station, in whose future plans he showed an interest, though an utter stranger to him.

At Mercersburg he often went skating with the college boys, and joined them in their excursions to the mountains for chestnuts. On these occasions he was always the life of the party—the woods rang with his laughter over our boyish pranks. The way he could skate, and run, and jump, and play "shinney" on the ice, was always a marvel to us. He was fond of sports and out-door games of all kinds.

He always took delight in watching children at their games and play. He did not do it as a study of human nature, but as a matter of genuine enjoyment. There were times when he could not resist the desire to take part himself. Many a game of marbles he stopped to witness on the street; and often he was to be seen on his knee with a "white-alley" in his hand aiming for an extraordinary shot, the boys all around him watching with breathless expectation. And when the shot was made, and the marble aimed at went flying from the ring (he never missed), how happy he seemed as he would jump to his feet and run away amidst the shouts of the boys!

On one occasion, in passing a house where he was well known, he saw a party of children playing hide-and-seek. After watching them for some time, he told them all to shut their eyes until he would say "ready." All eyes were closed. In an instant up a tree he went, jumping from limb to limb, like a squirrel, until he was lost to sight in the topmost branches. Then came a voice from the top—"Ready!" Immediately the children scattered, only to return, one by one, to give up the search. When, upon being told to look up, they espied him in the top of a tall locust tree, no merrier shouts ever ascended to the skies.

His readiness to grasp a situation and his lightning rapidity of action were proverbial. One summer evening at Mercersburg, an oil lamp was upset by some accident, and the burning oil set fire to Mrs. Higbee's clothing. He heard the scream of his wife, and running quickly to the room where the accident happened, found her enveloped in a mass of flames. There was no time to pause. Delay meant death, if indeed it was not then already too late to save her. Quick as a flash he caught his wife in his arms, and commenced beating out the flames with his hands, and in this way smothered the fire and saved her life. The plan was a desperate one. It meant perhaps his own death, but he had no thought of that. When he was confronted with the situation he saw what was the only thing to be done, and of course he would do it if it cost his life. In the struggle, the flesh on his hands was burned to the bone, and, although he suffered intense pain, he did not murmur. I shall never forget the heroic fortitude he displayed, as he sat down on the porch after the fire was extinguished, and, in the midst of his suffering, engaged in such pleasant converse that, for the time, the accident seemed to be forgotten, and all became calm. He did not recover from these severe burns for many weeks, but went on with his work busy as ever.

He sometimes taught us Homer and history. The whole scene before Troy seemed to be enacted there before us in the recitation room. There were Achilles, Agamemnon, and Nestor, right before us. He seemed to know the whole story by heart. On one occasion, when the student reciting was stumbling through one of Nestor's fine speeches, bungling the scanning, Dr. Higbee, becoming impatient, suddenly jumped to his feet and looking at the class said, "Hear!" and commenced and ran through the entire speech in Greek from memory, and without the aid of the book. "Oh, how grand! how beautiful!" he said as he finished it. The dramatic manner in which it was done astonished us as much as if Nestor himself had appeared bodily before us. No language, as he taught it, was ever dead. His magic touch made the dead speak and the dumb oracles break their silence.

It is not often that a man is admired by persons of all ages of life. Such was the case, however, with Dr. Higbee. Boys, young men, and the aged, were all alike fond of his company, and there will be abundant testimony from them all to his greatness, his goodness, and his loving kindness. It could truly have been said of him,

He sits, 'mongst men, like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honor sets him off
More than a mortal seeming.

John W. Apple, Esq., Lancaster, Pa.

CHILDHOOD AND COLLEGE DAYS.

My acquaintance with our departed friend began in early childhood. We were schoolmates from the time he was three or four years old. He was a very active child and was in school before he could speak plainly. I was about three years his senior, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, seeing him in the hands of the teacher for some of his little pranks.

He was always a favorite and always bubbling over with life and activity. His home was not far from the college, but the house was burned while Elnathan was a small boy, and the family moved to another part of the town. His father was an uneducated man, but an original genius, always saying something that one could never forget. When Elnathan and I were together in his college room for the last time, his father had come to take him home, and he, knowing that he had delayed him for a considerable time, said, on coming down, "Father, are you ready?" "Ready! I was ready *yesterday!*" He was once impressing on me the folly of writing beforehand what one has to say. He said, "When I was in the legislature I mentioned to my neighbor a point I was going to make against the member who was speaking. 'That's good,' he said, 'but you will forget it. Write it down.' I did, and I put it down in my pocket, and my tobacco box top of it, and stuffed my handkerchief in over that, and then I like to have forgotten it after all." He was a strong Whig, and when Henry Clay visited Burlington he determined to be the first to take him by the hand. Mounting a pile of lumber on the wharf he attempted to spring aboard the boat before it was made fast. He missed his footing as he struck the deck near Mr. Clay, who, seeing his peril, sprung and caught him, and hauled him in. No sooner had he regained his feet than he shouted, "Hurrah for Henry Clay—saved his country twice and Lewis Higbee once!"

Elnathan's mother was very different from her husband; quiet, reserved, and loving this son especially with all her heart. He, doubtless, owed his varied talents in a marked degree to both parents.

Our friend was a quick scholar, a leader in our sports, in everything full of enthusiasm. I remember his rushing up stairs one day, exclaiming, "An idea! I've got an idea!" and he set himself at once to put it on paper. He stood well in the general college studies, but was a great reader, and specially interested in literature. He composed with great ease and elegance, and was fond of writing.

He was a natural mimic, imitating with wonderful accuracy the various cries of animals. He was out with his mother for a call one afternoon driving a young horse, not yet fully broken to the harness. They had stopped. He was tying the horse, and his mother was between the gate and her friend's door, when a donkey near by set up a loud and interminable bray. His mother turned at once and cried in anxious tones, "Elnathan, don't—*don't!*—you'll scare the colt."

In the earlier part of his college course he associated mostly with irreligious students, and roomed in a division where there was not a single Christian boy. They accordingly named it the *Christian Division*, and drew up a constitution in school-boy Latin which was published in the village paper, the *Free Press*. It was signed in burlesque Latin, a play upon the real name, or upon some personal peculiarity; *e. g.*, Longum Crus Frigidum, Long-legged Blake. I have little doubt that Higbee was at the bottom

of it. It was very humorous. His name was Hic Apis (bee).

During his Junior year he was led to the Saviour through a long and painful struggle. He became active in his interest for others. He told me that one of his old mates had promised to read the Bible and certain other religious books "as soon as he had finished Don Quixote," but some days later reported with mingled sadness and amusement that John declared that he had not yet read the last page of Don Quixote, and that he didn't think he ever should. I feared that he was losing somewhat of his religious fervor before we left college, but subsequent letters showed that the fire still glowed and that God was preparing him to be a burning and shining light.

I had a delightful letter from him soon after his appointment to the office in which he died. I should be glad to have known more of him, and to have seen with my own eyes how abundantly, and more than abundantly, he fulfilled the promise of his youth. He has gone as one of his active and enthusiastic temperament must delight to go—in the full vigor of his powers, in the midst of his usefulness. May our land be blessed with many such as he!—*Rev. C. C. Torrey, Harvard, Massachusetts.*

DR. HIGBEE MEMORIAL DAY.

The prompt and unanimous approval of the project for the erection of a monument or other memorial in honor of Dr. Higbee, as suggested by Superintendent Brumbaugh and at once seconded by Superintendent Brecht and others, speaks with noble emphasis both of the regard in which the influence and the work of the late State Superintendent are held in all parts of the Commonwealth, and of the generous disposition of the men who could give such prompt recognition and hearty support to the measure proposed. It is eminently proper thus to honor the memory of a great and good man, who has been a public benefactor in no ordinary degree.

To bring the life and character and work of such a man prominently to the attention of youth, is one of the best means of impressing deeply the best lessons that are ever learned by any human soul. To encourage pupils to contribute of their own little means towards a cause so worthy is a wholesome lesson in giving that may be worth more than many a lesson in the cheap school arithmetic of getting and keeping which trains so often towards narrowness, meanness, selfishness. Souls there are that pass such occasions by, preventing good to those under their care, and grow more shrivelled in so doing; while greater natures turn them to account and make them occasions of blessing to themselves and others, young and old, about them.

Never before in the history of Pennsylvania have the character and work of one man —and he a preacher of the Word and a teacher of Righteousness—been so held up for universal regard and admiration everywhere throughout the State, as on Friday, January 31st, 1890. This memorial service was the grand thing in the thought of its projectors, the contribution to the memorial fund being a matter of great account but yet of secondary importance as compared with the former. The first afforded favorable opportunity for the second as a fitting incident of the day.

HIS WORK DOES NOT DIE WITH HIM.

Dr. Higbee was indeed a noble man. A finer type of an educated man it has never been my lot to meet. His attainments were of a high order, higher than those of most educated men. Yet all his learning, great as it was, did not make him in the least degree proud of these attainments. He was as meek and humble as a child. Any one, no matter what his station in life, could freely approach him. Learning with him was not a thing for show, but for use. His sole aim seemed to be to aid in elevating mankind, to be a benefactor of the race to which he belonged. The children were his special concern. "We must," he said, "improve the public schools; we must make them better from year to year. Better salaries must be paid, and better teachers employed. The salaries of good teachers are lower than those of any other grade of educated workers, and there is no reason why this should be so. Taxation should be equalized; every one should pay his proper share of it. The State appropriations should be increased and the increase applied to the teachers' salaries."

He took great interest in the County Institutes. "The Institutes of Pennsylvania," he said, "are a great help in advancing the cause of education. At these meetings we can talk to the directors and parents, explain to them the great aims of education, and what we are doing in the schools for the children. At the Institutes I do my principal work. The details of school work I leave to you Superintendents and to the teachers."

In his addresses to Institutes he always aimed high. He said, "I try to impress

upon parents and teachers and school officers the worth of the human soul, that the mind is greater than the body, that the means are never superior to the ends to be accomplished by them. A knowledge of arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, etc., is well enough in its place, but the object of education is not to make arithmeticians, geographers, grammarians, historians of our boys and girls, but men and women of character and moral worth."

Northumberland county, I believe, received its full share of the Doctor's attention. He was at our County Institutes in 1887 and 1888, and intended to be with us on Thursday of Institute week in 1889, but the high water prevented him from reaching us. He also attended a number of Institutes held by my predecessor. His lectures and addresses were always full of wholesome advice, and were largely appreciated by the large and attentive audiences that invariably greeted him.

Though no longer with us in human form —in spirit he still is here; and will long remain in the memory of the present generation of Pennsylvania teachers. When a great and good man like Dr. Higbee dies his work does not die with him, but goes on in benediction and blessing. The Doctor was an eminent example of what the boy of energy, ability and integrity, no matter how humble his surroundings, may make of himself—if he has the will to do so. His life was an example of unselfishness and purity of purpose, which every teacher can safely hold up to his pupils for emulation.—*Supt. W. E. Bloom, Sunbury, Pa.*

ABLE OFFICIAL AND LOVING FRIEND.

Dr. Higbee was last with us during our Institute in 1888, and our teachers are much indebted to his kindly-spoken words of advice and counsel for the better work they have been able to do during the past year. Quiet, modest and unassuming, yet withal dignified, and an honor to the position he held, he gave help to all who have a heart in their work and are anxious to do better by being better.

Having received the appointment to fill the vacancy in the office of Superintendent in this county, I went to Dr. Higbee for counsel and advice. The kind words he spoke will go with me in the future as a guide to better and nobler things. His advice was freely given, not as from a higher official to one of inferior rank, but as from man to man, from one friend to another.

His many earnest pleas for brighter school-rooms and more home-like surroundings will still be heard, though he is no more. They live in the hearts of those who love children and labor for their good. In him the State has indeed lost an able official and the schools a loving friend.—*Supt. H. M. Putnam, Warren, Pa.*

MANHOOD THE ONE IMMORTAL THING.

No clear-eyed, honest soul ever had difficulty in obtaining a true estimate of Dr. Higbee and the sterling qualities of his mind and heart—because what he seemed to be in reality he was. Men saw at once that in him there was neither guile, nor disposition to harbor an unkind feeling or a dishonest thought. The man was open and frank as a child, and his integrity of purpose as easily read by the world as is the open book. His whole being breathed a deep religious faith that gave the same warm color to all his personal and official association. Through the irresistible charm of his personality, good men were drawn into close relationship with him, and thus learned to know him most intimately.

It was in this close bond of friendship which he almost unconsciously invited young and old to form with him, that he would surprise and delight his hearers with his rare and versatile powers. Who that ever took a stroll with him on a summer evening across the fields or by a country road-side, or sat with him in the social group at home or elsewhere, can forget the rich flow of anecdote, graceful humor, and suggestive remark with which he made the most common-place subject to be invested with new attractions? Time and again we have heard him pour out the thought of his full soul under circumstances of this kind, and always his words breathed a profound knowledge of men and things. Occasions like these gave one new conceptions of life and of duty, furnishing the elements of a new growth and higher development. In conversation and upon the platform he made friend and stranger alike feel the sincerity of his purpose and the nobility of his character. This was so notably conspicuous in Dr. Higbee that it made him the true and trusted friend, before whom few men hesitated to speak their thoughts aloud, whether in agreement or at varience with his own.

Dr. Higbee impressed one as a true man. Meet him when we would, he was always the same warm-hearted, unselfish friend, ready to hear and to help. The distinction of office had no effect upon him. He was always approachable, and the light of wel-

come that shone in his eyes gave all the assurance necessary to the timid that they were the very persons whom he wished to see at that moment. How he made you feel "at home," forgetful of all restraint! He possessed the secret of making you talk, and opening your mind fully to him, largely because you felt that it was the man and not the official or politician that was addressed. It was not necessary to humor him first, nor to pay compliment to his official rank, to gain his interest in any one's behalf. All such attention was extremely distasteful to him, and consequently never permitted in his presence. How radically he differed in this respect from the majority of men!

To him a good man was greater than prince or king, and possessed a greater glory than any worldly distinction or promotion could confer. Official rank, titles of honor, and positions of power and wealth, he regarded of no more real value in the problem of life than are cap and cloak to him who wears them. In his view it was not the office, nor any labor performed in it, that made the man, but it was the man that honored and dignified them. I recall an answer at an examination conducted by Dr. Higbee, which in substance was that it is a higher distinction to be a Senator than a Congressman. Before the answer was cold, the Doctor replied like a flash, "No! no! That is all wrong! It is the *man* that adds distinction to the position, and *not* the position to the man." With Lowell he believed that "manhood is the one immortal thing beneath Time's changeful sky," and his whole life seems to have been devoted to impressing this sentiment upon his brother-man.

It needed but brief personal contact with Dr. Higbee to convince any one that he was a true teacher. Born with all the gifts and graces that command respect and win affection, he combined with them a trained intellect and a great soul whose inexhaustible resources proved an inspiration to all among whom he labored. Quick in his sympathies, intense in his earnestness, most graphic in his power of description, wonderful in his versatility, he aroused human souls as few men have been able to do, and showed them —often as in a vision of glory—the wonders of God's wisdom both in His book of Nature and that of Revelation. Under such gifted direction men are regenerated, imbued with the very spirit of the highest ideals of human life.

Men who can thus breathe a quickening spirit into the mute forms of books, and into creation round about them, or who can stir every noble impulse in the human heart with a pure ambition to achieve excellence, are the only real, the only great teachers. Dr. Higbee beyond question enjoyed the rare distinction of belonging to this class of teachers divinely commissioned. Under the touch of his gifted fancy every shrub and flower became instinct with life; every pebble and blade of grass revealed the wondrous story of its creation; the stars told their tale of splendor and of awe, the leaping rivulet repeated the secret of its ocean home, the mysteries of mind and spirit were made simple and attractive, and the duties, the responsibilities, the joys of life were given the charm of close association with another and better world. Men like Dr. Higbee have made life better and holier by giving us a clearer view of the pathway that leadeth to the realm where the soul shall be erect and free.—*County Supt. M. J. Brecht, Lancaster, Pa.*

"WHAT WAS HIS METHOD?"

I recall with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure our recitations in Horace. We were reading the Odes, and such teaching as we received was a revelation to me. There was no suspicion of "gerund grinding," but everything was made to bend to the sole purpose of interpreting and understanding the immortal creations of the great Latin poet, so as to make their contents a heart-possession and a joy forever.

For this work Dr. Higbee was a master, and with him we were made to feel that Latin poetry was something more than a body of illustrative material whose only usefulness lay in the facility with which it lends itself to the study of prosody and grammar. These latter were not ignored, but the main thing was to get at the thought, the idea, and re-clothe it in his own choice English for the easy apprehension of his hearers. Thus he sent the warm life-blood coursing through the dry bones of this so-called dead language; for dead it could not be when re-animated, as it was by him, with the soul which was and is its life.

Many a time, in the month of "leafy June," or Chaucer's favorite May, we gathered around him under the shade of one of his own beloved trees in his beautiful yard, where, stretched out in easy attitude upon the grass, we recited our lesson, sure to imbibe from him, unconsciously though it were, something of the fervor, the enthusiasm, the poetic inspiration, which consti-

tuted so large a part of his wonderful nature. I only begin to realize what a privilege it was to be in his class.

And how he put himself out to widen our knowledge and cultivate in us the habit of patient research and independent study! So we were made to read, by evening recitations in his study, the Confessions of St. Augustine, the old Canons of the Church, and Archbishop Trench's collection of Sacred Latin Poetry, including many of those grand old hymns of the mediæval church, in whose lines sound the "voices in which men uttered the deepest things of their hearts." It was something to be introduced into these by-ways of sound learning, and to be touched, be it never so lightly, by the breath of scholarship.

"What was his method?" does some one ask? He had none; his personality was his method, and it never failed him. Large-hearted, broad-minded, sympathetic with everything truthful, beautiful, and good; tender, generous and forgiving, he hath gone to his reward. But the best that was in him—and oh, how priceless that was!—he poured out with a free hand, and in it he lives enshrined in the minds, the hearts, the lives of thousands who are better for having known him.—*A Student at Mercersburg.*

HIS MANNER IN THE DEPARTMENT.

When thinking of our late highly honored and greatly respected chief, a thousand recollections crowd to my mind. But, in order to be brief, I shall allow others to speak of his work on the rostrum, in the pulpit, in the professor's chair in the college, before teachers' institutes, in the editorial sanctum, and in the world at large, while I shall note a few facts in regard to his life in his office surrounded by his subordinates.

No one who was familiar with Dr. Higbee, with his plain, unassuming manner, kindliness of heart, breadth of culture and consideration for the rights of others, could fail to respect and love him. In his treatment of those around him, he dealt with the character of men, and not with the accident of position in life. This, it seemed to me, was one of the most prominent features of his character. He exemplified very fully in his daily life the teachings of his Divine Master. In the almost three years that I spent with him in the Department of Public Instruction, I never heard him utter a harsh or an unkind word, though the provocation at times was great. In his intercourse with his subordinates in the office, he treated them as men, gave each his work and expected it to be done, but nothing of the master was visible. I do not suppose that he ever gave a command in the office; it was always a request—which was made with the courtesy of one who had no right to demand service. As a consequence every one served him through love and respect, and not through any feeling of dread or fear. It was always a pleasure to any one in the Department to oblige him. Indeed, he seemed more to us like a considerate father than a superior officer. His arrival in the office was always hailed with gladness, and if his absence had been of a few days' duration, each one would receive a cordial grasp of the hand and a pleasant greeting. His charming social qualities, his fund of anecdotes, and wit in repartee, made his presence always desirable both to interest and instruct us.

In his occasional leisure moments his usual custom was to seat himself beside some one and engage in a friendly discussion of some literary, scientific, or religious topic. While he did not obtrude, unasked, his opinions on religious matters, yet at all times, when not otherwise engaged, he would, if desired, sit, in apparent enjoyment, as he elucidated with great clearness and precision the passage of Scripture under consideration. The writer remembers distinctly many such instances, some of which gave to him pleasant surprises, revealing new beauties in old truths, and deducing unlooked-for conclusions from those already known, and making impressions which he shall never forget. Especially is this true of an exposition given to a portion of St. Matthew's gospel (embracing the current Sabbath-school lesson), to Mr. Stewart and myself late at night, after all the others had retired from the office. His keen insight into spiritual matters, his wealth of illustration and the beauty and force of his diction, were truly wonderful, as he proceeded to give the two of us an exposition of that difficult and much disputed passage, "And I say unto thee that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It was an exposition worthy of any pulpit, and would done credit to any minister.

But it is not so much my object to speak of his profound learning—others will do that—as it is to show what struck me as one of his remarkable traits, the manner in which he carried with him the spirit of his Master, exemplified His teachings in his own life,

and his pleasure in talking of sacred things, —of God's dealings with men and the beauties of that Heaven of which he seemed to have a foretaste; of which he had thought much and of which too, I think, he certainly expected *soon* to know more, for he should "see eye to eye."

Another trait worthy of notice. He worked to the last. The last minutes in the office were given to finishing his paper for State Supt. Draper, of New York. That was handed to the writer to copy on the type-writer, with instructions to leave space for any corrections that he might think necessary to make when he should read it on his return. He then said, in his usual pleasant manner, "I presume that I can get no one in this office to go with me to the Mifflintown Institute?" No one expressing a desire to go, he passed out with his customary cheery adieu. His work in the Department was then finished; in a little over twenty-four hours afterwards his life-work ended in Mifflintown. And, now, as we recall his kindness, his faithfulness to duty, the precepts he has given, and the example he has set before us, his parting, as well as his life, seems to have been fittingly described by Goldsmith:

> To relieve the wretched was his pride,
> And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
> But in his duty prompt at every call,
> He watched and wept and prayed for all;
> And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

—Hon. A. D. Glenn, Department of Public Instruction, Harrisburg, Pa.

LAST DAY OF CONSCIOUS LIFE.

Dr. Higbee lectured to my class on Church History and Exegesis. He made all his hearers enthusiastic in the study of Early Christianity and of the Gospel of John. He sometimes taught Homer in the College. At such times he would whistle the metre while the pupils were scanning the lines. His chief excellence as a teacher lay in his power to inspire others with zeal for learning and with an insatiable desire to master difficulties. His ability in this respect was not confined to one particular line of work, but, so far as my observation extended, he had this power to inspire in every department of school work to which he turned his attention. As a public officer his services were confined to the children of one Commonwealth. His eloquent speeches in favor of better teachers, better school houses, larger appropriations, and more careful investigation of the problems of pedagogy, have exerted an influence, the magnitude of which will become more apparent with the lapse of time.

It was my privilege to spend in his company the last day in which he was conscious. He reached Mifflintown on Monday evening, and immediately came to my room at the Jacobs House. He chatted for a time with Mr. Meyers and myself, went to his room a few minutes, and, on returning, said he must find a drug-store for the purpose of getting a prescription filled. We went to the evening exercises of the Institute, and at the close spent about an hour in discussing school work. Next morning he opened the Institute with prayer, and after recess made a most eloquent speech on the importance of securing libraries for the school and the family. After dinner he propped his head with a pillow as he reclined on the bed and seemed to be asleep for a time. He suddenly awoke and asked whether it was not time to go to the Institute. I replied, "Not yet." He then closed his eyes, as if in deep meditation. We had been discussing a book which he thought of writing and which at different times I had urged him to prepare. Finally I said, "It is time for the Institute." He jumped up with a good deal of vim and exclaimed, "Thank the Lord, I am getting stronger!"

In the afternoon he again lectured, and I thought with more animation even than during the forenoon. However, he held his hand over his forehead, as if he felt a pain in his head. After adjournment he seemed tired and I offered him my arm, but he did not lean on it in the slightest degree. At the head of the stairs I asked him to come to my room, and he said, "I will be there shortly." Soon I heard a rush downstairs which seemed to be his step, and I looked to see whether he was going out. After the lapse of a little time I went downstairs and concluded that he must have taken a walk, because, when I knocked at his door, there was no response. It was near train time and soon the sad news came that Dr. Higbee had been stricken with paralysis at the station, and that they had sent him with the train to Harrisburg.

At the station I met a boy who had conversed with the Doctor just before the attack came upon him. He asked him whether he was attending school. The boy replied, "No, I am learning a trade." He urged the lad to go ahead, saying, "A man without a trade amounts to very little in this world."

I have had many teachers, eminent in science and letters, but from none of them did I receive more inspiration for and stimulus to study and work. It was a rare privilege to sit at his feet, or to be in his company. He was generous to a fault, spoke kindly of those who had so deeply wronged him in his later days. His darling hope in the school work was to get three millions appropriation for the public school system. Had he lived he would have accomplished this end during his third term. His equal in culture, ability and versatility we shall never see again in the School Department at Harrisburg.

Our loss is his gain. The many problems which he used to discuss for our benefit, will be clearer and easier of solution in that world in which faith has given way to sight and hope has changed to glad fruition.—*Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, Principal State Normal School, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa.*

HIGH OFFICE OF STATE SUPERINTENDENT.

In teaching the boys and girls before us in the school-room, if worthy the place we hold, we are teaching their great-grandchildren. If unworthy, our influence is perhaps none the less far reaching, but of this dark side we do not now care to speak. As the sphere of influence broadens, when called to the duty of training teachers, or supervising their work in the Normal Schools, or within county, city, borough, or other limits more or less restricted, the moulding power, in thought and character, of the true teacher is vastly increased. But when he stands at the head of a great system, with its tens of thousands of active workers, among them many earnest, reverent souls eager to do to the utmost of their ability the duty to which they have been "called," all looking to him as their official head, and thousands among them listening for his thought, yielding to his generous impulse, quickened by his inspiring word, stimulated by his tireless energy, warmed by his enthusiasm,—it requires the arithmetic of the angels to estimate his influence for good upon his own and future generations.

The possibilities of good work in such a position so broaden before us, as we consider them, that we cannot but regard the Department of Public Instruction the most important under our State government, and the position of State Superintendent, when worthily held,—much more, when ideally filled,—the most influential for good in Pennsylvania. As the Chief Justice of the United States is the highest-seated American, higher even than the President, so the Superintendent of Public Instruction, but in a different field, has long seemed to us the highest-seated Pennsylvanian—in those directions which to a good man make life best worth living.

What capitalist, what manufacturer, what law-maker, what editor, what clergyman or college president, what Governor even, in Pennsylvania—however high his motive, good his work, or honorable and honored any one of these men may have been—has exerted an influence for good at once so glad, so wide-spread, so far-reaching, as that of our late Superintendent? And he was enabled to do this—himself unconscious of his influence, and almost unrecognized by the State at large until he had passed beyond—because of the grand opportunity which the position he held, in and of itself, affords when occupied by a man of the very highest type in nature, in training, and in broad and generous Christian purpose. In weak hands the bow of Ulysses was but so much wood! So in the hands of a weak or incompetent man, a self-seeker vain and noisy, a partisan prejudiced and ignorant, the splendid possibilities of this position would be unrealized. They would be utterly cast away, and worse!

Pennsylvania has been most fortunate in four or five of her State Superintendents. They were men wise to see, with courage to do, fertile in expedients, and of tireless energy—the men for the time. Dr. Higbee was "called" for his time, and he has left the impress of his thought and his unique personality upon the educational work of the State—in the minds and hearts of the teachers of the State and of those engaged in the work of general school supervision—more clear-cut, deep, and firm than that of any other who preceded him in his high office.

PREACHER OF CHRISTIANITY.

From a sermon by Rev. Mr. Kremer, preached in the Reformed Salem Church of Harrisburg, in memory of Rev. Dr. Higbee, we make the following extracts. The quotations are from Dr. Higbee:

The religious experience of Dr. Higbee but intensified his liberality towards other religious bodies, growing out of the consciousness of the superior value of the spiritual over the natural. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord," was illustrated by his own conversion. A brilliant *scholar*, an *athlete* excelling in all manly sports, an *artist*, a *musician*, a *naturalist* of no mean order, a *critic* in many departments of human attainments, a *philosopher*, he came to know that none of these

could break the power of reigning sin, but that only through the blood of Christ could it be blotted out. Conscious as he could not help but be of his own superior scholarship over that of many among whom he dwelt, he came to acknowledge that he who by faith had responded to the presence of the unseen yet ever-present Son of God, however humble he might be, was master over him who with all his attainments was without Christ. He embraced the Redeemer with all the ardor of his enthusiastic nature, and through the severe and needless trials which clouded a part of his life, it burnt with steady and brilliant flame.

He dwelt much on the sorrows and agony of Christ, and bade us, "Hide yourself in the wounds of your Saviour." In reading the hymn Rock of Ages, he always said, however it might be printed in the book, "From thy *riven* side which flowed," and there is no doubt that at times the vision of his suffering Lord was as real to him as was that of Satan to Luther. The principalities and powers of sin were none the less real, and he felt that he who stood closest to his Lord must share His sorrow in the felt presence of sin and evil assaulting his soul. "We must expect the combined opposition of hell and earth." He said that there was great danger of not feeling the solemnity of the opposition of the world and hell, and, while describing their power over us, once said with great earnestness: "Beware of light sins," at another time, "Sin is not necessary to the development of life," and after describing its power he said: "Hell is the end of the issue—and hell is not only something to come." Those who heard him preach on one occasion, will remember how he described the gathering of the eagles to the carcass, ending in an expression like this: Wherever the process of sin goes on, there are the destroying eagles ready to take the carcass. This consciousness of evil powers around us, intensified as it was by the words of the Apostle which he often quoted with great earnestness; "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood," etc, made the sufferings and the Cross of Christ stand out in his preaching with startling realness; sometimes we felt they were too real. But in thus presenting them we feel assured that it was the outburst of his own soul, in his intense earnestness, striving to grasp by faith in its fulness that sacrifice for human sin, which he was commissioned to declare to man. Who can tell how much of his own experience lay beneath these vivid descriptions of the atoning sacrifice of Jesus? He was free to acknowledge that it is hard to believe; but when we say this we must remember that with him faith was not merely acceptance, or the reception in any outward way of Him who stands at the door and knocks, but involved, with the full receiving of Christ, the full surrender to Christ. How he was wont to lop off for us, one after the other, the things of thought, or desire, or possession, which he saw, or thought he saw, interfered with our full surrender to Christ!

And yet, though his intensity rose almost to severity at times, how tender, how surpassingly tender when he spoke of the crucified Redeemer as the refuge of our sinful souls! At a season of deep personal affliction, after the death of his daughter, he would let out his own soul in the class-room, yet without one word of himself. In the day of his severe trial, while holding public office in the State, to which it is painful for me even to allude, the sufferings of his Lord were his comfort and stay. When I wrote him a word of sympathy, he said in his reply, "I never found the Cross of Christ so precious." Wounded and alas! fearing that even his friends had deserted him, he came to have a fellowship in suffering with that One who was even forsaken by His God. And the cross which he had held up to sinful man, raising it above the strength and power of man and devils, exalting it above all the forces of mind and will, thank God! now held him. "I never found the Cross of Christ so precious." Wounded and heavy-laden as he was, he entered as never before into the depths of the Redeemer's sorrows and of the Redeemer's love, and came forth with the marks of battle upon him, yet with the priceless treasure of which none could rob him, the peace of God which "passeth understanding."

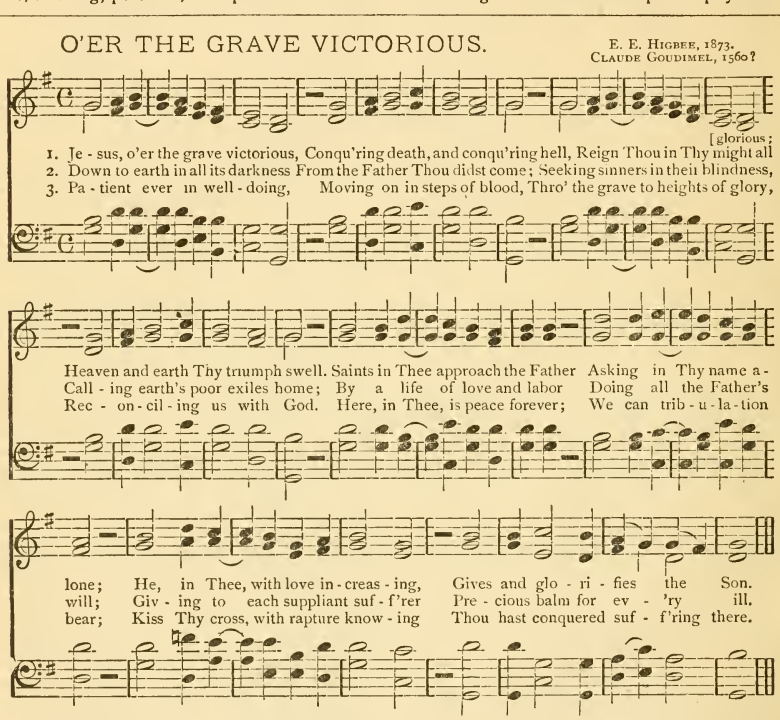
Possessing in so large a measure the powers of mind and will in which men trust, and yet knowing man's utter inability to save himself, he had a vivid sense of the superior importance of the objective in religion. When speaking of Thomas à Kempis or the mystics, his enthusiasm might be mistaken by some as indicative of a faith which rested more in the subjective. But they would soon be undeceived if they would but hear his sermons or his lectures. So deep was his conviction that it is by the Spirit of God that we are born again, that we are sanctified, that we are kept unto everlasting life, that we must be apprehended of Him before we can lay hold of Christ, that it ran through all his preaching. The shepherd going after the lost sheep; the woman sweeping diligently the house; the father going out to bring in the prodigal—to mention these parables in connection with his name to any of Dr. Higbee's students, would be to call up at once the eloquent use he made of them, and the emphasis which he placed upon our being brought to see and feel the mystery of redeeming love, not as something to be brought to us from a distance, by our penitence and faith, but as something which is here waiting for us to take it and enjoy it. Of course every true preacher will hold the subjective and the objective in living union. The natural disposition of the heart however tends to an emphasis on the subjective, which distorts if it does not in the end sever in our thought and worship, the true relation holding between the two. But this was not the case with the departed. "Grace is a living power which lays hold of us," he said in a communion sermon. Again, "The manifestation of grace makes us come to know the depths from which we have been DELIVERED." No one who knew him, could imagine him saying: "escaped," in that connection, as though we delivered ourselves.

It was this which made the Sacraments and the Word of God so real to him—they were part of that objective mystery by which he felt him-

self to be continually surrounded. Faith makes the invisible visible, and the inaudible audible, is the substance if not the form of another of his expressions. Not in the sense in which the poet hears and sees, which he felt could be true of heathenism; but the heavenly lifting up the earthly, so that we do not see and hear by an inner vision of our own, but as is given to us, in the face of Jesus Christ beholding the light of the Divine Glory.

With him there was ever present this sense of that which was beyond himself,—an atmosphere of Divine grace, a kingdom of heavenly love, a living, personal, ever-present Lord and Saviour. Any one who failed to see this in his sermons, in his reverent reading of the Word, and especially in his prayers, failed to see and to know the man. Knowing, as all now know, the importance which he attached to culture, this emphasis which he placed upon the power of the Spirit becomes all the more significant. Speaking of the impossibility of man's redemption from sin by education or culture, he said: "You might as well try to lift yourself by pulling on your own boot-straps."

It is true he regarded education as being an end in itself. But this only in a relative sense, as over against the material philosophy which



makes education a means for the acquisition of earthly goods. He regarded it as but one step further in the folly of unbelief, to seek education for its own sake. "You never can find your completion in education. To the Christian education cannot be for its own sake. It must be for the sake of Christ. 'For ye are complete in Him.' 'Latin and Greek ye have always, but Me ye have not always.'"

It is only when we view him as possessed of this broad, liberal-minded Christianity that we can have an adequate knowledge of his intense love for the Reformed Church. Recognizing the excellence of all other Christian bodies, keenly alive to the imperfections which mark the outward manifestations of our distinctive religious life, he yet loved with an intense ardor the communion through whose ministrations he was brought to a full recognition and possession of the redeeming love of God through Jesus Christ. "I love the Reformed ministry," he once said. "Their gemüthlichkeit is beautiful."

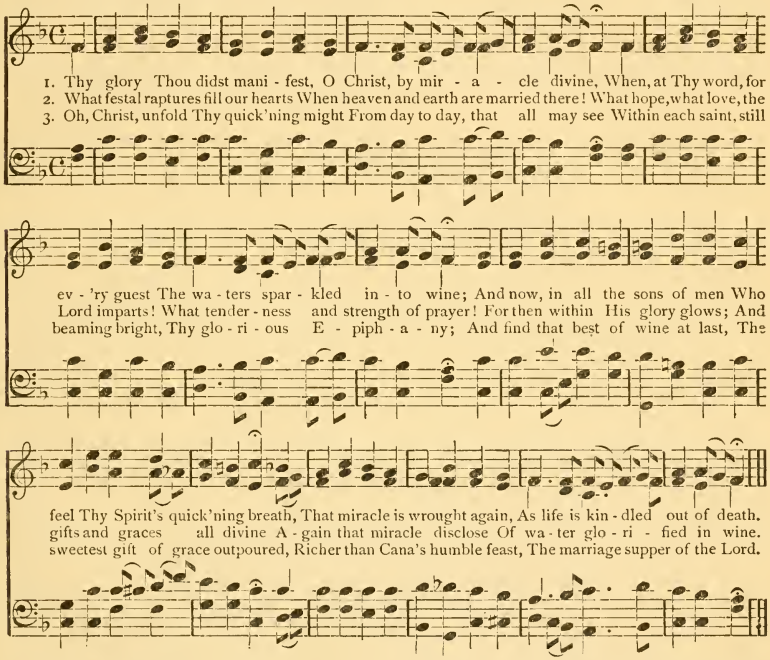
Time will not permit me to dwell on traits of his character, which made him so attractive to those who made his acquaintance, so lovable to those who knew him. You have read the beautiful tribute paid to his memory by the Governor of our State, and I cannot quote at length, as I

should like to do, from what has been said in the daily press by those who knew him.

I am not forgetful that this is a Sunday service, and that I am not here to praise a man, but to preach the Gospel. In speaking of him, we have endeavored to set him before you in some particulars as the Gospel apprehended him and as he apprehended it, and in doing so we have given you spiritual nourishment. We refrain from speaking of his public services as an officer of this great Commonwealth, except to say that while, as a minister and a professor, he belonged to us in a peculiar sense, as Superintendent of Public Instruction he belonged to the whole State, and it is fitting for us as citizens and as Christians to rejoice in labors which honored the office no less than the office honored him. He has been called to a greater and nobler work on high. He is present with the Lord. How easy, as he would say, it is to sink over into the natural, rejecting everything that is supernatural. In our graveyards we see the broken column, the inverted torch—earthly signs, everything "from a crescent to a horse-shoe." How hard to believe that Christ is present—here. Oh let us believe it, and believing it, we may know that he is not far from us. No inverted torch for him, for his light has

THE WATER INTO WINE.

E. E. HIGBEE.



not gone out. He lives in Christ, and in Christ he lives forever. Oh, let us realize the presence of that heavenly kingdom which has come down to earth. This alone is worth living for, or rather without this all else is vain. "When you come to the bedside of the dying," he once said, "there will not be one thought of his education or whether he learned grace in the dancing-school, as you bend over him eager to catch the first accent of prayer." Is it not true? Valuable as grace and culture are, this is all important—to be in Christ. In the Church, in the family, in the State, Christ was his all in all, the living centre of all truly sanctified life. He once pictured the slimy serpent insinuating himself under the Presidential chair, to tempt the public servant of God, as he once tempted Christ by the offer of worldly rule; and in the government as in the Church, fealty to Christ and to God as revealed in Christ, is the ruler's safety. In the family Christ is the centre. "We have the Saviour in spirit to be entertained in the family. If any one is sick, Christ must be sent for. If any need comfort after death, Christ must be sent for." So he preached, and so he taught. May his own dear ones be comforted by his message to others. And may she, who has been such an encouragement and example

of the true and faithful wife, from whose side he has been taken, find that strength to bear which was ever hers to minister!

And in death Christ was all in all. The dead fall asleep in Jesus. Death is their gain. Not simply because they are freed from sorrow, but because they are "forever with the Lord," and have come to a fuller vision of that glory and honor and blessing which was theirs through faith and hope, and which *is* theirs in undying love. "If we have buried our friends we can call them back to mind, and almost see them; but what is that to the mystery of their living in Jesus! The dead come back to us crowned with lilies as being in Jesus." Here in Jesus we can leave our brother,—or, better yet, remain in spiritual communion with him. Sharing his faith we can close with his words: "The comfort is here—'asleep in Jesus.' I have unbounded confidence and so can say, Farewell, brother. The tie is not broken, which grave and hell have no power to break. AMEN."

INTERMORTUUS.

In the Memorial Number of *Mercersburg College Monthly* we find, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Aughinbaugh, President of Mercersburg College, the following very interesting account of the well-nigh fatal illness which left Dr. Higbee more or less an invalid during all the rest of his life. We cannot but recognize also the kind providence that spared his life—was it in answer to the prayers of his friends?—for forty years of such great work as it was permitted him to do for the benefit of his kind. Dr. Aughinbaugh writes:

During the winter of 1850–51, Emmitsburg Maryland, was visited by a malignant type of typhoid fever. It made its appearance in the Fall of 1850, and remained with us until the following spring. A large number of persons, old and young, were prostrated by it, and not a few died. No one felt secure. A feeling of alarm and gloom pervaded the entire community. "How are the sick?" and, "Are there any new cases?" were the questions propounded by neighbor to neighbor, when they met in the early morning.

Dr. Higbee was among the first to take the disease. The attack appeared to be of a mild form, and yielded, as we all thought, to prompt medical treatment. In a few days he was out again, and seemed happy and cheerful as ever. But the disease was not eradicated from his system. A relapse followed, and he was again prostrated upon his bed—this time about the middle of November. It was the latter part of February before he ventured out of the house, then only the shadow of his former self, weighing between eighty and ninety pounds.

Never will the writer forget the night on which the disease reached its crisis. It was about ten days after his relapse. Approaching the doctor who had charge of the case, I asked him, "How is he, doctor?" He shook his head, and replied: "I fear it is only a question of a few hours' time with the poor fellow. I do not think he will survive the midnight. His pulse now, when I can count it, is 135, but most of the time it is so flurried that I can't count it. I would not be surprised if his heart were to burst at any moment." Then I asked the consulting physician what he thought of Elnathan's condition. He said: "I can see no ground of hope in his case, other than that there is hope as long as there is life. We will do all in our power to save him, and leave the result with God."

A few of Dr. Higbee's friends withdrew to an adjoining room, and, kneeling at the throne of grace, humbly, earnestly prayed God to spare his life for future usefulness in the world. If ever that little group prayed fervently, and in a spirit of submission to the Divine will, it was on that sad occasion. Dr. H. was then in a comatose state, head thrown back, and unconscious of all that was going on around him. The writer asked Dr. Annan, the attending physician, whether it would be injurious to the patient to arouse him. "It will not," he replied, and then added: "But you can't arouse him. He may give you some unintelligible answers to your questions, and before you are aware of it fall into that heavy, log sleep in which he is now. If you can succeed in arousing him, and keep him awake for some time, it may do him good, and help him to outlive the disease. He is now rapidly approaching the end." Mrs. Harriet Motter, then his friend, now his sorrowing mother-in-law, took a position on one side of the bed, and the writer on the other. We were both familiar with the theological subjects in which Elnathan then, and to the day of his death, took a deep interest. To the surprise of all present, and to our own gratification, we succeeded in arousing him, and keeping him awake for nearly half an hour. He then relapsed into his former state, and with sorrowing hearts we left his bedside, feeling assured that the hour of his departure was near at hand. But God's ways are not our ways. Blisters were applied to his ankles, to draw the circulation, and his thoughts, toward his extremities, and in this way to keep him awake. Midnight came, and the patient was still alive. Soon after the turn of the night there was a favorable change. The crisis was passed, and, under God, the victory so far seemed to be on the side of the sufferer. At one o'clock in the morning, Dr. Annan, the physician in charge, left, saying, "I now have some hope of his recovery." Dr. Eichelberger, the consulting physician, kindly remained with us until four o'clock in the morning.

But the end was not yet, either of anxiety on the part of friends or of danger to the patient. The battle for life was terrible. There was hardly vitality enough left on which to base the hope of ultimate recovery. The life of Dr. Higbee still trembled in the balance. He hadn't strength enough to move a foot without assistance, and needed constant care and attention. It was necessary for some one to be at his bedside all the time. For full six weeks the writer never ventured to leave the room for rest

except on Saturday night, that he might be in better condition to attend to his pulpit duties on Sunday. But he and the kind friends who aided him in caring for our dear, departed brother, were fully repaid in the end, by seeing him restored to health and strength—and now unite with Church and State in mourning his loss.

As is the case with all typhoid sufferers, when convalescent, Dr. H's appetite was ravenous. He couldn't get enough to eat, or rather we would not give him what he wanted. At times he would plead like a child for more. He complained of us to the doctor, and at the proper time the doctor told him that the quantity might be increased a *little* from day to day. This was good news. He had a string with which he measured the length, breadth and thickness of the toast brought to him, and if the pieces were not a little larger every meal, we were sure to hear of it.

The kind friends who watched over Dr. Higbee, and cared for him when at the point of death, are proud of the record he has left and the good he has done. Of the little group who met in an adjoining room to pray for his recovery, on the night his life was despaired of, all are still living except his devoted sister.

REMINISCENCES OF A YEAR IN THE LANCASTER HIGH SCHOOL.

AMONG the few old letters which the junior editor of *The School Journal* has cared to preserve from the passing years—some written by friends now "gone over to the majority," others by those in whom the touchstone of time has been but a revealer of genuine qualities—is one hastily penned in acknowledgment of a holiday gift more than twenty-seven years ago:

LANCASTER, Jan'y 3, 1854.

MR. JNO. P. MCCASKEY,

Dear Sir: Through you I would tender my warmest thanks to the scholars who have honored me with the Christmas present which I have received this day from the hands of Mr. Shober. I shall ever cherish this mark of friendship and esteem with feelings of gratitude, the more so because the friendship of the young I especially prize. Hoping that our intercourse with each other may be beneficial and pleasant, and that the memory of it may be a source of delight in after years, I remain

The sincere friend of you all,

E. E. HIGBEE.

This gentleman, who is the newly-appointed State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was then in charge of the mathematical department of the Boys' High School of Lancaster city, where we boys all knew him as "Mr. Higbee," and that with abiding respect and affection. The writer of this article, whom Dr. H. may have quite forgotten, was not a very diligent student of text-books, but he was then unconsciously learning to listen to voices, to look into faces, and to gather definite impressions of people, less from what they said than from what they were. So that a man of forceful character or of generous soul, met for a year in the daily contact of the class-room, could never be forgotten; and the impressions we have carried through all these years of Mr. Higbee are such as any teacher might be glad to leave upon the hearts of his pupils.

Of the several instructors then employed in the school, he was the man who reached us with a grip of power, and apparently without thought or effort on his part to do this. To us boys he was a sort of "admirable Crichton," able to do almost anything, from fencing, skating, sparring, and playing the flute, up to Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and—what we had more respect for yet—all the mathematics! He helped us select books for our society library, organized at that time, and was always ready to answer our hard questions. His affability of manner, quick gesture, rapid movement, ready wit, constant disposition to oblige, and an utter lack of that dignified reserve which teachers sometimes affect, even more than his rare scholarship, made him an "authority" with us all; and when he left us there was no teacher to whom we would not more willingly have said good-bye.

A single class-room incident of this year, which we often recall with a pleasant sense of obligation—for it introduced us to the delightful study of the significance, the history, and the hidden meanings of words—will illustrate his method of teaching language. He had the mathematical room, as has been said; but on one occasion, in the absence of the principal of the school, he heard the Latin classes recite. We were reading Cæsar's Commentaries. The defence of the Helvetians at their baggage-wagons was the subject of the lesson. He heard our dull rendering of the text, with a running fire of comments upon it, and then read for us. As he went into the precise meanings of the words in their derivation and use, tearing them to pieces, and—"suiting the action to the word," for of course he was standing—showed us how graphic was Cæsar's description of the fight, we were at fever-heat of interest. We saw the hurtling javelins fly, and the fierce thrust of darts and spears between the wagon wheels, and felt the stubborn defence of the doomed Helvetians.

One word in the lesson, *subjiciebant*, as with quick gesture he put meaning and de-

rivation before us, gave us, with the vividness of the lightning flash, a realizing sense of what is meant by etymology—a branch of study that, like the rich "lead" of the gold deposits, rewards the miner in proportion to the diligence with which he labors. We have since worked this "lead" to some purpose and with much enjoyment—thanks, in great part, to the impulse given by Mr. Higbee in those old days—until able to feel with Dr. Holmes that "the poetry of words is quite as beautiful as that of sentences."

From first to last the session was a good one, and to the now gray-haired man who contributed very much to make it so—his hair black enough when the note of "January, '54," was written—many of the old boys are ready to say that it is as he had hoped: "The memory of it *has* been a source of delight in after years."

We regard the State Superintendent who has just left the office as *the* Common School man of Pennsylvania—but change, like death, will come; and coming, there is no man in the college work at whose good fortune we are personally more glad than that of Dr. Higbee, our old-time teacher, to whom we have long felt so keen a sense of personal gratitude. May his administration be characterized by wisdom, energy, and discretion, and the ever-present purpose of "the greatest good to the greatest number." He stands at the threshold of the grandest work he has ever been called upon to perform or direct—the most far-reaching in its influence for the general good. We believe that he will do it as in the Master's eye; and may the guidance and the blessing of that Master whom he serves be with him through it all.—*From Pennsylvania School Journal for April, 1881.*

THIRTIETH YEAR AND THIRD EDITOR.

The first number of *The Pennsylvania School Journal* was issued in January, 1852; that for the month of December, 1881, our next issue, will complete its thirtieth year, though not its thirtieth volume—the first volume having been made to include eighteen, instead of twelve numbers. During that time there has been no break in the continuity of its monthly issues—so that the next will be its *three hundredth and sixtieth* number; —there has been no change from its original form of double-column royal octavo pages, and there has also been but a single change in its editorial management.

In its nineteenth volume Dr. Thos. H. Burrowes, its founder and first editor, laid down the pen after thirty-five years of such service in the field and at the desk as men have seldom rendered the cause of popular education. For the period of eleven years, elapsed since that time, Dr. J. P. Wickersham has been its editor-in-chief. With what ability, good judgment, and thorough knowledge of the field, his work has been done, the volumes of *The Journal* year by year, bear noble witness. With the next number, Dr. E. E. Higbee succeeds to the editorship, having assumed charge of these columns in recognition of the fact that the Organ of the Department of Public Instruction should be under the direction of the Superintendent of said Department.

As Dr. Wickersham was the worthy successor of the venerable Dr. Burrowes in the editorial management of *The Journal*, so in no less degree is Dr. Higbee, in his turn, a worthy successor of Dr. Wickersham. For, while he is a quiet man, of genial temper, who can tell a good story and enjoy a hearty laugh, and to whom mere glitter and parade are utterly distasteful, he is at the same time a man of intense energy, of great force of character, honest and fearless, an able writer, and a forcible and eloquent speaker. As to his scholarship: Among the forty thousand men and women—teachers, superintendents and directors—engaged in the common school work in Pennsylvania, we have little doubt that he is the foremost scholar of them all.

It seems fitting and desirable that something be said to the readers of *The Journal* of the unusual attainments of its new editor in the realm of letters. It is also proper that the educational men of the State should know the breadth of scholarship of their official head and leader. Of this we can, from our own knowledge, speak only in a general way, and for more specific information, have therefore applied to those who are able to express an opinion from the standpoint of intimate personal acquaintance and thorough competency to form a correct judgment. Dr. Higbee is a modest man, and, did he know of this article, would doubtless disapprove it. But he does not know of it, and will be greatly surprised to see the following notes from his old coworkers in the field of letters, themselves among the foremost scholars in the State. That first given is from Dr. Thos. G. Apple, President of Franklin and Marshall College:

LANCASTER, Oct. 25th, 1881.

Dear Sir: In reply to your note of this morning, I would say that I regard Dr. E. E. Higbee as one of the first scholars in the State. His scholarship covers the whole ground of liberal and professional culture. He is an excellent

classical scholar, a good mathematician, and acquainted with German and French. His acquaintance with what are called the Natural Sciences is thorough, but not, I should say, as a specialist. In the department of History and Philosophy his attainments are far beyond ordinary scholarship. His abilities as a thinker, as well as his long experience in teaching, have made him a master in these departments. In Psychology, Ethics, Æsthetics, and Metaphysics proper, including the history of Philosophy, he is entirely at home. My relations have been most intimate with Dr. Higbee for many years, and I regard him as an excellent scholar, and a good, strong thinker. His merits as a speaker are too well known to refer to them here, and I feel assured that the interests of public education in our great Commonwealth will receive the very best attention at his hands.

THOS. G. APPLE.

The second is from Prof. Wm. M. Nevin, the venerable professor of English Literature and Belles-lettres, a very fine classical scholar and literary critic:

LANCASTER, Oct. 25th, 1881.

Dear Sir: I have received your note of yesterday, asking for my estimate of the scholarly attainments of Dr. E. E. Higbee, and what I regard his rank among the scholarly men of the state in the same lines of study that he has pursued. I am happy to say that I consider him to rank among the very first. He is a general scholar, of which others will bear you better witness; but my own intercourse with him, which has been long and intimate, suiting himself when we met to my own partialities, has made me better acquainted with him as a man of fine literary taste and culture. His familiar acquaintanceship with the classical authors whether of the ancient or of the modern world, whether of Greece, Italy or England, I have always admired; and his keen appreciative or censuring remarks upon them I have always equally enjoyed. In his long course of giving instruction, whether in the high school or in the college, whether as professor or president, over whatsoever branch he was presiding, whether literary, scientific, or philosophical, he had the happy faculty of presenting his themes in the most engaging manner, so as to elicit the students' continued attention, kindling by his own enthusiasm a corresponding interest in their breasts, carrying them thus along with him unwearied to the end.

As editor of *The Pennsylvania School Journal*, therefore, I deem him admirably qualified for preserving its acquired excellence, and rendering it, as heretofore, highly interesting, useful, and instructive. It could not have fallen into better hands, Yours truly,

WM. M. NEVIN.

A gentleman who has enjoyed advantages of scholastic training both in this country and abroad, and who has been intimately acquainted with Dr. Higbee and his work—a College professor of judicial cast of mind, conscientious in the expression of opinions, and in every way competent to speak upon the subject—writes us at length in reply to certain questions. We condense his letter into a single paragraph:

In Latin and Greek Dr. Higbee is far ahead of most men who have given special attention to the study of the classic languages. If occasion required, he could write a good book in either, but especially in Latin, with little difficulty. For the purposes of study and investigation he reads Hebrew, German, French, and kindred Romance languages. In the whole field of English Literature, History, and Philosophy, he is thoroughly at home. His lectures on Ethics and Æsthetics evince the most careful study and the strength of his thought-power. In brief, as a classical and belletristic scholar, he has made extraordinary attainments. In Mathematics he excels. To different branches of Natural Science he has given attention sufficient to render him a working student and successful teacher in these directions, but not enough to merit rank as a specialist. His articles in the *Mercersburg Review* will show you what he has done in the several departments of theological learning. He was at one time co-editor of that periodical with Dr. Thomas G. Apple, now President of Franklin and Marshall College. He has also been synodical editor of the *Reformed Church Messenger*. His whole work, indeed, has been of such a character as to challenge comparison with that of the best; but because he has attained and mastered scholarship for *its own sake*, and not for any extraneous purposes such as reputation, popularity, etc., he is not now so well (widely) known as some whose learning is nearer the lips, but lacking in the substantial breadth and solidity of true culture.

Dr. Higbee is also a gentleman of fine taste in art and music, so cultivated as to make him a judicious critic in these directions. He is the author of several hymns that have found their way into the books. He is familiar with the best works of the leading novelists, with hearty admiration of Sir Walter Scott, whose masterpiece, "Ivanhoe," in particular, he has read an almost incredible number of times, until it might fairly be said that he "knows it by heart." We like him all the better for this, and confess to a life-long preference for learned men who find recreation and delight in music, the drama, and the fascinating pages of the great masters of fiction.

As State Superintendent, he has taken hold of his great work with that wise discretion which was anticipated by his friends at the time of his appointment. We believe that his administration of the Department of Public Instruction will be characterized throughout by the same good judgment and careful regard for the interest of the Common

School System. He has made friends everywhere by personal contact with school men in various parts of the State; and this article is written mainly that these men and others may have some more definite conception of the many-sided scholarship, and the many-sided character, of him who stands at their head, in the direction of the important work in which all are alike interested.

With the breadth of acquirement and maturity of judgment that have come through a life of intense intellectual activity, at heart he has, and must always have, the quick, fresh impulses of the boy. Nor is he more at home in the pulpit, on the platform, in the professor's chair, or at the editor's desk, than in the gymnasium or on the play-ground, in full sympathy with the lad that wears the gloves or takes the bar, catches the ball or swings the bat; or, in the woods and by the streams, with him who climbs and runs and skates and swims. But of the attractive freshness of this feature of his character, and of his bearing and influence in the school room, as we knew it when a pupil in his classes, we have elsewhere spoken—in the April number of *The Journal*, at the time when he entered upon the duties of his present position.

Above all, and more than all, Dr. Higbee is an earnest Christian, with an ever-present sense of whatever that full word implies of constant care and special guidance by the Providence who controls human affairs. He has long been a student of the Bible as of no other book—almost, indeed, as if it were the one book and there were no other. It is this type of broad men who are the best men. It is these men whose influence for good is longest felt in the sphere of labor to which they are "called"—men who look for and are guided by that "inward light" of whose existence more human beings than good George Fox and his disciples have made convincing proof. In a recent address to young men, Robert Collyer is credited with these remarks:

> I have said that the fourth thing in a man's life is that good fortune which is but another name for the good providence of God. "Friends" follow what they call an "inward light." This is the most pregnant truth you can take to your hearts. That "inward" light will be sure to shine in the supreme crisis of your life. Don't budge one step until you see it. Hang on until then to the thing you are doing, and do your best; but when it shines, don't argue or doubt or fear. Follow the light.

On reading this paragraph a few days since, it seemed to present the views held by Dr. H. in relation to his work, be that what it might, and hence it is quoted in this connection. The first time we met him after his appointment as State Superintendent he seemed in no sense elated by the new dignity, but rather to take it as a matter of course in the providential dispensation of affairs. He said: "I was not looking for this. I thought Providence had something for me to do, and that it would come, but did not suppose that it would come in this shape. I will do the work as well as I can, and if I see that I cannot do it well, will resign the position at once."

"As well he as can" will, we have little doubt, be good enough to satisfy the best friends of the Common School System in all parts of the State. Upon the encouragement and support of these men everywhere he relies with confidence, and he will not rely in vain.

We have written thus far *con amore;* and our article has extended much beyond the limits originally designed. Having made "a clean breast of it," we are now ready to apologize to Dr. Higbee for the very free and unauthorized use we have made of his name. The only plea we offer in extenuation of the offence is, as we have already said, that the readers of *The Journal* should know its Editor, and the State at large should know its Superintendent.—*From Pennsylvania School Journal for November, 1881.*

FOUR YEARS AFTER.

The resolution that was recently adopted at the closing session of one of our largest and most intelligent County Institutes, was in strict accord with the facts, in congratulating Governor Pattison upon the re-appointment of Dr. E. E Higbee to the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, because of "extraordinary qualities of fitness for the discharge of its high duties and responsibilities."

Four years ago it seemed well to the present writer—who wrote then, as he does now, without the slightest knowledge or consent of the subject of this article—that some definite statement should be made as to the scholarly attainments and certain personal characteristics of the gentlemen who had come, with quiet manner and comparatively unknown, to direct the work of forty thousand men and women entrusted with the guardianship of a million children in their most sacred right of education—physical, moral, intellectual, and, in a sense, spiritual. It was thought, as was then said, that "the State at large should know its

Superintendent." Four years have passed since then, and the State does know its Superintendent.

The advent of Dr. Higbee to the Superintendency was to many of our best school men an appointment of more than novel interest. They did not know the man, and could but await events with keen solicitude, which has gradually changed to personal regard and a high measure of confidence, as year by year has manifested how ripe the scholarship of this comparative stranger to our educational circles; how broad and mellow and luminous his skill as a teacher; how thorough and profound his knowledge of what the public schools, from the primary to the Normal grade need both in appliances and in the teaching art; how clear his conceptions of duty as the chief of his great department; how sound the ring of his utterances when discussing questions of school policy or suggesting lines of progress for legislative action — rising conspicuous among those about him, as he has always done whatever his field of labor, and brushing aside mere martinetism with the broad influence of general principles.

The foremost scholar and probably the ablest man in the common school work, he has rapidly grown to be a welcome and familiar presence everywhere in Pennsylvania; with warm greeting from hosts of friends because of personal good-will; and with an official record such as to merit the highest compliment possible to any State Superintendent of Public Instruction—that of re-appointment by an Executive of an opposite political faith, in deference to what he regarded a sense of duty to the Commonwealth. The situation was unique. Mere partisanship, however intelligent and devoted to the public welfare, would neither have encouraged nor permitted what, in the opinion of Governor Pattison, the public good demanded, and what he had resolved should be done in the best spirit of the new article in the advanced political creed—tenure of office and civil service reform. Men said this would never be. Dr. Higbee neither asked for the position nor made effort to bring influence to bear that he might retain it, but quietly awaited the event, gratefully declining many offers of friendly aid while the appointment was pending. Not that he was at all indifferent as to the result, but he felt that he had been "called"; the position had come without his seeking it; if his first term was to be his last—it was well. He was confident that the Governor would, in his discretion, do as seemed best in discharge of his official duty.

Now that so many school men in all parts of Pennsylvania know Dr. Higbee, it has been thought that brief personal mention of fact or incident, casually referred to in the freedom of personal intercourse, and some statement of impressions fixed through years of intimate acquaintance, would be of especial interest in these columns. When we enjoy a man we want to know more about him, and yet more—all about him, if that were possible.

His father, at one time a man of ample means, having by an ill-starred endorsement lost his property, it was early the good fortune of the son to feel the necessity for self-dependence.

In deference to the wishes of his mother, he declined a desirable appointment as cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point—turning aside from a branch of the national service for which he seemed especially fitted from his ardent love of adventure, his great strength and skill in all athletic sports, his fearless energy, good judgment, fine social qualities, rare mental gifts, and the ready command of all his powers at any moment. Had he entered the army thirty five years ago, and studied the science and art of war as he has since devoted himself to the sciences and arts of peace, he would, doubtless, long ere this have attained high militaty rank and reputation.

Instead of West Point, he entered the University of Vermont, where, at the same time that he was recognized as one of the most gifted students in the class-room or on the platform, he became known as champion foot-ball player of New England as well as one of her champion wrestlers, having in his college days encountered but one man—and he a Canadian of firm-set limb and mighty strength of loins—whom he could not put down and keep down in this good-natured test of bodily skill and strength and endurance. A good wrestler must be "good" all over, and weak nowhere. He was also a famous cricketer, until a finger broken by the ball compelled him to forego the vigorous game.

On a recent visit of his brother from the Pacific coast, a few months ago, the latter inquired whether he remembered how he (Dr. H.) had learned to skate, saying that it had impressed him as a remarkable thing at the time, and that he had often thought of it since. We mention the incident here as illustrating his boyhood mastery of a boyhood art, as perhaps not another lad in ten

thousand has acquired it. The boy had buckled on his skates for the first time, but had hardly got upon the ice before a sudden and stunning fall put an end to his anticipations of sport. He promptly took them off, and could not be induced to put them on again during the winter. Ice coming again with the next winter, he went out with the boys as before, put on the skates a second time, and glided away from everybody—a skillful master of the art! Between his fall and the second time he buckled on the skates, he had become a skillful skater—not on, but off the ice! *The boy had thought it out.* Going along the road to school during the summer—anywhere, everywhere—without a word on the subject to anybody, the lad was trying the slide, studying it, until he had mastered its theory and the concept was clear. Then much of the strength and skill acquired in other directions here came into play, and he led the lively company many a merry chase.

Hunting with shot-gun or rifle among the Green Mountains; fishing in the streams and lakes; living in the woods, under the trees, in the shadow of the rocks, or beneath the open sky; at home in marshes and meadows—the eagerly observant student of birds and beasts and fishes, trees and plants and flowers, clouds and sky and stars, natural appearances and phenomena in manifold variety—he early acquired that love of nature in her ten thousand phases and objects of interest, which gives so much of added charm to his conversation, to his platform addresses, and to all his literary work.

Some years since, at the corporation dinner at Burlington, Vermont—which is given by the city corporation on graduation day to the University and its alumni—at the right and left of President Buckham of the University sat Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, and Dr. Higbee, President of Mercersburg Theological Seminary. After Dr. McCosh had been introduced and had made his speech, the President in introducing Dr. Higbee, remarked, "The last time I saw *him* was many years ago, on the campus behind the University. It was on the day when his class graduated. He had the foot-ball in his hand, as he shouted, 'Here goes for *the last kick*!' The records of the University show that the ball went over the four-story building, *three feet higher* than it was ever kicked before or since!"

This "muscular" introduction—worthy the prowess of a brilliant Eton or Harrow or Rugby boy, come back to an alumni dinner at Oxford, with honored laurels won in other fields—was, of course, greeted with generous applause. The triumphs of the playground, the campus, the cricket or the diamond field, we can all appreciate; and with them the brightest minds have keenest sympathy.

On the same day, immediately after his graduation, he was offered a most desirable position in the office of one of the leading lawyers of Vermont, a gentleman in possession of a large and lucrative practice, which he wished to leave in the hands of an able successor. Had he accepted this promising offer, he would, no doubt, have become known as a lawyer of profound learning, and as an eminently successful advocate of splendid forensic ability. His gifts as a public speaker, his mastery of statecraft, and the fiery energy of argument, or appeal, or denunciation, which would then have been cultivated rather than repressed—ambition lending its sharp spur to his intent—would have made him known prominently in the political arena of struggle and preferment, during the memorable era of the past thirty years.

But he turned resolutely from all this to the higher life of the teacher-student, of college professor and president; to the quiet round of clerical duty—so often a life of actual privation—accepting whatever of duty or obligation a wise Providence might have in store. And well was that choice made. As a clergyman, his rank is undisputed as one of the foremost divines in the Reformed Church of the United States. He has preached thousands of able discourses, yet has in his possession but a few sermons completely written out, being exceedingly impatient of manuscript, seldom caring to re-read a paper or to repeat an address—though at the same time very careful, painstaking and accurate in the preparation of any formal paper or official report, for illustration of which the reader is referred to his annual reports as Superintendent of Public Instruction.

In the field of instruction, his rank is simply extraordinary. Men skilled in specialties say of him, "Dr. Higbee should teach nothing but Greek,"—"Dr. Higbee should never teach anything but Latin"—"nothing but Philosophy of History"—"nothing but English Literature"—"nothing but Church History and Exegesis"—"nothing but Mathematics"—in fact, nothing but the specialty in which he happens, for any length of time, to be giving instruction, because in it he has become so able a

master. So thorough is his acquaintance with these varied lines of study and research that he turns, at times, for relaxation and pleasure, to the calculus in mathematics, or to the Greek comedy in the original for the enjoyment it affords.

As chairman of the general committee on music and the revision of the hymnal of the Reformed Church some years ago—with his accustomed broad-gauge thoroughness, in order that the work might be as well done as possible—he made a collection of hymnology, mediæval and modern—Latin, German and English—which is spoken of by those competent to form a reliable judgment, as probably the most complete to be found anywhere in Pennsylvania. Had he devoted his life to Music or Painting, he would have been a master in either direction, the work that he has done as an amateur being sufficient evidence of this.

For an ordinary lifetime he has been on the footing of acquaintance, more and more familiar as the years have passed, with the master spirits of all the ages of history—kings whose brows are encircled not with shifting metal crowns but with the aureola of immortality; who rule by divine right in the realm of the intellect and in that sphere higher yet, the empire of the heart; whose voices speak to all succeeding generations; whose thought has challenged and quickened the thought of all great thinkers since their time. He is as familiar with Socrates as with Luther; with St. Paul as with Milton; with Aristophanes as with Shakespeare; with Chaucer as with Longfellow or Tennyson. He knows, as Lord Macaulay did, with a rich fullness of personal experience, "the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages," and this is constantly manifesting itself in his addresses and reports. More than any other man we know, "they have filled his mind with noble and graceful images."

Many of his pupils speak of him as a man with the gift or power of inspiring in them a new and nobler enthusiasm, such as no other man could arouse. We have heard our most earnest Superintendents and Principals of Normal Schools, as well as teachers, say this of him in the work he is endeavoring to do in the State. Built firmly into the development of the mind, his work tells mightily in the life of the soul.

The secret of his power lies in the fact that he lives constantly in two worlds—the spiritual, invisible to the eye of sense, being ever the substantial; and the material, upon which we tread and with which we are in contact on every side, ever the fleeting. For him the past and the future are always the present. In habit of thought like this, life is forever lifted out of the sphere of the commonplace—quite apart from the dollar-and-cent struggle for power and gain—into that altitude where the "strength of the hills" is attained, and the higher air is breathed. From that high sphere radiate none but influences for good to the race. It is here alone that lofty souls may stand upon the very Mount of Vision, sending down, with clarion voice of assured confidence, to those below, the call of the ages, "Come up higher."

As already said, we have never known another man who seemed on terms of such intimate personal acquaintance with the great and good men of all ages. He is of the very brotherhood of genius! We have never known personally a man so many-sided, or capable of high-grade work on so many lines of effort—or another man of whom such an article as this could be written. He will, of course, say on reading it that it is not true of *him!* Modest disclaimer by a man of merit is ever comely, and generous self-negation delightful; but the witness is here ruled out of court. What is written must stand. *We* believe it—and the present seems a case in which it is not best to wait until a man is dead before the many may learn facts well known to the few.

Ex-State Supt. Hickok, who, from the quiet seclusion of his home in Philadelphia, still manifests a sympathetic interest in the cause to which he gave the best years of his life under very trying circumstances, has incidentally touched this subject from his own point of view, in reply to a private letter written shortly after the appointment of Dr. Higbee for a second term. Though published so late as perhaps to have lost some of its point, it possesses an interest that will attract attention among school men. We put the letter into type as deserving to become a part of the permanent record of the present situation in our school affairs, from the standpoint of a veteran observer:

DEAR SIR, * * * Yes, certainly! I do agree with you that the public is to be congratulated on Dr. Higbee's re-appointment. It could not well be otherwise on educational grounds, and Governor Pattison deserves great credit for sagacity and resolute purpose in that regard. It is no disparagement to other aspirants for that conspicuous post of duty, no matter what their abilities, that one so well equipped for the work, in technical details as well as in its higher aspects, and so unselfishly devoted to its interests,

should be continued where his usefulness would be more than doubled because of the fruitful experiences of his first arduous term of service. So far as he is personally concerned, if he had been retired now instead of continued, he could safely rest his official reputation upon his last annual report, one of the soundest, best documents that have emanated from that Department, and very timely and conclusive in its suggestions. It shows that he has passed the stage of investigation into the scope and tendencies of our somewhat peculiar school system, which, as a stranger to its organization and history, he had first to make, and writes now with the confidence of settled convictions as to what its future should be. That the Legislature may not, and probably will not, at once endorse all of his recommendations, proves nothing against their soundness. He is not the first Superintendent who has had to wait a decade or score of years for theories to crystallize into enactments. But they come in time, in one shape or other. *Festina lente* has always been a controlling influence in our school movements, whether we liked it or not; and he is a wise man who recognizes that fact, and tempers zeal with patience. Both are necessary, and in no stinted measure. It is a cause that requires a long look ahead. A Superintendent who is not in advance of public sentiment, as well as fully abreast of the times, would be out of place in that Department. The title of that office—Superintendent of *Public Instruction*—means a great deal more than the routine work of the elementary schools, important and energetic though that must be; and true though it be that the school-room and not the School Department is the objective point of our school system.

The Doctor's re-appointment vindicates anew the forecast and equilibrium of the Act of 1857, creating a separate school department, which holds each successive Governor as a moral hostage for the right management of our school system, through the responsibility centered upon him of selecting its chief administrative officer, after he has had nearly the whole of his gubernatorial term to officially estimate men and measures, and thus act advisedly near the close of his term, instead of hastily and under political pressure at its beginning. The door being open for a change after an unprecedented continuance under one head, itself one of the results of that act, Governor Hoyt did himself special credit, at this stage of our school affairs, by going into the ranks of the clergy for a successor, and assuring himself from the highest learned authorities that the right candidate had been presented. Clergymen are educators by virtue of their profession, and this nomination was only reviving the early traditions of the Commonwealth, when the education of youth, especially in its higher phases, was almost entirely in their hands, and they were looked up to with reverence as the highest authority in the educational world. There were giants among them, and they left a positive impress upon their times.

From 1834 to 1881, all of our State Superintendents were lawyers except three, and of the latter two were professional teachers and one a practical man of affairs. We had many estimable clergymen in the County Superintendency, and in the School Boards, but until 1881 no one of their cloth was placed in supreme command of our Common School system. Now "turn about is fair play," and it seems to me that it was a wise and good thing to let our reverend friends get a foothold on the quarter-deck at last. We shall be the better for it; all the more so when coupled with special qualifications, as in the present case. Dr. Higbee's simple presence in the School Department as a clergyman, disarms and neutralizes the unfounded but tenacious prejudice that still existed against the common schools as "godless" and demoralizing, and his official testimony proves it to be groundless. *We* know that they level up, not down. In some localities, the only idea of order and discipline, good manners, good principles, respect for authority, that children get, they get in the common schools. The clamor referred to has died out, and under clerical leadership we have more than ever for the schools the sympathy and friendly influence of the churches, which is so pervading and powerful, and whose co-operation, but not interference, is so desirable. Christianity, like the air we breathe and the sunlight that blesses us, is a diffused and subtle atmosphere, that bears healing on its wings far beyond sectarian lines, and through the spiritual sense can be felt like an intangible but positive presence in all educational work.

Genial and broad-minded, Dr. Higbee is and cannot fail to be popular, his usefulness steadily growing with ripening experience. With MacAlister in Philadelphia regenerating the First School District, and himself in the School Department with its comprehensive jurisdiction, the educational interests of Pennsylvania were never in better or safer hands than now, and we have a right to cherish "great expectations" as to ultimate results.

Respectfully,

Phila., June 6, 1885. H. C. HICKOK.

THANKFUL TO HAVE KNOWN HIM.

Dr. Higbee was to me a very near and a very dear friend. I learned to love him many years ago. And it has been one of the high privileges of my life, for which I am deeply thankful to Providence, to have known him and to have been admitted into the circle of his warm friendships. Many a time did he in his cordial, whole-souled way give me assurance of this. Never will I forget the affectionate grasp of his hand at the last meeting of the Potomac Synod at Carlisle. It could not be otherwise, then, but that his death came to me as a personal bereavement. The circle of close friendships grows smaller and smaller as one grows old, and as one after another is called away by death, a sense of desolation comes over the soul.

It was my privilege to learn to know Dr.

Higbee when he was yet almost a boy, fresh from his New England home. I was at once impressed with the vigor and keenness of his mind. I was surprised to discover his sympathy with the order of thought in which we had been trained by Dr. Nevin. For this he was indebted, as he told me, to Prof. Torrey, of the University of Vermont. But it was not long before these early impressions were confirmed and greatly enlarged. Dr. Higbee was far more than an ordinary man. In breadth and depth and strength of mind in all its activities; in scholastic equipment, both as to thoroughness and width of scope; in character as to unflinching integrity, devotion to principle and depth of religious life, he had few equals and still fewer superiors. He was such a man as, take him all in all, we very seldom meet.

In social life he was a genial, heartsome companion. Unlike many thoughtful students and learned scholars, he could unbend in the society of his associates, and with a keen relish for wit and anecdote, he could enter with youthful zest into their pleasures and enjoyments. His contagious laugh is no doubt still ringing in the memory of his sorrowing associates.

Of Dr. Higbee as a scholar, I need not speak. Of his unusual ripeness in this regard, his fame is throughout the land. The most surprising characteristic of his learning was that he excelled in so many different departments. It was exceptionally broad and full.

Neither need I speak of him as an educator. The Church and the State are equally enthusiastic in bearing testimony as to his remarkable efficiency.

But of him as a preacher of the Gospel I may say a word. As such he was unquestionably an exception. To say that he was brilliant, does not describe him: for many a brilliant preacher is wanting in power to instruct, to inspire solemn thought, and especially to stir the deep fountains of devotion and religious life. His surprising fund of information gathered from the whole realm of nature and man; his unusual clearness of conception; his vivid imagination blazing into poetic imagery; his wonderful power of clear and sharp-cut expression of thought, combined with an admirable rhetoric, and native, whole-souled oratory, gave him a power to hold and sway an audience, which but very few possess.

But when added to all these rare qualities and endowments, we recollect his unwavering and soul-absorbing faith in the God-man, as the alpha and omega, the centre and the circumference of all things human and divine, and the impassioned spiritual fervor which blazed forth in his language, his manner, indeed from his whole person, it is no wonder that he was a holy inspiration to the attentive listener. And dull was the intellect and cold the heart which was not benefited by his wonderful sermons. Even in private conversation upon his congenial philosophical and theological topics, his admirable powers and enthusiasm would blaze forth. And many were the seed-thoughts gathered and treasured up to this day by his sad and loving friends. To no one man, except my most honored teacher, Dr. Nevin, do I feel myself more deeply indebted in this regard than to my dear friend Dr. Higbee.

But he is gone. To those of us, however, who are marching a little space behind him towards the Heavenly World, it comes with the inspiration of gladness, *the faith*, that the holy ties which death for a while seems to sever, will be reknit over there, to be sundered nevermore.—*Rev. Dr. S. N. Callender, Mount Crawford, Va.*

HOSTS OF FRIENDS WERE OUTRAGED.

Hosts of friends were outraged in the fury of persecution to which, for many months, Dr. E. E. Higbee was subjected because of his proper but—as the sequel showed—impolitic method of administering the civil service in the office of the Department of Soldiers' Orphan Schools. They knew what a trifling matter had thrown wide open the flood-gates of calumny, namely, unwillingness to appoint an unskilled man as chief clerk, in the vain hope that the Governor would consent to his appointment as financial clerk. They saw with amazement a well-organized and patriotic charity represented in such odious coloring that what had been the pride was made to appear the shame of Pennsylvania. They knew, beyond all doubt or question, that it was done not to redress wrong, but to wreak vengeance upon an upright man by wrecking his reputation and driving him from office humiliated and disgraced. With the keenest interest, as though themselves beset by a relentless foe, they watched the progress of this campaign of vilification and falsehood, unexampled in the educational or humanitarian history of the State.

They saw this man endure with heroic fortitude—for months, when struggle would have been of no avail; but also fight gallantly for the truth with all the courage and skill of

the trained soldier when the hour was come for battle. Twice they saw him break the line of the enemy where it was reckoned strongest, each time spiking effectually his noisiest guns—in articles which appear in issues of *School Journal* for April and May, 1886; and again in his crushing reply to Inspector Wagner in the issue for June, 1887. They then saw an *ex parte* investigation, conducted wholly in the interest of the enemy, with slanderous reports emanating almost daily from the hostile camp, and spread far and wide by the telegraph and through the columns of scores of the newspaper press, by many of whose editors they were innocently accepted and published as the truth. They saw the sentiment of the great mass of the reading public harden cruelly upon the side of wrong, and those who were not familiar with the exact situation at Harrisburg awaited with some degree of apprehension the final assault.

But it never came, not because of anything done by Dr. Higbee—for he was most desirous that any charges made should be investigated in a court of justice—but for the reason, as his persecutors very well knew from the beginning, that there was no "case," nor ever had been! We touch this painful subject very briefly, and quote from a resume of the whole matter in the March No. 1888, of the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, in which the outcome of this miserable business is summed up as follows:

> And what profitable result has followed to the schools from all this wide-spread and villainous story of fraud and mismanagement? In a few directions, no doubt, there has been slight improvement — such as might naturally be expected in good schools subjected to so much adverse criticism—all of which could have been effected by a few quiet words; while in other directions the results were discontent, distrust, and demoralization, some of which has not even yet disappeared. So that the schools, as a whole, are little, if at all, better than they were when the "investigation" was entered upon some two years ago. They were good schools then—as they are now—the children being all the while, before and since, well clothed, well taught, well fed, well cared for in every respect. Everywhere will be found the same buildings, with the same sanitary arrangements; the same teachers, with the same course of school-room training; the same physicians, with the same careful and systematic inspection of the pupils; the same attendants, the same school arrangements, and the same general rules for direction and government, subject of course to ordinary changes which time must naturally bring about.
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This article would not be complete without reference to certain personal qualities that have been grossly misrepresented. Instead of being the "dyspeptic parson," with teeth on edge, which some newspapers have persistently pictured him, he is one of the busiest and happiest of men, observing naturally Mr. Beecher's three rules of health: "Eat well, sleep well, and laugh well," and without a trace of dyspepsia, mental or physical. We know no man who tells an apt story with better zest, or laughs over it more heartily. The "merry men" of Sherwood Forest would have welcomed him with open arms to their merry company; and he would have been no unworthy member of the famed society that held its meetings at the Mermaid Tavern, where Beaumont and Fletcher, "gentle Will" and "rare Ben Jonson," came together, with other kindred spirits, each contributing his share to the brilliancy of conversation of those assembled wits and good fellows.

> "What things we have seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."

So run Beaumont's lines, and in just such company would this man Higbee be most at home, for he knows and delights in the dramas of Shakespeare and the contemporary writers of his era as not another man in tens of thousands can. Dyspepsia! He is one of the gladdest souls that breathe vital air and revel in the sunlight.

As has been said at some length elsewhere in this article, Dr. Higbee is an extraordinary man in many directions, but especially in such as require skill in combination for weight or brilliancy of result. Illustrating this his skill in chess may be cited, for during his later college and clerical life he was a recognized master of this fascinating game, and many a confident player of local reputation has come to grief contesting with him the mimic field.

Physically, he is a man of tough, wiry constitution, with great power of endurance, and wholly equal to the arduous duties of the two important positions which he occupies. Though, of course, past the climax of physical strength, if necessity arose he could, as of old, strike a blow like a sledge-hammer, with the quickness of thought and the precision of the skilled boxer. When the Institute season or that of examination and visitation of Normal and Orphan Schools is on, he travels continuously by day and night, working and speaking all the while, with frequent sermons on Sunday, at times preaching twice in one day — and this for

weeks together, coming out of his busy campaign strong and vigorous.

The only physical ailments to which he has any predisposition, are pneumonia from exposure to cold, nervous stricture of the muscles of breathing which results from occasional asthmatic trouble, and an annually recurring hay-fever annoyance—neither nor all of which have in any sense prevented the full and complete discharge of the varied and important duties devolving upon him as Superintendent.

What was designed to crush him, and would have crushed a weaker official, has but given him new strength, and made more evident the granite temper of his mind and the steel-like quality of his endurance. His numerous friends have been more outraged than even himself at the unremitting efforts which have been made to destroy the reputation, to belittle the character and work, and if possible, to bring into popular contempt, the ripest scholar and one of the very ablest and best men, who has ever held office as Superintendent of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania. And this article is published as an indirect reply to the attacks of men brutal in instinct or such as "know not what they do." A pleasing incident in this connection, and one that has but recently come to our knowledge is very significant. Neither of the eminent lawyers, George F. Baer, Esq., of Reading, or Hon. John Stewart, of Chambersburg, whom Dr. Higbee retained as counsel in the "late unpleasantness," would accept pay for his legal advice and services. They felt and said that the satisfaction of having rendered assistance to a friend in so just a cause was an all-sufficient reward.—*From Pennsylvania School Journal for July, 1887.*

REMINISCENCE OF DR. HIGBEE.

The following is from the pen of Rev. Dr. W. S. Alexander, Pastor of the North Avenue Congregational church, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Dr. Alexander so much resembles Dr. Higbee in appearance that, on a recent visit to the family of the latter in Lancaster, a bright little grandson and namesake, to whom Dr. H. was much attached, addressed him at once as "Grandpa," brought him his toys, and was very glad to see him. When Dr. A. went away, little Elnathan said that Grandpa had "gone back to Heaven again!"

My heart has been greatly saddened by the intelligence of the death of Dr. Higbee, which did not reach me until my arrival in Philadelphia a few days ago. I formed his acquaintance under peculiar circumstances just after the battle of Gettysburg. The circumstances of our first meeting endeared him to me, and bound him to me by the strongest bonds. My first hour with him was a precious revelation of his tender and Christ-like nature.

I was in Gettysburg as a delegate of the Christian Commission. While I was taking my supper in a house where I had sought enterment the evening after the battle, two officers, one a Lieutenant Colonel and the other a Major in Sickles' Brigade, knocked at the door, and demanded supper. They were both brutally drunk. The married daughter, soon to become a mother, was in the room. The Major approached her and outrageously insulted her. I told him to desist and let the woman alone. He turned upon me with all the fury of a drunken man, struck me upon the head with his sword, cutting to the skull, and ran his sword into my thigh. He tried to drag me into a back alley way, with the evident purpose of killing me. I was rescued by the Captain of an Indiana company and taken to the headquarters of General Cutler. The drunken officers followed. General Cutler took in the situation at once, ordered the men to the guard-house, and kindly asked me to share his tent for the night.

In the morning about 3 o'clock, General James Wadsworth sent for me, asked me to breakfast with him, and said he was ordered to march at 4 o'clock that morning, and if I would go with him he would at the first halt summon a drumhead court-martial and try my assailants. I was put upon the Major's horse, and the Major and Lieutenant Colonel, who had slept off their drunk, marched behind our horses in the deep mud. As we approached Emmitsburg, General Wadsworth said to me, "We are on a forced march, and I do not know when we can halt. You are exhausted from the loss of blood and unable to go further; I will send you into Emmitsburg, and from there you can make your way to Baltimore, and we will court-martial these men at the earliest possible moment."

When I dismounted from my horse in the outskirts of Emmitsburg, I was lame and sick. My hair was matted with blood from my wound, and it goes without saying that I was cheerless and disheartened. It was the darkest hour in my life. I watched the men, civilians and soldiers, as they passed me. My eye fell upon a man whose face attracted me. I approached him and asked him if he was a minister. He said, "I am." I told him the story. He said, "You have spoken to the right man. Come with me." On the way he called a physician, and then took me to the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Joshua Motter. There I was welcomed by the entire household. Had they been dressed in angelic robes their great kindness could not have impressed me more deeply.

That home was mine till I was able to start for Baltimore. Their hospitality was abundant, sympathetic and kindly to the last degree. Those days and weeks are among the brighest of my life. Dr. Higbee accompained me to Baltimore. His friendship was exceedingly

precious to me. His death removes one of the fairest, sweetest, and most gifted of men. I am glad of the privilege of putting on record this very inadequate expression of what the man was to me. In years after he was my guest in my western home and preached in my church, the First Presbyterian Church of Racine, Wisconsin. His sermons evinced a rare mind and a warm, loving heart. They were long and gratefully remembered by the large audience which listened to him. How poorly can we afford to lose such men as Dr. Higbee from the circle of our friends or the consecrated life and service of the Church!

APPOINTMENT TO THE OFFICE.

When the question of the confirmation of the Governor's appointee was before the Senate, Hon. John Stewart, of Franklin County, made the following remarks:

His Excellency, Governor Hoyt, has sent to the Senate, in connection with the Superintendency of Public Instruction in this State, the name of Dr. Higbee. This distinguished honor having been conferred by His Excellency upon a citizen of the county which I represent in this body, it may not be improper, even though it be unnecessary, that I should certify to the Senate the qualifications and fitness of the gentleman named for this high position. It would not have occurred to me to do so except for the fact that Dr. Higbee has but few personal friends in the Senate, and is even unknown by reputation to most of them. This is not strange when it is considered that he comes from the seclusion of the student and the teacher, and not from the busy, crowded walks of public life. For many years he has been the honored chief of the principal institution of learning in Franklin county. All the active years of his life have been devoted to educational work. He has had large, varied, and successful experience in this connection. That experience has inspired him with an enthusiasm in the cause of education. His wide and varied learning justly commands the respect and admiration of the most eminent scholars of our State, and to his high scholastic attainments he adds the culture and graces of a pure and noble life. He brings to the discharge of the duties of his office these high qualifications, and to these he adds a faithful devotion to the public interest. In saying this much for Dr. Higbee, and in predicting for his administration of the affairs of the high office a full measure of success, I feel that I but anticipate the popular approval which is sure to follow his work.

The confirmation was made, and on April 1st, 1881, he entered upon the duties of his office, as the successor of Dr. J. P. Wickersham. In announcing the appointment of his successor in *The School Journal*, Dr. Wickersham wrote as follows:

Dr. Higbee enjoys the reputation of being a very fine scholar. It is claimed that he is equally well versed in languages, mathematics, literature and history. Those who know him best give him credit for large executive power; but whatever its measure, he will find it taxed to the utmost in the management of the great work now intrusted to his hands. His weakness in taking charge of the school affairs of the Commonwealth—and no man is his friend who conceals it from him—is his failure to identify himself heretofore with public school men and public school interests, and his want of a practical knowledge of the extensive and varied and often complicated business details of his office. He takes command of an army of 40,000 teachers and school officers and of 1,000,000 children, almost unknown to every individual composing the great body. This disability may be overcome, but it can only be done by generalship of the highest kind, and a whole-souled devotion to the work in hand. The retiring officer, in writing thus, wishes him the most distinguished success.

The disability of being personally unknown to the teachers and school men of the State was readily overcome, and with little conscious effort on the part of the genial Superintendent. It was a *Veni, vidi, vici* campaign, and the measure of success wished for by Dr. Wickersham was, as his friends anticipated, very soon attained.

MEMORIAL DAY AT LANCASTER.

The exercises at the Lancaster High School on Friday afternoon, January 31st, 1889, were of an impressive and appropriate character. Two of the hymns sung were written by Dr. Higbee and are from the German Reformed Hymnal. The funeral dirge by Handel was sung at his funeral by the High School, and the remaining hymns were his especial favorites. There were also three of his poems read by girls named on the programme. Other readings were selected from what has been written of the Doctor and his work since his death. Mr. James C. Gable, one of the teachers, introduced the programme and the reading of Governor Beaver's proclamation with remarks as follows: "We are met to observe a Memorial Day appointed in honor of a great and good man. Called to the most important office in the Commonwealth, he gave to the discharge of its duties and responsibilities such powers and energies as are possible only to one of his deep nature. He has fallen, stricken where all good men would wish to die, at the post of duty. It is but meet that we begin these exercises by the reading of the proclamation of our worthy Chief Magistrate." Rev. Dr. Hark made the formal address of the occasion, and the music, which was very effective, was under the direction of Prof. Carl Matz.

The following is the programme of exercises. It was specially printed for the occasion, as were also the hymns, both words and music. Three of these hymns are found elsewhere in this Memorial Volume.

Hymn—"On the Fount of Life Eternal," Goudimel. (One of Dr. Higbee's favorite hymns, both words and music.)
Proclamation—"The Great Seal of the State," (Gov. Jas. A. Beaver) . . . . . James C. Gable.
Reading—"Dr. Higbee: The Scholar and the Man," (Supt. R. M. Streeter) . . . . . F. C. Sweeton.
Reading (Poem)—"Christus Consolator" (E. E. Higbee). Effie G. Bowman.
Hymn—"Thy Glory Thou didst Manifest" (E. E. Higbee).
Reading—"A Prince Has Fallen" (J. P. McCaskey), Lulu Getz.
Reading—"Dr. Higbee: The Preacher and the Teacher," (Rev. E. M. Kremer) . . . . . John D. Pyott.
Reading—"Ode to a Sparrow," (E. E. Higbee). M. K. Eagles.
Hymn—"Asleep in Jesus" (Margaret Mackay) . . . Saxton.
Tribute to the Memory of Rev. Dr Higbee, by Rev. J. Max Hark, D. D., Pastor of Moravian Church, Lancaster, Pa.
Reading—"Dr. Higbee's First School in Vermont," (Rev. R. H. Howard) . . . . . Carl F Rengier.
Hymn—"Jesus, O'er the Grave Victorious" (E. E. Higbee).
Reading (Poem)—"On His Fiftieth Birthday, 1880," (E. E. Higbee) . . . . . May L. Kauffman.
Reading—"Dr. Higbee's Grand Work at Mercersburg," (Prof. J. B. Kerschner) . . . . . Chas. E. Bonine.
Reading—"Reviewing Dr. Higbee's Public School Work" (Dr. Edward Brooks) . . . . . John A. Nauman.
Funeral Dirge—"Unveil Thy Bosom, Faithful Tomb," Handel. (Music from Dead March in "Saul.")
Benediction . . . . . Rev. Dr. Hark.
Singing by the Schools under direction of Prof. Carl Matz.

The Memorial address of Rev. J. Max Hark was as follows:

He, whose memory we come to honor this afternoon was so many-sided a man, and from every side was so admirable and excellent, that to dwell upon more than one or two of the phases of his character and usefulness is impossible at a time or on an occasion like this. Nor is it easy to decide which should be chosen for special remark where all seem equally remarkable. I would, therefore, recall to your loving remembrance to-day, Dr. Higbee as we all knew him in his capacity of a public educator, or, more definitely, as the exponent and example of the only true end of all education, and of our public school system in particular, namely, a broad, human culture.

I use the word culture in contradistinction to mere technical instruction and training. The former may include the latter, but the latter may and, also, too often does exclude the former. Culture affects the whole man, special instruction only some part or parts of him. That the latter should be substituted for the former, the part for the whole, was for a long time the chief danger that threatened our system of public instruction. The danger is one that must always be guarded against, though in our State, which has had such men as Dr. Wickersham and Dr. Higbee at the head of its schools, we may feel more secure than they are in some other parts of our country. Certainly, however, the reproach, just or unjust, is still heard on many sides, that our normal schools and public schools turn out good spellers, and grammarians, and geographers, and arithmeticians, but not enough men and women who can think correctly on any subject outside of their text-books, form broad, true views of life, and have refined tastes and lofty aspirations. To all such I would hold up Dr. Higbee as the embodiment of what our public education means to attain, the end it hopes to reach. I would say to them and to all, "He was what we are aiming at. We may never turn out many specimens of the finely-cultured gentleman as perfect as he was, but he is the kind of man, his the kind of culture, we are striving to attain." There was nothing partial about him, nothing superficial and make believe, nothing narrow, nothing crude and coarse and raw. Such a manhood as his, such a symmetrically rounded life, is not produced by any merely technical instruction. It is the type of that culture for which our public schools are trying to lay the broad and deep foundations.

Let me also emphasize one or two of its characteristics, emphasize them especially for the younger portion of my audience.

First, true culture, such as Dr. Higbee had, and held to be the end of all sound education, is something practically useful. There are still some benighted people who believe, or pretend to believe, that any education other than teaching how to measure dry-goods and weigh groceries and count dollars and cents, is unpractical and unnecessary; that to know the reason of things, to see their beauty, and to understand their inner meaning, is a mere superfluous accomplishment, rather in the way than otherwise of any one who wants to make a living.

Was it the case with Dr. Higbee? Did his knowledge of botany, and of half-a-dozen other branches of natural science, make him less profound as a theologian, less eloquent as a preacher, or less useful as a pastor? On the contrary, we know it was just this that gave him much of his grace and power in the pulpit, and if he had so willed might have made him one of the most popular and effective ministers in the State. Did his exquisite taste in the fine arts and literature, and his fine poetical gifts, make him less successful as a teacher, less beloved and proficient as a professor? We know that it was just this that largely contributed to his eminent usefulness and strong influence in this capacity. Did his Hebrew scholarship, his intimate acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics, his profound philosophy and rich store of historical lore, make him less available for the high office of State Superintendent, with all its demands for practical knowledge of details and executive ability?

It was just these that lifted him up so high among the nation's educators, and made him the peer of any State Superintendent in the land. It was because he knew so much more than a Superintendent must know, and was so much more than a mere school man must be, that made him to excel in his office. It was because of the depth and breadth of his culture that he was fit to take up almost any special line of work he might have chosen, and would have been able not only to "make a living" in any one of a dozen different spheres of activity, but to excel in each one of them.

Secondly, and finally, true culture is reverent and religious. The irreverent infidel is one-

sided in his culture; there is a lack of right balance between his various faculties of mind and heart. It is only a "little knowledge" that is dangerous. A well-rounded, symmetrical character, such as was Dr. Higbee's, must be in right relations to God, the divine, eternal Truth. He was a standing rebuke to all that merely skin-deep science which can, indeed, weigh and measure and count correctly, but has not sense enough to know or even believe in anything which its scales cannot weigh or its yard-sticks measure.

To him every flower that bloomed was fragrant of Heaven, every star that shone in the sky reflected God's glory; the mountains were God's monuments, on whose every rock and stone was inscribed his name; whose every blade of grass and every lofty tree pointed upward to him. Without God, without the Eternal Love, star nor flower, mountain, nor forest, would have had any meaning to him. The earth would have seemed a dead clod, a world-corpse, without Him whose Spirit alone is its life, for whom and in whom alone it exists. As a king uncrowned is culture without religion; the crown is essential to its royalty. Without it, we must ever suspect it of being a mere pretender. Was there anything Dr. Higbee's life and words ever taught more plainly, more constantly, than this?

At the close of the programme, before the final hymn, Mr. McCaskey, principal of the boys' department, spoke much as follows:

During the past three weeks I have been at work upon the February number of *The Pennsylvania School Journal*. It was announced that it would be made a Memorial number, and that contributions would be received from such as desired to send the same in honor of Dr. E. E. Higbee (I would say State Superintendent Higbee, instead of the familiar name by which he is everywhere known, but this nor any other title can add honor or dignity to the memory of so good a man!) It was supposed that these tributes might occupy an ordinary number to the exclusion of other matter. Shall I say that I have been surprised at the response to this request? I have been amazed at it! This Memorial number will be twice the average size, and yet much matter that has been received must be omitted.

The wide range of these tributes is their most striking feature. They serve to bring into strong prominence the many-sided culture of Dr. Higbee, his extraordinary scholarship, his fine artistic sense, his intense personality, his intuitions quick as the lightning and yet his power of "toiling terribly," his unselfish nature, his great loving heart, his impress for good upon all with whom he came into contact—this man who went about his work so quietly, such work as few men do, or can do. I used to think that I knew him and his history—and eight years of intimate personal acquaintance would seem to afford reason fairly good for thinking so—but I did not know him. It is true, I knew far more of him than there is in most men—of reputation even—to be known; but within the past three weeks I have learned that which lifts affection into reverence, both for the extraordinary man he was in himself and for the great work that he has done for God and for humanity—of which in large part I was ignorant. How glad I should be, with this broader knowledge of the man and his influence for good, to see him come into my door as of old!—to welcome him again to this platform and your audience! But Death relaxes nothing of his inflexible decree.

"Oh, cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command," is the heart-cry of a child of genius, "for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered and honored head thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand *was* open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm and tender, and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound to sow the world with life immortal."

No, Dr. Higbee is not dead. He is still with us in the thoughts he has breathed into our thinking; in the habits which these thoughts have formed or encouraged; in memories sweet with the fragrance of affection and gratitude. Take with you this thought, in something of its tremendous significance, as expressed by a recent English poet:

> The dead abide with us! Tho' stark and cold
> Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still;
> They have forged our chains of being for good or ill,
> And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
> Our perishable bodies are the mould
> In which their strong imperishable will—
> Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—
> Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold,
> Vibrations infinite of life in death,
> As a star's traveling light survives the star!
> So may we hold our lives that when we are
> The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
> They shall not drag us to their judgment bar,
> And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

Dr. Higbee has bequeathed to the world a goodly heritage. What shall ours be—yours and mine—when the account is made up of influences good and bad that we have set in motion?—of work good and bad forever done? Remember this: The day once gone is *gone!* "You cannot bend the Past out of its eternal shape."

BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

We are compelled, in closing, to condense much matter into small space, and hence present extracts more or less brief from numerous letters and other communications, with and without credit to the writers, omitting very much that we should be glad to insert. The same charm of light and warmth and color pervades them all:

Major Jos. K. Bolton, of the Department of Public Instruction, Harrisburg, writes: "Dr. Higbee was a friend the fragrance of whose

life has often cheered and helped us when the world seemed cold and unfeeling. His learning and culture did not take from him the meek and lowly spirit which characterizes those who sit at the feet of Christ and learn of Him. In the years of my work for him I have always found him tender and kind, He loved men's sympathies, and felt keenly the cruel thrusts of unjust suspicion and wrong. But he endured without a murmur, and with such patience as touched our hearts, *because* we loved him. We miss him and mourn our loss, but we also feel that he is beyond the reach of anything that can harm or disturb his peace. Only the curse is left behind, and the glory put on which is in reserve for all the finally faithful."

Dr. Higbee was a foremost mind and spirit in the great field of popular education, carrying into it a sympathetic heart, a cultured intellect, and generous, lofty spirit. Well may his immediate co-workers in Pennsylvania mourn his death. They have sustained a loss not easily supplied, and those of us in the more distant fields of our great Union, mingle our tears of regret and sorrow with those who were nearer to him, and who have a more complete sense of his worth, his truth, and his manly earnestness. He leaves a rich heritage to the State and the Nation in a character pure, noble, lofty, and altogether worthy of study and imitation.—*Hon. A. J. Russell, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Tallahassee, Florida.*

The death of Dr. Higbee was a severe shock to the people of our county. He was very highly esteemed, and expressions of sorrow are on every tongue. He was an inspiration to all. His profound scholarship, his eloquence, and, above all, his kind and genial disposition, could not but endear him to all who knew him well. He has made for himself a name that will endure when monuments of art shall have crumbled. His memory will be kept green in the hearts of our rising generation.—*Supt. A. J. Beitzel, Cumberland County, Pa.*

In my short acquaintance with Dr. E. E. Higbee, I know of nothing that lets more light into his soul nature, showing his deep, loving and comforting sympathy, than his letters to me bearing on the awful calamity of May 31, '89. His heart seemed to palpitate in every line he wrote, and burn in every word he spoke. Words poured forth from burning hearts are sure to kindle the hearts of others. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." Therefore the Doctor is not dead.—*Supt. J. M. Leech, Cambria County, Pa.*

It is a singular fact that on the very day that he was to have been here to address this body of directors, teachers, and people, he has been laid away in a new-made grave. I need not speak of the brilliancy of his intellect. You know something of that as it shone out from every relation of his public and private life. He was a man of genial disposition, broad culture, and undoubted integrity. He held malice toward none, but a sweet Christian charity for all. His nature was all sunshine, and happy was he who could bask in that sunshine and warm himself by the fires of his friendship. I fear the cruel outrage of that unjust and merciless assault upon this good man was to him as the sting of death. But the storm soon spent its fury; the ominous clouds passed off that for a brief while had obscured the sun; warmth and gladness again filled the atmosphere of his life, every care dispelled and almost every prejudice driven away. Peace to his ashes! Consolation to his friends and loved ones! Fragrant flowers for his tomb! And may sweetest memories ever linger around the name of our dead chieftain.—*Co Supt. Matt. Savage, Clearfield, Pa,*

Dr. Higbee was a man of wide culture, a thorough scholar in every department of learning, and a Christian gentleman of the highest character. As State Superintendent of Public Instruction he was energetic, enthusiastic, and progressive; and his administration of the affairs of his high office has made a permanent impression on the school system of the State. His public and his private life were alike blameless, and he will be mourned by thousands who knew him intimately and loved him well. Although dead, he will live long in the hearts and lives of the many to whom his example and instruction have been an inspiration.—*Dr. E. O Lyte, Principal State Normal School, Millersville, Pa.*

Dr. Higbee will never be forgotten in Pennsylvania. The first time I heard him speak, I was forcibly impressed by his superior ability and attainments. Years later, he visited our Institute, and, taking me by the hand, give me helpful words of encouragement. By his kindliness, by his kingliness, he was sure to impress all with whom he came in contact. At the same time, he was a modest gentleman, who made no effort to bring his greatness to the attention of the public. But that is one feature of his character that will make him stand forth all the greater in history. Truly we have lost a man we could ill afford to lose. Such a man he was, indeed, that of him we can truly say, "Our loss is his gain."—*County Supt. F. H. Sylder, Orrstown, Franklin County, Pa.*

For the past eight years I have attended the annual meetings of the State Teachers' Association and the conventions of Superintendents, and at these meetings there have been many distinguished educators; but never have I heard any one that I thought eclipsed our honored State Superintendent. He was one of the sweetest-spirited, most whole-souled, and most conscientious men I have ever known.—*Co. Supt. J. S. Grimes, Columbia County, Pa.*

Dr. E. E. Higbee was to have been with us on Tuesday. Oh, how much we missed him! He was present at both our former Institutes, and by his words of encouragement and instruction he won the hearts of all. His culture and kindness made him a universal favorite among our citizens.—*City Supt. S. Transeau, Williamsport, Pa.*

Never in the history of our county has there been such universal sorrow amongst the educational workers as this, caused by the decease of our worthy State Superintendent. Teachers

and pupils alike seem to feel that they have lost a dear friend. May his memory ever linger in the hearts of our youth, and the pattern of his devoted life ever stimulate them to higher and nobler aims.—*Supt. M. F. Cass, Tioga County, Pa.*

"I never knew one who had less terror of death, for he looked upon it as but a new birth to life; and yet I never knew one of stronger, sincerer, more devoted and unselfish attachments for those he loved, and to leave them, though it might be to gain a crown, was always to him a struggle and a pang. Not for himself, but for God and his friends and humanity, he lived, and shrank to die. For them he truly lived, and for them and in devotion to their service verily he died. 'Requiescat in pace,' all who knew him and loved him may truly say."

"The news of Dr. Higbee's death brought burning tears to our eyes and deep sorrow to our hearts. As a token of the high esteem in which he is regarded by us here, we held memorial services in the church [Tiffin, Ohio] that was erected during the time of his pastorate, and which now stands a monument to his energy and toil."

"My heart is so sore over the death of our honored and beloved teacher! What a treasure we who remain must surrender in his death! If we would tell the story of what he has been to us, where should we begin, or where leave off? It seems to me that there can be no other funeral discourse worthy of him than the story of the love and gratitude, worthily told, which is felt towards him by the favored ones who were permitted to sit at his feet as learners, and be impressed by the lessons of Love and Wisdom which he taught. I cannot tell you what it means for me that he whom I admire above all men that I have ever known; who has shown me the path of duty as no other did; whose kind and generous bearing towards me impressed his image indelibly in my heart, has gone for a season beyond my sight."

"AUF WIEDERSEHEN!"

The first time I met Dr. Higbee was soon after his appointment as State Superintendent in 1881. It did not take long to become acquainted with him, for of all his faculties, that of making friends and attaching them to him was perhaps the most remarkable and most extraordinary. In this respect he seemed to possess a sort of fascination, by which all generous-hearted people who came into his presence were attracted towards him, and bound to him by ties which neither time nor circumstance had power to dissolve.

Though he had done most of his teaching in the higher institutions of learning, and had paid little attention to the public schools, it required but a short time for him to become familiar with the system. He often spoke in the highest terms of the work done by his predecessors—the former State Superintendents—and expressed surprise to find such a vast system, in all its details, in such splendid condition. In a remarkably short time he had made his way into every county and become acquainted with the school men of the State.

This is not the time nor the occasion to speak at length of his work; suffice it to say that from the day on which he entered the public service until that on which he passed the gates of death, he was never a follower, but always a leader. Many of the measures of which we feel proud were engrafted upon the system during his administration, and through his reports and addresses he came to be universally recognized as one of the ablest and most efficient State Superintendents in the country.

I prefer to speak of him now as a co-laborer, a companion, and friend. During his entire administration our relations were very close and intimate, and I am glad to say there never was the slightest misunderstanding between us. To see him in sickness and in health, in joy and in sadness, in prosperity and in adversity—this was to know and to love him.

We attended many Institutes together. The last one of these was at Norristown, shortly before his death. Here we occupied the same room, and it was during this trip that I became convinced that his health was rapidly declining, and that the world and the things of the world were fast fading away before him. Feeble as he was, he made two addresses, one before the Institute and another to the convention of Directors. While both were excellent, the first was one of the most effective I have ever heard. It was a plea for the proper training of the children, and was delivered with such fervor and pathos that it made a wonderful impression, and he was congratulated on every side.

Our last meeting was at Harrisburg, on Monday, December 9th, where we took dinner together. We had a delightful hour, and little did I think then that it would be our last meeting. We walked together to the office, where he spent several hours before taking the train for Mifflin. When he left he bade each one Good-bye, and the last words he spoke—a favorite expression of his when leaving, was the German—*Auf Wiedersehen!*

The next evening, when the day's work was about done and we sat together in the Department engaged in friendly conversation, our thoughts turning to the Doctor,

we were expressing regret that he should continue to do platform work in his enfeebled condition, when the conversation was suddenly and sadly broken by a telegram saying that Dr. Higbee was stricken down with apoplexy at the station near Mifflin, and that we should meet the train which would bring him to Harrisburg. The scene at the station was a sad one, indeed. He was unconscious and recognized no one. The hand which always grasped another's so heartily lay motionless at his side, and that voice whose every tone was music was hushed and still.

He is gone. The death of such a man awakens many sad but sweet reflections and touches the heart with tenderest emotion. It can fall to the lot of few men to die amidst so warm a gratitude flowing from the hearts of those with whom and for whom he labored. "AUF WEIDERSEHEN!"

—Hon. Henry Houck, Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, Harrisburg, Pa.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS IN PROSE AND VERSE FROM DR. HIGBEE.

ADDRESS BEFORE AN INSTITUTE.

ALL acknowledge the necessity of educating the young; but this necessity may be grounded upon merely relative ends, and thus great injury may be done at the very start. The necessity for education is found in the nature of the child. There are involved in his person, great possibilities; and forces also of vast significance from behind his individual will are entering into the web and woof of his being, which are to be taken up and finally made to be elements of his character. These possibilities are to be actualized and, so far as lies in our power, the possibilities of evil must be repressed, and those of the good be encouraged. Education must be based upon the need of a fully-developed personality. The furniture of the life already at hand, or the talents already given, must not be hidden in a napkin or buried in the earth.

The danger now is, that, in the pressure upon our attention of the thousand interests of our social order, calling for instruction in the arts and sciences, now almost innumerable, we may so dissipate our elementary training as to make the minds of the children fragmentary—forgetting the solemn interest of a fully-developed personality, without which no one is prepared to accomplish the mission of life.

Teaching is often spoken of as a *moulding process*, and so it is. But mind is not moulded like clay or iron, externally. The moulding power must come from within. The child is not a thing, but a personality —a thought of Jehovah—with possibilities which baffle all finite measurement. You cannot treat the child as a thing—for the plastic elements which are to form his character are to operate from within his own being, and the teacher must come to apprehend at the very outset of his or her work what that being involves. From behind the child's individual life, yet entering therein with conditioning powers, are the broad forces of race, and nationality, and sex, and family life. These form elements of study and serious thought upon the part of the teacher, for they reach beyond the body into the interior psychic structure of the child, and constitute a vast natural force which the child has to take up and carry upward from their base in the natural into ethical freedom, into the spiritual structure of character.

What organic differences, for example, confront us in sex, challenging us to pay regard thereto! The two sexes cannot be treated alike, and it was never intended they should be. The differences show themselves at once. The boy, under the power of a determining phantasy, begins to ride his stick for a horse, while the girl dresses her doll; and as they grow older, although brother and sister, they remove farther from each other in temperament and forms of feeling and thought.

Passing from what thus enters into the individual life from behind all self-conscious activity, let us look at the being of the child as made up of body and soul. The body becomes important as the investiture of the soul, as the earthly image which it bears, as the ultimate in which it meets the surrounding physical world. Every teacher should have sufficient information in reference to bodily life, to guide the young in dietetics and gymnastics, and in all that pertains to the prophylactic side of medical knowledge; and beyond this there are peculiar temperaments that inhere in the bodily structure which must be understood.

If all this and much more is true relating to the body, how much greater must be the need of knowing the powers of the soul! There are temperaments, so to speak, there also. You may find a pupil in whom the will-side preponderates, with the imminent danger of stubborn wilfulness, calling for you to open the way for it to organize itself

into a great administrative power for good. Again, you may have one in whom the intellect-side preponderates, reaching out into the pride of rationalism, needing your most careful restraints and encouragements. Here again is one in whom the emotional in the form of imagination has the ascendency, in imminent danger of falling into mere sentimentalism, calling for you to open the way for it to reach out into the realm of the beautiful in the way of æsthetic culture. These inner soul tendencies, these beginning impulses of the soul, under the power of influences which flow down from the world of ideas, require your steady and most careful attention. You can not master the knowledge required here by examination of specific or technical journals. What is required is the broad, full, liberal culture of your own personality.

What are commonly called *faculties* of the mind, we prefer to call recipient forms. The *will* never creates the *good*, but only opens the way for the good to have place in our personal life. The intellect does not make the *true*, but opens the way for it to authenticate itself. Such also is the situation between the *imagination* and the beautiful; and hence, in the culture of these so-called faculties, that for which they are creatively given must be the end toward which they should be directed; and this is no relative end, as is at once apparent when we recognize that the Good and the True and the Beautiful have their source in God, and flow down from him to apprehend and be apprehended, that we may live to a purpose infinitely elevating.

Now it is impossible for the mind to evolve itself, except in the presence of an already awakened intelligence. Without this, though surrounded by all the facts of the universe, there can be no culture, no movement, much beyond that of the lower nature. Teaching, therefore, is not a science, nor an art—*it is a virtue, an ethical movement*, a relation of mind to mind, of will to will, of soul to soul. There may be, and is, a science *of it*, but *it itself* is not a science. From this we can see the absolute need of our own *personal culture* as teachers.

For example, Grammar is an abstract science; but to teach it you must refer back to its concrete base in language. Your preparation must pass beyond the technical analysis of grammar text-books. You must, so far as possible, master your mother-tongue, by reading the literature in which it is speaking, and hath spoken. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Johnson, Marlow, Webster, etc., etc., should be read until you know *English*. Of course, the children must use the scaffolding while they need it; but *you* should have removed it long ago, to gaze directly upon the fair proportions and glory of the structure itself. How often do we have classes in literature, each member of which can give us dates of birth and death, and headings and titles, etc., etc.—a fine test of memory indeed, but only the skeleton, with no flesh and no blood coursing through arteries and veins! Such will tell you all about Chaucer, so far as regards his space and time habitat, who have read a few lines only of his writings, and call this "literature." So also with other departments of study. The mind of the teacher may dwell so long upon methods of teaching, very important in themselves, as to forget the truth that the real method of a science is in the science itself, if grasped in the mind.

In regard to the multiplicity of studies demanded by the age, allow a passing remark. We are constantly asked whether this and that and the other ought not to be introduced into the schools; and some may have already commenced to introduce, and may keep on introducing, until we have, as the inevitable result, a piebald hodge podge of an elementary course for our schools. Let us introduce all these if we can *in the teachers*, or in other words, let the effort be to secure such a teacher as will be prepared to point the pupils, as occasion may demand, to interesting and useful lines of study in his daily intercourse with them.

You teachers are held to stand, each one, *in loco parentis*. Of course, you can only approximate such relation. But it is well that you consider the average family life, as this is found in our Commonwealth, and see what elements of culture are involved therein, that the contrast between the school and school-room, and the home-life of the pupils may not be so great as to render an approximation even impossible. If the pupil on the way to school has soiled his face, disarranged his garments, or is wet and covered with mud, as is often the case with frolicsome youth, take care of him as a loving parent would, or ought. Consider his manners and habits, his needs of moral and religious culture. You cannot introduce the various confessions of our churches. If you could, it would not be wise for you to do so. But, remembering the parents' solicitude, you can point the soul of your pupil heavenward, you can remind him of the bond between his spirit and the Eternal Spirit. A

religious atmosphere can be made to fill your school-room, and a reverent religious life, so important and necessary, can by your presence and character be made to pervade your whole work.

But it may be said, "All this is idle talk. Children can with difficulty grasp the known, how then shall they think of the unknown?" No greater mistake can be made than this. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Our children are nearer God than we are. The artfulness of later years has not reached them: the maxims of a cold and half-godless world have not yet driven them to faithlessness. They look up into our faces with the confidence of innocence, and with a reverence akin to piety. The immortal lines of the poet recur to my mind,

> "Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home."

And though our older lives have drifted farther from that shore where we felt the boundless love of the Divine, yet—

> "——in a season of calm weather,
> Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Think of these things, fellow-teacher, and all other good things will be attended to in their proper order.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE TEACHER.

In a previous article we have spoken of the responsibility of the teacher in relation to the parents or guardians whose children are entrusted to them. A sense of this responsibility, we said, will lead the teacher affectionately to enter into the home-life of his district, acquaint himself with the families whose children come under his care, and form such intimate relations therewith as to share with them in their anxieties, and hopes, and purposes in reference to their children.

Now, secondly, there is a kindred responsibility which the teacher owes to the children themselves. These children are not like so many blank tables upon which may be impressed whatsoever the teacher, in his caprice, deems fit: nor are they subjects upon whom he may, at the outset, begin to try the various experiments to which the ever-varying methods of the age direct his attention. They are living souls—*personalities*—in which are lodged the results of vast antecedent forces, physical and spiritual, and the possibilities also of a vast future development in which all the given resources or furniture of existence at hand must enter into the structure of character, whether this be good or bad.

Neither time nor space allows us to mention in detail the general forces, physical and metaphysical, which enter into each one's individual existence from behind his own conscious and voluntary activity, and which constitute a large deposit—*remanents*, we may say—whose full significance is, no doubt, beyond our apprehension. God only understandeth our thought thus *afar off*. Race, nationality, sex, family life, all enter into the complex unity of each personal existence. Not that the individual is himself responsible for the possession thus made his; but he is responsible for the way in which he moulds it into character. His will, and intellect, and phantasy, do not start into activity as wholly dependent upon what comes in from without through bodily organs which open the way for such ingress. Rather into these bodily organs a life, deeper than that of flesh alone, enters from within, with developing capacity to meet and grasp that which is at hand from without, and give to the whole a characterized organization which in the ethical sphere will bring out the good or the evil; in the intellectual sphere, the true or the false; and in the sphere of the phantasy, the beautiful or the deformed.

There is a spiritual heritage also—outflows from the Divine, which enter into each one's personal being. Indeed, the good, the true, and the beautiful, *per se*, are not creations of ours; nor are they simply notions formed by us in the way of generalization. They reach in upon us from an infinite world; and we both feel and know that we are but media through which they authenticate themselves as from above. How important is it, therefore, that the teacher take into serious account the child himself, —the living soul before him, as something vastly more than a *tabula rasa*, or an isolated thing, unrelated to the past, unengrafted in the life of antecedent forces of race and national and family culture.

The children come before the teacher also with varying physical and psychological temperaments, which have a conditioning significance in reference to their whole subsequent culture. These cannot be overlooked. We will not take space now to attempt a general classification of these. We wish simply to enforce the recognition of them upon the part of the teacher, that he

may feel more deeply that he has to deal with life, and not simply with books. He owes it to the relation in which he finds himself, to make earnest account of all this; lest he fail to have any proper ethical end in view, and in place of aiding in the unfolding and direction of the life before him heavenward—a truly solemn mission—go plodding onward through his daily task-work and ever-changing machinery to gain merely technical and outward results, which perish in the using.

THE ROAD TO LEARNING.

There is "no royal road to learning," says an old school maxim; and the maxim, as commonly interpreted, means far more than it expresses. It means not merely that the road to learning is the same for king and subject, but that it is, like the way of the transgressor, hard. It is rough and thorny; there are birches by the wayside; there are vales of tears to pass, and sloughs in which to wallow, and rugged steeps to climb. There are few attractions along its course, no allurements in front; only force behind, urging the weary and heart-sick traveler on and on up the mount of knowledge. Ask the average school-boy in the average grammar-school, if this is not a good description of the road to learning, as he has found it in his experience, and if he is candid and is free from restraint he will answer, "Yes." He is never happier than when he has escaped from it into some by-path, where he can roam at will out of the horrid shades of "jography" and "rithmetic" and grammar, and out of the "master's" sight. He hates study. Whatever pleasure he has found at school. has been found in the playground, and not among the books and benches.

This is the school-boy's road. But is it the only road? Is it even the common road? Let us consult our own extra-school experience for an answer. How much of our knowledge was derived from text-books by that painful process known to the school-boy as "study?" Let us see.

First comes the knowledge of our own language—a knowledge, the small beginnings of which are beyond the reach of memory. How have we gathered it? Not from text-books; in the common phrase, we have "picked it up." That is, we have acquired it through observation, voluntarily, by our own wits, unaided by any task-master. From the day we first began to lisp, we have been pursuing this pathway to learning, with eyes and ears open for the reception of useful facts, and brain ever performing its digestive functions, and yet we have not been conscious of a moment's weariness. To be sure, at one point on our way we encountered Lindley Murray; but that was so long ago that the unpleasant vision has faded almost out of mind. Then we have a fair knowledge of geography; but, beyond the bare outlines, very little of it was obtained from Mitchell or Cornell. It is true we went through the regulation school course; but of the hundreds and thousands of names of rivers, towns and mountains, which we spent hours in memorizing as "lessons," only now and then one of exceptional importance has been retained. The rest have passed irrevocably out of mind. The great bulk of our present geographical knowledge has been derived from travel, from conversation, from miscellaneous reading; and the facts of which it consists have been remembered *because they interested* us, and therefore so impressed themselves on the memory that they could not be forgotten.

So it was with our knowledge of history, of national manners and peculiarities, of the sciences; the acquirement of all this knowledge has been a pleasure and not a pain. We may have consulted text-books, but not until a desire to learn has been awakened and study has become for us play, not work.

Now, why should the school-boy's road be hard and unattractive, while the grand highway to knowledge is easy and delightful? Is it not, after all, possible that we are forcing him along an artificial road, an unnatural course, badly devised by bungling, although well-meaning constructors? Do we not impose upon him unnecessary labor in requiring him to memorize facts, which, facts though they are, are valueless to him because forgotten as soon as the lesson has been said? No child, unless he is a complete idiot, is devoid of memory, and therefore too dull to learn. But not even the brightest child will long retain in memory a fact in which he takes no interest—which is memorized merely as a task. Why, then, waste time and labor and patience in beating into the child's brain repulsive knowledge which is certain to be rejected?

Let us attempt rather to teach him so far only as his interest can be carried. Whether the subject be geography or history or grammar, make it attractive and he will learn of his own free will. Herein lies the secret of successful teaching. In short, to return to our figurative speech, let us take the child along the road which we are ourselves trav-

eling; act toward him as a friend and guide, not as a driver; point out to him the objects of interest along the route—innumerable things which, left to himself, he would overlook or which he can see only while we hold him up; keep his curiosity aroused, and he, not we, will be questioner.

Thus we shall pass along the road together, teacher and pupil, chatting pleasantly, and despite the old maxim we shall find it a "royal road."

STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The study of English Literature, which confines itself to a list of authors, giving data of birth and death and list of published writings, together with *ad libitum* extracts from the same, with straggling comments, may be of service in the way of cultivating the memory, and gaining points which will be of use in subsequent investigations. No proper knowledge of English literature, however, can be gained in this way.

Of course, it is important to know when an author lived, for literature cannot separate itself from the life and history of a people. It is itself a vital exponent of the national life, and must be studied historically. The age of Chaucer and Wycliffe must be familiar to him who would attempt to gain any adequate grasp of the literary career of these men. But admitting that the historical data are well understood, only then are we in readiness to take hold of the writings, which carry into the field of thought and art the spirit of the age itself.

A few lines from Chaucer are not sufficient here. The preface to the "Canterbury Tales," and the tales themselves, should be studied, until the student has some intelligent grasp of Chaucer's characteristics—his method of thought and art. This is specially necessary, when we have an epoch and an author so fundamentally significant to the whole study of the English tongue and literature. Indeed, each age which constitutes an epoch in the national life will assert itself in the realm of thought and art—will find expression for itself in the literature thereof. And such epochs demand a fuller and more careful survey than the intervening periods. For purposes of ordinary study, it will not be necessary to extend the survey to fragmentary literary efforts, which are not in themselves significant in characterizing an age or period.

After an earnest examination of Chaucer and Wycliffe, in which the student has gained some grasp of the language and literary characteristics of the great exponents of the opening literary life of England in the vernacular tongue, the great epoch of the Reformation, toward which as beaconing stars both Chaucer and Wycliffe led the way, can next be taken up, and Spenser and the dramatic glory of Queen Elizabeth's reign come under careful survey; not, however, in the way of mere straggling fragments. The fading glory of the old chivalric period, with its tourneys and feudal splendors, must be seen revived in inner spiritual forms in the Faery Queen of Spenser; and the new awakening of life through the discovery of a distant and romantic world, together with the fervor of new religious convictions in reference to the meaning of our earthly life, must be found interweaving themselves throughout the magic structure of his verse.

To this great epoch, in which the will and intellect of the English national life was never before so aroused, asserting itself not only in acts but in forms of literature no less significant and grand, the student must be directed with great care; and a whole year of most critical study will hardly be sufficient to secure an inspiring glance of its glory.

In fine, what we plead for in this brief article, is such a study of English Literature as shall do away with all fragmentary memorizing of external data, and address itself to the literature itself; and that time shall be given to the work, at least as much time as is given to gain the elements of mathematics or of science. It will be of service in studies purely historical and linguistic, and will awaken a reverence for the classic strength of our mother tongue, more needed in this fast age than ever before.

THE SEEING EYE.

The book of Nature is open to all. It abounds with lessons suited to every recipient power of the human soul—lessons of love and wisdom, ever widening before the vision of him who "hath eyes to see." How many of us, however, use it as little children do their picture-books, rapidly turning the pages, and, when the novelty of what reaches the eye is gone, casting it aside as too common for further regard!

The air we breathe, the light which surrounds us, the sounds we hear, the myriad forms of things, coming and going in perpetual change, are all every-day matters, recognized for the moment and nothing more, unless, forsooth, some pressing material want or business makes necessary a more careful and constant study. A stone-mason may distinguish between slate and limestone; a carpenter, between pine and

oak : a ditcher, between sand and blue clay; a farmer, between garlic and wheat; but even here the difference is a matter of mere surface recognition, depending more upon that which vanishes than upon that which remains. In other words, the reason of the world, the laws which uphold and unify the manifold and vanishing phenomena, not being grasped or even thought of, the forms of things only pass before the vision as so many strange and in fact unsolved hieroglyphics.

The boy, or man even, may stand and gaze with wonder at a train of cars rushing past him with its thunderous roar, who never for a moment has realized how the whole earth on which he treads is spinning on its axis, and whirling around the sun, and, with it, rushing toward other suns, whither as yet unknown, with a velocity which baffles conception even. He sees it not, for his eye sweeps not to the horizon of rising and setting suns. He hears it not, for its music is for other ears. How can we arouse him to a thought of it, that he may not go through life both blind and deaf?

Again, the boy, or man even, may visit some great factory, and amid the incessant rattle of wheels and shuttles, gaze astonished to see the polished and variegated fabric unwind itself from a hundred looms, figure matching figure, and color blending with color, as though the machinery itself were instinct with life and reason; and yet, the same boy or man may never have realized how out of the dark earth, hour by hour, the mosses and ferns and grasses and shrubs and trees are woven, figure matching figure, and color blending with color, in variety infinite and in glory unutterable. He sees it not, although he

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon.

He hears it not, for there is neither rattle of wheels nor whirring of spindles. He heeds it not, save as it may minister to his fleshly needs. How can we arouse him to a thought of it? How can we *unsense* his *senses*, that he may penetrate beyond the merely vanishing pictures of things?

In the olden time, when the eye was unaided by telescope or microscope, and when the physical sciences were almost unknown, *seers* did live who felt that beneath the surface of things there are invisible powers, gnomes within the earth and fairies in mossy banks, nymphs and fawns and satyrs in the woods, Oberon and Titania and their nimble troop. Then Prospero had neither buried his broken staff, nor drowned his book. But now the imagination is outrivalled by the very facts themselves. No flower or flower-feeding bee fails to reveal a mystery awakening wonder and inspiring investigation. No beam of light or drop of water fails to challenge our thought, and yield us its thousand lessons. Step by step, whichever side we take, we are led into realms unknown, whose outlines of glory we only see as from afar, glowing through clouds.

How shall we arouse our youth to the thought of this? How give them the first moving impulse, the first wondering glance, the first thrill of investigating love? I speak not now of technical science itself, but of the capacity for inquiry, that unsensing of the senses, which shall fill both eye and ear with the attention of intelligence, which shall cast off the wearying burden of mere pictures, and bring in upon the soul the awakening consciousness that the universe is filled with a wisdom and love which are divine.

ARBOR DAY WITH THE CHILDREN.

I have reduced to writing what I now read, that, being printed, you may at greater leisure read it over, and make its suggestions a part of your thoughtful Arbor Day meditation hereafter.

All of us, whether young or old, are blessed by God with many teachers. Lessons of almost infinite purport are spread out before us to be read, if haply we have eyes to see. Voices of most profound significance are filling the vast orb of nature, to be heard, if haply we have ears to hear. By seeking we may find, if we have hearts to understand,

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

First our own *mother-tongue* confronts us at the very cradle, accompanying the loving glance of her, the remembered tones of whose lullaby grow dearer as the years go by. This mother-tongue continues with us every hour as we emerge from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood or womanhood. We hear it at home and abroad, on the play-ground and in the street. Everywhere, and at all times, it meets us, and by hidden processes enters into all our affections — into every movement of our inner spirit, giving prompt and proper utterance to what otherwise would be silent and alone. Who can rightly measure its

First Arbor Day address delivered by Dr. E. E. Higbee, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, at Lancaster High School, April 16th, 1885.

power? How long would be the struggle of each one either to grope into any expression which might be intelligible to others, or to receive the thoughts of others, without such bond of communication! What a lingering procedure it would be to gain or to retain the thousand concepts which now, through it, confront us at the very threshold of our mental activity? So much doth the soul, through the ear, drink in from our common mother-speech.

But there are other equally common elements which challenge us through the same sense-organ, touching not so much the understanding as the deeper heart-life of our being. The plaintive minor of the myriad Autumn insects, rising as an audible mist from dewy meadows and lanes; the murmuring hum of bees in the hedges and amidst the linden bloom; the playful whispering of the forest leaves as they woo the winged winds; the brook "making sweet music with the enamelled stones;" the joyous song of the mated birds; the rush and roar of the mountain torrent and storm, and heaven's thunderous bass as it rolls echoing from the sombrous clouds; all this, and thousands more, challenging us all the seasons through, affect the soul, drawing it into endless fields of investigation or into infinite realms of imaginative meditation.

If, then, through daily use by conversation and study, we familiarize ourselves more and more with our vernacular, and thus commune with the thoughts of men, so also should we more and more familiarize ourselves with the voices of nature speaking to us from every side throughout our lives, and thus commune with the rational, living soul of the Universe.

But the world of Nature, which corresponds throughout to the world of Spirit, which is its source, is not apprehended by the spirit of man through the ear only. She has a language addressed to the eye as well. She finds an utterance not only in sound, but also through forms and colors of endless variety and gradation, the mysterious power of which no one can fully fathom. Just imagine for a moment a voiceless and blank earth, a mere barren emptiness stretching out before us, the silence as of death brooding over the world. How, in such chaos, could we come into any sympathy with it? How could it touch us, and, while penetrating, thrill the human spirit?

But add the hum of insects; the song of birds; the utterance of the many-tongued waters and winds; the voice of Jehovah breaking the cedars, and making them skip like a calf, and dividing the flames of fire as it thundereth upon the waters and shaketh the wilderness—and what a change! How near it comes to our soul! How it reaches into our hearts, and takes hold of the deepest sympathies of our spirit! Now add to this the varying forms of grace and beauty; the grass and moss; the flowering shrubs and clambering vines; the waving forests; the painted clouds; the azure of heaven's vault; the rosy-fingered dawn; the crimson mist of the setting sun and dewy twilight; and mark how our whole being is drawn out, and all our affections aroused into an anthem of rapturous thanksgiving.

Now that we may rightly appreciate all this, and recognize and feel its power, it is necessary that we take every opportunity to enter the woods and fields, and study Nature in her own retreats; to catch with erect ear the first throbbing of Spring, when the fœtid wild-turnips and liverworts bloom, or the shad-berry and the dogwood begin to whiten the bronzed hillsides, or all the winding wood-valleys are purpling with the Judas-tree; to watch with keenest eye the new life thrilling through the awakened grass and softened moss, and gilded willow-tops; to come by an intelligent insight and sympathizing love into close intercourse with such blessed companions of our life, and receive with susceptible spirit the thousand lessons around us, whose proper conning fills the mind with profitable lore, and the heart with ever-increasing delight.

Every child should come to know the flower that frighted Proserpina lets fall from Dis's wagon,

* * "daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

Every child should be familiar with our shadowy hills; should know our trees, their names, and forms, and uses,—

"The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funerall;"

should know the shrubbery through which the pheasants whir, and in which the thrushes hide, and which through sunny summer strew the mossy path thick with gold and prophyry; should feel a hallowed kinship with earth as she reaches out from the womb of silent darkness heavenward into light and life.

In the vegetable world, the lower forms have but little individuality. They affect us in their general and massive character alone. The blade of grass or stem of moss catches not the soul's glance, but the lawn or meadow, or mossy banks of brooks, and quiet ferny nooks where the red partridge-berries nestle and the arbutus hides her smiles. Yet the impression is strong and definite, and makes itself felt at once in arousing our sympathy. In public parks and private yards, how softly the sunlight sleeps on the shaven lawn; and how the grounds surrounding a school-building, if sodded and rightly trimmed, tell at once of that delicate taste and sense of beauty which should, and which does, culture the attention and heart of childhood.

Shrubbery, in the scale of the vegetable world, rises higher, and gains in its ascent much greater individuality, and thus comes nearer the sympathies of mankind. The lilac, with its fragrant clusters shading the nursery window, blooms on in the soul, when, exiles from home, our gray hairs and trembling nerves show how near we are to the crumble and dust of the grave. How many tender memories, slumberless still, at once arouse until tears dim our vision, when we linger again where "the juicy hawthorn grows, adown the glade!" The sweet-brier, by the woodbine porch, grows sweeter still as it recalls the sainted mother who watched its growth, and whose face is now more precious even than in childhood.

But the very acme of the vegetable world, its height of exaltation, where it almost sets itself free from the motionless clods beneath it, and moves into the sunlit air, and rejoices in its freedom, is the TREE. Here the greatest individuality in its realm is reached. The wide, massive forests, it is true, have their varied language; but the single tree in itself comes near to us, having its name and history standing out almost as a personal companion of our life. Instinctively we impersonate when speaking of it. It seems to be a hamadryad. It *plays* with the breeze, and *woos* the birds to its green retreats. It *breasts* the storm and *flings its arms* defiant in the face of the winds. When the mountains and hills break into singing, the trees of the field *clap* their hands. (Isaiah lv. 12.)

It is not simply its shapely form, its cooling shade, or its use for this or that; but its whole interior life, its seeming effort to break away from the fixedness of earth, to associate itself with the air, and light, and life which are above, to change with the changing seasons as though it had a heart to feel and sympathize with all around it. It is this that draws it so near to man's heart, that fixes it so humanly in all his affections and associations, that gives to it a sort of brotherhood, a tenderness more easily felt than defined. What landmarks they are, when in reverie we recall scenes which are dear to memory! How, when in after years we revisit home or scenes of our school-day life and find *them* gone, we mourn as though we missed the greeting of old familiar friends! They live as we live.

> They have *their* exits and *their* entrances,
> And one tree in its time plays many parts,
> Its acts being seven ages. At first the seed
> Rooting its darksome way beneath the sod;
> And then the slender stem, with growing strength
> Pushing above the earth its shining face;
> And then the branchful sapling, sweetly sighing
> With winds, and rocking little birds asleep
> That softly nestle in its whispering leaves;
> Then larger still, with fast increasing branches,
> Affording shade to beasts and weary men,
> And gathering moss upon its rugged bark;
> Then, towering aloft, it plays its part,
> Monarch of all the woods, sending its roots
> Far down, and with its long, outspreading arms,
> Battling with furious storms. The sixth age shifts
> Into the lean and sapless skeleton;
> Struck by the angry bolts of heaven, it stands
> Above the rising generation,
> All desolate, the strength of manhood fled
> From its shrunk shanks; and its big manly voice,
> Gone with the thousand leaves which made it, pipes
> And whistles in its sound. Last scene of all
> That ends this strange eventful history,
> It toll'ring falls, and sleeps in mere oblivion:
> Sans leaves, sans limbs, sans bark, sans everything.

But we must check our too long essay. Such thoughts as these we have deemed befitting Arbor Day, especially as relating to the young. While we would by no means neglect on such an occasion to call attention to the great economic use of forests, the perils attending their wanton destruction, the necessity of prompt and watchful care lest through the rapid march of civilization we bring upon ourselves the very evils we seek to avoid, and consume what earth so freely gives us without any thought that she may be so impoverished at last as to seek alms of us (for the growth of forests requires years, but their destruction scarcely a day), while we would not neglect reflections such as these, and would keep up from year to year a spirited and concerted action against our dangers by planting along roadsides, in parks and yards, and around every school building, trees, and shrubs, and vines, and flowers; yet we would, with special emphasis, call the children to a wholesome converse with *Nature* herself; would withdraw

them from the restraints of books and recitation tasks, and woo them to her shady haunts, her valleys and hills, to deepen in their souls a sense of her life and a delight in her beauty, and some clear and sympathetic feeling of perpetual companionship; we would take them to the deep ravines, though themselves scarcely so tall as the brambly goatsbeard growing there; and they should scale the scarry heights and gaze delighted on the billowy green below; they should know each jutting rock, and moss-lipped spring, and foamy torrent; they should ramble over the rolling hills, or look upon the reddening flush of clover-fields, or watch the ripples running over the wind-touched wheat; they should mark each willowy creek, following it until through laurel bloom and fragrant birch, but a brook, it leaps laughing from the shadows of the mountain; they should scan each winding valley until narrowing to a wavering path it vanishes in the distant misty hills; they should hear the sparrows' silvery song thrilling the briery hedge, and see the bobolinks, with quivering wings, send down showers of rapturous melody upon the dew-bent grass; they should learn to love *Nature* with such tender reverence as never to abuse her or profane her; and, inspired by such love, they should seek her help in making home, or school, or village, or city, a comforting delight, a culturing power, a presence of beauty through life.

SOME CHOICE THINGS MAINLY FROM POETICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

Here again Dr. Higbee speaks for himself. He has been called a poet, and that he was. It was his habit during a part of his life to write short original poems in his letters to certain of his nearest friends. They seemed to be the offspring of the moment. These letters, in his legible and beautiful handwriting, would often be illustrated with pen-and-ink or sepia drawings, as delicately done as those of Thackeray, presenting points in the landscape about him, or some fanciful sketch of rocks and streams, bushes and trees, sky and birds—perhaps the hunter and his dogs, all exquisitely touched in and occupying but little space. He seldom allowed himself time for any ambitious effort in this field of letters.

What he did seems but a hint of what he might have done, with leisure to devote himself to literary work of this kind. We make room for a few pages, selected from his manuscripts, which will be read with much interest by his friends. Much of what is here given is now put into type for the first time, and from his own manuscript. His own remarks, taken from his letters, precede and follow the lines in some cases. The first and longest poem is preceded by a friendly critique written by Prof. Wm. M. Nevin, a fine literary and classical scholar, and himself a poet—whom, for the genial humor that plays through his writings and for his charming personality, Dr. Higbee used to call the Charles Lamb of America.

A CRITIQUE AND POEMS.

My Dear Friend: I cannot tell you with what a zest I have perused and re-perused your delectable prelude to your forthcoming volume of poetry, and how its verses, never as yet having been set up in type nor drawn in the least from any book, but derived immediately from the fair face of Nature herself, have enchanted my soul, and in the reading of them rejuvenated me for the time by at least thirty years, carrying me far back in their magic force to the old familiar scenes they so graphically describe! Just as fresh and blooming, too, do I find these, as they are set forth in your verses, as they must be even now in leafy June to those who are beholding them, but with this advantage on my part, rendered far more hallowed and romantic by the charming glamour thrown around them derived from pleasant memories and classical and mediæval fancies, and fond associations with which you have clothed them.

Of the wild woods and the mountains they are redolent. There is nothing exotic here. The birds have their own mellow notes and modish plumage, and the trees and vines and flowers their own bloom and coloring and fragrance. They are all racy of the soil, and true to their life and habits.

How I have been pleased, too, with your choice epithets and the harmonious flow of your verses, always in full accordance with the sentiment expressed, and resembling in their tone sometimes the very lulling sound described,

> "like murm'rous hum of bees
> Among the linden-bloom."

Your rural descriptions are always subjective and logical, being full of life and love and animation.

I admire, besides, your faithfulness of delineation of mountain scenery, especially of that which fell before your eyes in your solitary ramble up the Gap, to be appreciated fully only by such as are familiar with its grandeur and beauty, and your employment of the pentameter blank verse, so admirably adapted for setting forth with truthfulness in English the natural simplicity and pathos of idyllic poetry, and your happy allusions to Siraichidas in his seventh idyll, falling in so appropriately with your theme, the finest piece of rustic landscape painting to be met with in the whole of Theocritus.

Your charming espousal song is fully equal to the soaring Skylark of the Ettrick Shepherd,

being indeed more richly tinged with the purple light of love. Do not delay the publication of your poems to the next century. Tastes may be changed by that time, and old scenes forgotten. They belong to this. In the meanwhile, send me, descending from your heights, that promised song of invitation in the racy Doric, struck from the old lyre taken down from the peg, more correspondent to my capacity and genius not capable of lofty flights.

MERCERSBURG, 1879.

To My Dear, Dear Friend:

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

> Sweet was the song that Youth sung once,
> And passing sweet was the response;
> But there are accents sweeter far
> When Love leaps down our evening star,
> Holds back the blighting wings of Time,
> Melts with his breath the crusty rime,
> And looks into our eyes, and says,
> "Come, let us talk of former days."
>
> *Walter Savage Landor.*

How many years have passed, dear Friend, since we
(I young, and thou renewing youth in age.)
In love-knots tied the tender-bladed grass,
Strolling along the banks of Conestoga.
We then recall'd still earlier days, and saw,
Imaged within, deep mossy dells, and streams
Dashing with foam midst rocks and tangled vines
From mountain sides that blush'd with bloom of laurel.
What rambles had we then through nodding fern
And fragrant birch! How, by the noisy Run,
Amongst the winter-green and mountain pinks,
Watching the crimson-spotted trout, we loiter'd!
All this we spake of to relieve the pain
Of exile from this mountain girded town.
The laurels still are here. Amongst the moss
Th' arbutus wakens every Spring. The brook
Runs murm'ring thro' the Gap, and thrush and lark
Welcome the coming sun. But thou art gone,
And wilt not come again. The trees and flow'rs,
The birds and brook, and all the mountain-sweep
And all the vale, from Casey's wooded slope
To Parnell's towering top, now weep and mourn
The lost companionship of him who loved,
And woo'd them with the rhapsodies of song.
For me the glory of the fields has fled,
And all the color faded from the skies;
And all the music of the woods is gone,
And all the sweet light of the summer day;
And sadness broods like night on all the hills.

What is there here that doth not tell of thee?
Each change of season through the lagging Year,
From Spring to Spring again, utters thy name.
Whene'er I meet the golden daffodills,
Or find a liverwort amongst the leaves,
Or shad tree lighting up the dull grey woods,
They ask for thee. Whene'er the swallows come,
Through April showers and the balmy air
They seem to be in eager search of thee.
The crab-tree perfumes all the woody paths
Where thou hast been; and through the hills
The dews are shaken by the whippowill's sad song.
The robin by the trellis'd porch has not
Forgotten thee; but in the twining rose
Still builds her nest, awaiting thy return.
Across the lane the yellow-breasted lark
Flies fluttering, and wonders while she sings
If thou yet lov'st the dewy clover-bloom.
The turtle, through the hazy summer's heat
Fills all the drooping branches of the elm
With moaning soft for thee. E'en "skornynge" jay
Cries restless through the glowing Autumn woods,
And scatters acorns on the rustling leaves.
The blue-bird lingers till the frosts have come,
And then seems loath to go, not finding thee.
The crows in flocks around the huskèd corn
And stubbled field, hover disconsolate,
While silently in feath'ry flakes the snow
Falls covering the grass and all the trees.

How much of toil we both have had since parting!
How oft have clouds of sorrow dimm'd the sun,
And robb'd the day of light! How oft the din
Of this strange life with discord has shut out
The tender melodies of youth, and tried,
But tried in vain, to hush the mighty voice
Of music in the soul! Whene'er I gained,
Not oft, dear Friend, the merest snatch of leisure,
A moment from the famine of my work,
With eagerness I sought those cherish'd books,
Which we had read and re-read hours and hours
Together through the long, sweet summer days.
What though thick clouds did muffle up the sky!
These gave me light brighter than ever shone
From sun or stars. What though the babbling din
Of this poor earth of ours did rise and roar!
These gave me music whose deep-sounding tones
Drown'd every discord. Could I not at will
Join the good company of pilgrims bound
From Southwork's famous hostelrie,—or hear
With Romeo night-bescreen'd the angel voice
Of Juliet,—or see the witches dance
In Alloway's auld haunted kirk,—or gaze
Entranc'd amongst the eager crowds that throng'd
The tourney where the fair Rowena saw
The fearful triumph of her Ivanhoe?
These plum'd my wings, and, far above the dust
And blust'rous wrangling of the earth, I soar'd
Into the golden mists of phantasy.

'Tis strange, how, in the vision of the mind,
We sweep beyond all limits. Space and time
Seem to be subject to our own creation:
And all the toil and bondage of the world
Is left behind, as we at will retire
And find a timeless, boundless world within,
Where we can re-arrange, by some new law,
I know not what, the thousand images
And forms of things which meet the eye or mind,
And which are melted down until the gross
And sensuous pass away, and yet remain,
Transmuted and transfigured into spirit.

> After some weary day of pain and toil,
> When all the sunlight fades behind the hills,
> And through the dewy meadows fire-flies light
> Their myriad lamps, and all the birds are still,
> Silent I creep into my silent room
> And sit there in the purple twilight brooding,
> Until, as by some superadded sense,
> I hear sweet music through the silence floating:
> Perchance the sounding harp of ancient bard
> At some baronial feast; or echoing tones
> Of Alpine horns; or solemn midnight chant
> Of hooded monks; or far-off martial strains,
> As some wild highland chief exultant pipes
> His pibroch through the heathery hills. Anon,
> As in some waking dream, I know not how,
> I see tall plumèd knights and courtly dames
> And rich emblazon'd halls; or stolèd priests
> By incensed altars kneeling, while the moon

Full-orb'd floods all the buttress'd walls,
And pours a golden light on pictur'd saints,
And martyrs carved in stone.

How many years have passed, dear Friend, since we
In love-knots tied the tender-bladed grass,
Strolling along the banks of Conestoga!
And yet to me it seems but yesterday.
My heart beat high, for that fair mountain-maid,
Whose voice was tenderer than the song of birds,
Was mine. The pledge was given; and a kiss
More fragrant than the bloom of mountain grapes
Had sealed the vow. 'Twas paradise. The flow'rs
Bloom'd brighter in the woods. The trees were full
Of laughter on the hills. Leaf unto leaf
Was whispering her name, and all the brooks
Heard it, and leapt with wilder merriment
From rock to rock; and all the winds breath'd music,
A golden light swept o'er the dewy grass,
And Earth seem'd crown'd as for a bridal feast.
I could but sing; and even now the strain,
By you forgotten long ago, to me
Comes back again like murm'rous hum of bees
Among the linden-bloom.

Morn that the lovers love,
Meeting in leafing grove
Birds that are mated as happy as they!
Far through the mossy woods,
Op'ning the flower-buds,
Rosy with blushes thou'rt fleeing away!
Swift as the winds you pass
Over the tender grass,
Panting with haste to escape from our view:
Yet thy light step is heard
Where the brown sparrow-bird
Scatters his notes midst the silvery dew!

Haste in thy wingèd flight,
Haste with thy golden light,
Haste to the spot where the loved ones will meet!
Waft with thy gentle breeze
Odors of budding trees
Round their fair forms in the cherish'd retreat!
Waken the timid thrush
Out of his hiding bush,
Making him chant with a glorious strain!
Give to the tinkling brook
Smiles from thy sunny look,
Welcoming back the sweet Spring-time again.

Tell to the one I love
Under the leafing grove,
That I forget not affection's dear vow:
Warm with a sigh of bliss,
Give her this fervent kiss,
Which for her lips I am giving thee now!
Swift as thy wingèd flight,
Beauteous in golden light
Summer will hurry and ripen the grain;
Then at the bridal call
Just ere the crimson Fall
Tinges the leaves, I'll be with her again!

A silly Spring-tide carol, born of love!
A wood-note blown from slender oaten-reed,
Scarce heard beyond the wide-spread beechen shade!
A kiss, thrown to the gentle winds of May!
Yet now, although the Spring of life has gone,
And faded Autumn-leaves are falling fast,
And all the mountain tops are cold with snow
The thought of it and that fair mountain maid
Who caught the kiss, and sent it back from lips
Sweeter than any dew-bent flow'r of Spring,
Brings that warm May-day here again.
Love knows
No change but that which makes it still more sweet.
Earth may grow cold, and all therein:
But love is not of earth. Another sun
Than that which warms our skies enkindled it.
When budding, oh! how tenderly it blushes
Half hidden in the leaves, afraid to trust
The air with its great treasure! But in bloom
Unfolding, what a glorious show it hath!
It meets the sunlight with exultant face,
Color with color blending, till the eye
Is dazzled with its glow, and all the leaves
Are laden with the perfume which it brings.

One summer day, brief months or more ago,
Alone I wander'd up our mountain Run.
Not famed Anapus through Sicilian groves
More softly flowed, when sweet Theocritus
Fill'd all the dells and winding hills with song.
'Twas noontide when I reached the opening Gap
Thro' which the whole broad mountain side, with road
Winding through vine-clad rocks and chestnut groves
And hanging birch, looks down upon the plain.
The fragrant hemlock shade, and cool, soft moss
Still wet with dew, temper'd the midday heat.
The woods were all asleep. No breath of air
Disturb'd an aspen leaf, and all the ferns
Stood motionless, and every sound was hush'd
Except th' unceasing gurgle of the stream,
And some faint bird-call from the clust'ring vines.
For hours I saunter'd through the blossomy paths,
Knowing how rare it is that such a day
Is granted us. I had no harvest-feast
To draw me on as had Simichidas,
Whom that Cydonian goatherd haply stopped,
Until, with answering bucolic songs,
They made the woods ring, and the list'ning Nymphs
Think Pan was touching all his mellow reeds.
For hours I saunter'd through the blossomy paths,
Calm as the calm around me, *but alone.*
Thou wert not there to touch with tuneful lips
The waxen pipes and waken all the Nymphs
And Fauns and Satyrs into revelry,
Making the glen outrival Arcady.
Thou wert not there to strike the trembling chords
With potent hand, and, to their fitting realm,
Bring Ob'ron and Titania, and send
Their nimble troop all dancing through the shade
Of mandrake leaves, or clambering up the stalks
Of crimson-glowing cardinal flow'rs.
Thou smil'st?
Hast thou too with the rest lost faith? Thinkest thou
No Fairies sleep upon the mossy banks,
Or hide themselves within the laurel cups?
That all the Nymphs have fled the shadowy glens,
And streams, and fountains, and that Pan is dead?
Hast thou so soon buried thy broken staff,
And drown'd thy book, like Prospero?
Dear Friend,
This age is so immers'd in sensuousness
It cannot see beneath the form of things.
The Tabernacle in the Wilderness
Seems quite enough—the Vision in the Mount,
Where all the living substance was revealed
Is heedlessly pass'd by. The earth is earth,
And nothing more, mere body and no soul,
A vast atomic mass, and not as once
A glorious hieroglyph of Spirit.
Summer has gone; and now the woods are bare,
Save the dark piny thickets on the hills

Which skirt the mountain, fill'd with winter winds.
The snow, blown in the face of all the streams,
Hath chill'd their song, and all the birds have fled;
Only the hornèd owl through cold and storm
Sits all the day alone in some dark clough
Winking and waiting for the stars.
I wait for thee,
Canst thou not come, dear Friend, and with thy smile
Chase all the storm away, and bring again
Th' enquick'ning sunlight?
Come, and fill my heart,
Now chill'd, with all the warm, sweet blossoming
Of daisies and of violets. I send
To bring you, all my scatter'd buds of song;
(Poor buds, that had not sun enough to bloom,)
And add this hearty welcome, which the wind,
In sudden flurry bursting through the door,
Just snatch'd from off the dusty trembling strings
Of that too long neglected Doric harp
Of thine, left hanging here upon its peg.

"FORSAN ET HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

All scenes must close, yet, ere they go
Into the past, they backward throw
A light, which lingers till the spell
Is broken of their last farewell.
When morning breaks behind the hills,
And all the east with glory fills,
A star still trembles in the west
Upon the mountain's shadowy crest;
Though fading, yet it lingers there,—
Night's loving glance, and parting prayer.

'Tis twilight where the stars arise,
And darker grow the eastern skies,
And farther do the mountains throw
Their shadows o'er the vales below;
Yet from the west the Sun still pours
His parting light in crimson showers
On clouds, which arch the golden way
Through which have fled the Hours of day;
And underneath most tender hues
The daylight weeps away in dews.

The growing grass and budding trees,
The opening flowers and balmy breeze,
The tinkling brooks and birds that sing,
All tell th' approach of genial Spring:
Anon, the Snow-king's parting glance
Hath withered all the tender plants;
The verdure from the hills is fled;
The pinks and violets seem dead;
And feathery flakes fly through the air,
To tell that Winter still is there.

The bugle's blast upon the hill
From peak to peak is echoing still,
And sweeter does the lingering strain
Move back from rock to rock again,
And softer does the wavering tone
Through whispering leaves go murmuring on;
Although the hunter from the trail
Is hurrying homeward through the vale.

So all things leave some mark behind them,
Enabling memory to find them,—
Some parting light, some lingering strain,
Sweetly to call them back again.

The past is present in the soul
Though years in quick succession roll;
And eyes, when dimm'd by age, can trace
Many an old familiar face
Whose smiles responsive will illume
The gloomy portals of the tomb.
The happiest hours of happiest days,
Like sweetest lines of sweetest lays,
Go with us wheresoe'er we go,
And treasured long the dearer grow.
Age spreads o'er Youth more glorious hues
Than sunset o'er the gathering dews;
And brighter do old memories rise
Than rosy morn through dappled skies.

The following lines are sent us from Mrs. Helen Motter, the venerable mother-in-law of Dr. Higbee, who says, "He wrote and sent them to me once when I was very ill."

OH, SHEPHERD, GUIDE ME.

Oh, Shepherd! guide me through the night
To day, and Heaven, and Thee,
And round my pathway let Thy light
In glory shine and make this darkness flee.
Shepherd, guide me through the night
To day, and Heaven, and Thee.

Oh, Shepherd! guide me lest I stray
From Thee, my dearest Lord.
Teach me to labor, help me pray,
And trust the precious promise of Thy word.
Shepherd, guide me through the night
To day, and Heaven, and Thee.

Oh, Shepherd! guide me till the hour
Of sweet release is come,
When the worn spirit, by Thy power,
From sin and sorrow free shall reach its home.
Shepherd, guide me till the hour
Of sweet release is come.

WHEN WE TWA 'LL MEET AGAIN.

The mists gae o'er the hills, love,
An' thick the rain-draps pour,
And a' the little rills, love,
Rin wi' a louder roar:

I listen to ilk sound, love,
O' brooks and pattering rain,
An' watch alang the ground, love,
The grass spring up again.

But yet I hae na smile, love,
To greet the simmer rain,
For I'm thinkin' a' the while, love,
When we twa'll meet again.

Ilk leaf is drippin' fast, love,
The little birds are gone,
An' until the storm be past, love,
They hae left me a' alone.

But *a'* the birds might sing, love,
The drippin' leaves amang,
An' wi' their voices bring, love,
The sunny hours alang,

Yet now I could na smile, love,
To greet their cantie strain,
For I'm thinkin' a' the while, love,
When we twa'll meet again.

On a' the yellow reeds, love,
That fringe the murm'ring stream,
Like little siller beads, love,
The blinkin rain-drops beam;

But they're not half sae bright, love,
As the tears were in your e'e,
When I bid you last good-night, love,
An' kisst the tears away.

Yet now I canna smile, love,
For tears come like the rain,
As I'm thinkin' a' the while, love,
When we twa'll meet again.

Whene'er I close my e'e, love,
I'm dreamin' o' the past,
An' sweetest tho'ts o' thee, love,
Gae thirlin' through my breast.

And oft I'm by thy side, love,
Within our ain dear ha',
An' ye're my bonny bride, love,
Drivin' ilk care awa'.

But ah! I canna smile, love,
Whene'er I wake in pain,
For I'm thinkin' a' the while, love,
When we twa'll meet again.

We've walk'd at rosy morn, love,
Alang the flowery brae,
An' 'neath the fragrant thorn, love,
We smiled the morn away;

An' when the light did fade, love,
And a' the winds were hush,
We've linger'd i' the shade, love,
To hear the chantin' thrush:

But now I canna smile, love,
The tears come like the rain,
For I'm thinkin' a' the while, love,
When we twa'll meet again.

I'll hear thy merry sang, love,
Ring sweetly through the ha',
But yet 'twill be too lang, love,
That I maun be awa'.

I'll see that blinkin' smile, love,
That plays within your e'e,
And I'll ken full well the while, love,
It brightens up for me.

O, the joys o' ither days, love,
Cheer mony a gloamin' hour,
And are like sunny rays, love,
To hope's young buddin' flower;

For they tell o' joys to come, love
When we twa'll be but one
And in our ain sweet home, love,
Thegither travel on,

To the gloamin' time o' life, love,
When the daylight fades away,
And death ends a' the strife, love,
That's marr'd our pilgrim way,

While brighter thro' the night, love,
Mysterious light is borne,
Foreshowing that 'tis right, love,
To hope for glorious morn.

Ah! then I'll try to smile, love,
And drown the rising pain
By thinkin' a' the while, love,
When we twa'll meet again.

April 26, 1855.

The moon has set, and the silent stars are shining with mysterious loveliness. Perhaps they know that it is already Sunday, and desire to make the heavens more glorious in praise. I watch them in their mystic dance, and think that they watch me also. No wonder that the ancients were astrologers—for then the stars were in their youth, and may have looked far more bright even than now. Or is their youth eternal? Do not they, like all created things, decay? If they be the flowers of the sky, will they not wither also, and grow dark?

THE STARS.

Shine on, ye stars, shine on!
I love the merry sparkle of your eyes!
Tired with the garish sun,
'Tis sweet to see you smiling in the skies.

Lead on in mystic dance,
Ye beauteous fairies of another land!
In festive pomp advance,
For Hesperus hath given you command.

Move with your twinkling feet
Through the cloud-curtained chambers of the sky:
The day hath gone: and meet
It is ye spend this eve right merrily,

I know one fair as ye—
She hath a merry sparkle in her eye;
And 'neath the trysting tree,
Hath often watched your joyous revelry;

And in thy golden light
I can but trace the brightness of her love
As through the dusky night
Like her in peerless radiance ye move.

Then shine, ye stars, shine on!
I love the merry sparkle of your eyes!
Tired with the garish sun,
'Tis sweet to see you smiling in the skies.

Fair flow'rs of golden light,
Which deck the pathways leading up on high!
Open your petals bright,
And let your beauty wander down the sky.

Bloom! for sweet thoughts of home
Light up the twilight stillness of my heart;
And happy memories come
Of her from whom I soon shall no more part.

She loves your golden gleam:
She with the merry sparkle in her eye:
And oft by murm'ring stream
Hath felt your spell, and love's fond ecstacy.

I asked her for a flow'r,
When we last met, as token of our love!
And at that twilight hour
Pointing with sadness to the skies above,

She made your beauteous light
The never-fading witness of our vow,
Calling you flow'rs of night—
And hence I cannot cease to watch you now.

Oh! then, sweet flow'rs of night,
Which deck the pathways leading up on high,
Open your petals bright,
And let your beauty wander down the sky.

"BLANDINA SLEEPS IN GOD."*

In ages past, in halls and festive throngs
The Theban minstrel seized the golden lyre,
And by his magic touch Eolian songs
Come pouring forth from ev'ry trembling wire.
Alcæus waked no sweeter notes of love
Amid the echoing grove,
Where the rapt Sappho made the list'ning streams
Repeat the softer murm'rings of her am'rous dreams.

Of victories in Grecian games he sang;
Yet far above the tumult of the course
The music of his rapturous lyric rang,
Borne swiftly upward by a mightier force.
No longer now such victories inspire
To strike the golden lyre,
Or joyous 'waken amid festive throngs
As erst the slumb'ring sweetness of Eolian songs.

No longer now *such* victories inspire—
But there's a race which Hellas never knew,
To wake to holier life the golden lyre:
A nobler race, and nobler victory too—
Such as of old the Midian Exile sang
When Miriam's timbrels rang:
A victory whose crown the Tishbite wore,
When fiery chariots him to light eternal bore.

A vict'ry too through suffering and blood,
Gain'd by those martyrs to the heavenly truth,
Who midst the storm of Pagan wrath, to God
Their only hope did cling, while age and youth
Were firm in faith through torturing rack and fire
Against Hell's blackest ire,
And took at last their crowns of life above,
Made theirs by patient durance and by holiest love.

Among the faithful few who moveless stood,
When to the field Rome's mightiest power was brought,
And gladly sealed with their own precious blood
The faith for which the white-robed cohorts fought,
She, whose brief epitaph among the tombs
That fill the Catacombs,
Some pious hand, beneath the holy rood
Has cut with the sweet words, "*Blandina sleeps in God*"—
She, martyr maiden, well deserves a laurel wreath
To crown her contest and her victory of faith.

PART FIRST.

Softly the rising flood of morning light
Pours over sloping banks of glowing mist;
Filling each vale, and covering each height,
It moves with golden ripples from the east;
The birds' glad matins greet the glitt'ring stream,
And waken from their dream
The dewy flow'rs, and they their eyelids fair
Open, while heavenward they breathe their happy prayer.

The earth and air are joyous—but the band
Of martyrs, struggling for their Master's faith,
Kneel in the Catacombs, for Rome's command
Calls them to heathen altars or to death—
A double sorrow weighs upon their soul,
And larger tear-drops roll:
They mourn a buried Saviour, and they seek
No joy this last lone matin of the Painful Week.

The dark time passes, and the hour of noon
Brings blessings to the fire and Paschal light;
And now the aged priest in solemn tones
Reads the old Prophets, while with fresh delight
The catechumens hear the rapturous words,
And all the trembling chords
Of their young hearts pour forth an anthem dear
To Him who when His children cry will ever hear.

The holy man with solemn service meet
Blesses the cleansing font; and joyful there
Before their simple altar they repeat
The hallowed creed, and their loved Saviour's prayer.
Renouncing all the works and pomps of Hell
Through which man sadly fell;
Upon their heads he pours the saving stream,
Marking the cross, through which alone God doth redeem.

Like flowers bent beneath the morning dew,
They kneel in holy adoration now,
And at their aged teacher's call, renew
With hopeful trust and fear their solemn vow:
But one bends weeping 'mid those chosen young;
Her holy faith is strong,
Yet in her heart consuming grief hath been,
Her widowed mother hates the lowly Nazarene.

His trembling hands in benediction sweet
The holy father lays upon her head,
And bids her go—Though we may never meet
On earth again, yet by the Spirit led
Through death's dark waters we shall reach the shore
Where partings are no more—
Go save the loved—God's peace shall not depart
Forever from thy sad, and more than widow'd heart.

PART SECOND.

Softly with crimson ripples does the flood
Of light pour down below the western hills,
While twilight thickens in the solemn wood,
Whose leaves are whispering to the murm'ring rills,
That soon along the meadows of the sky,
In purest radiancy,
The starry flowers will their buds unfold,
And open here and there their sparkling leaves of gold.

'Tis quiet sunset of the Holy Eve—
Sweet hour for musing thought and solemn prayer;
To watch the sleeping clouds, while fancies weave
Strange changing visions in the twilight air,
To think of fading life and then of death,
And all the joys it hath,
If through a quiet eve and gentle sleep,
It takes us to a morn where mourners never weep.

But while the parting sun bids sweet farewell
To hills, and woods, and to the rippling sea,
She hurries hopeful from the darkened cell
Either to deeper gloom or victory.
She stops not in her course to watch and make
The clouds strange visions take;
Her mission is to save, and swift she moves
To her whom still the heart with holy instinct loves.

She seeks her mother in the marble home
Where joyously she passed her childhood's prime,
And all unconscious of the night to come
Spent the sweet moments of that golden time,

* The epitaph of an early Christian martyr, found in the Catacombs of Rome. This poem was delivered before the literary societies of the University of Vermont by Dr. E. E. Higbee.

That happy morning of her life, ere day
Chased rosy mists away.
But now that dawning light seems almost fled,
And all its radiance which round her pathway spread.

Yet holier light shines inward on her soul,
And her pure eyes turn from surrounding gloom;
The fearful shadows rapidly unroll,
For light eternal shines beyond the tomb—
She walks into the hall, in hope and fear
Breathing her fervent prayer
That she who taught her infant tongue to speak,
Might love the Saviour, and her heathen idols break.

Kindly the mother meets her truant child,
Seeing her weight of sorrows and of fears;
And, knowing not the cause, with accents mild
She asks the reason of her struggling tears—
And then while shades of night fall silently
On city and on sea,
The daughter tells that simple tale of love
By which her heart and hopes were set on things above.

How she had often met an aged man
Who taught her of that wondrous Nazarene—
How from the glorious throne above he ran
To bear our grief, and take away our stain,
How, virgin-born at Bethlehem, a star
Led wise men from afar
To bow before the manger where he lay,—
Who would unbar for them the crystal gates of day.

How he had made the lame to walk again,
And blind to see; how he had waked the dead
And called them from their graves, and how in pain
No tongue can tell, his weary way he led
To holy Calvary, where on the Rood
He shed his precious blood,
That through his agony our hearts might know
Their awful guilt, and yet be cleansed as white as snow.

How he had conquered Hell, and burst the grave,
And through the everlasting doors above
Went in exulting, and with power to save
All who could trust in such mysterious love—
How, led by such high story, she did bow
And breathe her solemn vow,
That all things earthly she would count as loss
And cling forever to her Saviour's hallowed Cross.

The mother, as she marks the solemn tone
With which her child relates her simple faith,
Sees that a high resolve before unknown
Has made her fearless of that awful death
So many martyrs suffered (yet with joy
No pain could e'er destroy);
She sees, and, in an agony of fear,
Feels that her only light of life must disappear.

PART THIRD.

Often throughout this eve, in anxious prayer
Blandina's thoughts to that dear refuge turn,
Where neither sun, nor moon, nor stars appear,
But all is dark, save where dim tapers burn,
And shed strange mystic light upon the tombs
That fill the Catacombs;
Yet where that Shepherd of the lonely few
Prepares for the great festal morn with service due.

In holy reverence his flock attends;
But seeing that one gentle lamb is gone,
Beneath his heavy grief the shepherd bends,
And sends toward Heav'n his agonizing moan—

"O thou great Shepherd! when, when shall be seen
Pastures of living green?
When by *still* waters wilt thou ever lead
Thy feeble, sorrowing lambs in their extremest need?"

Thus like a mariner on desert sea,
O'er whom the midnight storms in wildness sweep,
And who through gloomy clouds no dawn can see,
And only death beneath the angry deep,
Does this worn pilgrim long for heav'nly light
To cheer his stormy night—
Yet still he trusts in that dear Master's will
Who walk'd upon the sea and made its waves be still.

But different scenes in Rome's proud palace hall
Disturb the quiet of the sleeping earth:
No words of prayer from trembling lips there fall,
But shouts of drunken revelry and mirth
Applaud the base decree, that when the night
Gives place to dawning light,
The Christians who Rome's haughty edict scorn,
Shall die in flames, or be by savage wild beasts torn.

PART FOURTH.

The Holy Eve is past, and Easter morn
Looks blushing through the rosy-tinted clouds—
But hark! what shouts are on the fresh air borne
From out those merry and exulting crowds
Which do the amphitheatre surround!
And now, the fainter sound,
Which comes like dying echoes through the air—
From whose sweet lips breathes out that touching voice of prayer?

Amidst those crowds the martyr maiden kneels;
She will not bow to idol Gods again,
For power victorious over death she feels,
And though the wild beasts rage, no fear of pain
The holy courage of her peaceful soul
Can in the least control.
She kneels, and by her struggling mother there
Breathes out to Heav'n that voice—it is her dying prayer:

Hear, Saviour, hear, thy suppliant's prayer,
Bending in agony before Thee!
Send heav'nly light to cheer the night
Of those who lonely now adore Thee!
Thou who didst bear our grief, in this dark hour
O hear, and save my mother with thy conq'ring power!

Hear, Saviour, hear! The hour draws near,
I feel death's coldness stealing o'er me!
Thou whose dear blood the Holy Rood
With purple stream stained to restore me!
Thou suffering Redeemer, in this hour,
O hear, and save my mother with thy conq'ring power!

Saviour, I die! The opening sky
Reveals that glorious crystal river—
I go, I go, where palm trees grow,
And golden harps ring out forever—
Ye seraph wings that bear me to such rest,
O take my mother to the Saviour's breast.

Stay, daughter, near! I hear, I hear
Strange music in the *twilight* ringing,
I see the light, and Angels bright
Before the throne all rapturous singing.
O Saviour, hear! I bow, I bend before thee
And with my dying child, dying, adore thee.

O death, where is thy sting! And thou, O grave,
Where is thy victory? The sun may go
With fading light beneath the ocean wave,
Yet soon that sun shall rise with living glow
And through the opening gateway of the east
In royal glory drest—
Move up the golden pathway of the sky,
And take his midday throne of brightest radiancy.

CONCLUSION.

The morn which brings us to the empty tomb,
From which the conq'ring Saviour joyful rose,
Enrich'd with spoils, to take immortal bloom,
The just reward of all his bloody woes—
That morn of holy memories is fled,
And silently now spread
The shadows of the night o'er hill and plain,
And quietly the stars take up their watch again.

Yet she, the Martyr, sees nor shades of night,
Nor stars that take their watch along the sky:
She lives rejoicing in eternal light,
And wears th' immortal crown of victory—
And now that holy man without a moan
Cuts on the solid stone
Within the Catacombs, the holy rood,
And the brief epitaph "Blandina sleeps in God."
He knew that through the darkness of the night
Blandina saw the glorious dawn to come,
And died rejoicing, as its beaconing light
Call'd her worn, weary spirit to its home.

Ages have pass'd, and heathen Rome is gone,
But still the lowly Nazarene is here—
Ages may come, as many as have flown,
But, still His conq'ring power will be there—
Go, run with patience then thy Heavenly race,
Thou trembling child of grace—
Soon thou shalt take that glitt'ring crown of thine
Th' almighty hands are jewelling with light divine.

CENTENNIAL POEM.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own—my native land?
Sir Walter Scott.

Thus sang the "Wizard of the North:" and all
Who have a fatherland respond, Amen!—
The face of Nature even, which we greet
From day to day, grows with the gliding years
More dear and more familiar to us all.
Her smiles and tears; her festive joy at Spring,
When through th' empurpl'd air of morning rings
The choral chant of the rejoicing birds;
Her summer pride of waving fields and sunshine,
And forests fragrant with the breath of flowers;
Her dreamy rest at Fall, in robes of gold,
And drapery envermeil'd by the frost,
When from the thymy fields the drowsy hum
Of insects rises like a dewy mist;
Her cold and death-like sleep at winter-tide,
Wrapp'd in white winding-sheets of drifted snow,
While the rude winds with noisy minstrelsy
Keep up perpetual dirge; these images
Of sense which with the seasons come and go,
All, with a mighty and yet silent power
Enter the study of our phantasy,
And come to be for youth and hoary age,
An ever sweet companionship; and form
The content, and the precious heritage,
Of what we love as our own fatherland.
The hills around us, from whose sombre shade,
Weeping with dew, we hear the whippowill's
Sad chant; the mountains midst whose fragrant vines,
And moss, and nodding ferns, and tangled laurel,
The streams go flashing with their sunlit foam,—
Or where we wond'ring watch the early mist
Sweep o'er the billowy green, and rising leave
The drenched tree-tops; till at last it melts
Into the golden glory of the dawn;
The meadows luscious with the purple clover,
Hedg'd with the gadding briers, and tufted starwort,
And vocal with the songs of lark and sparrow;
The orchards scatt'ring down their wealth of blossom
In snowy flakes upon the verdant sward,
Where wrens are chattering, and orioles
Drop liquid notes building their pendent nests,
And transient warblers linger on their way
To waving forests of the colder north;
The creeks now sweeping by high crumbling bluffs
Where hangs the snowy dog wood, and where sleep
The blue-eyed liverworts on beds of bronze,
Or now, slow-winding by the golden sand
Through chequer'd shade of ragged sycamores,
Or clust'ring willows, or high-arching elms
Amidst whose whisp'ring leaves embower'd the dove
Moans for his mate, while o'er the Valley's deep
Repose, transparent shadows of the clouds
Are floating silently, and vanishing
Like summer dreams;—these all deep in the soul
Are mirror'd. There abide they ever fresh
Before the mind's eye; and no time can dim
Their glory; so that, wheresoe'er we are,
Whether on sea, or on a foreign shore,
As by some magic spell they show themselves
And thrill the soul, and bear us swift as thought
Back to the home and fatherland we love.

Awake, O love of fatherland, awake!
And thrill each chord of our long slumbering lyre!
Bring back the melodies of home, and break
The dull indifference, the cold desire
With which we greet this consecrated day,
And banish our ingratitude far, far away!
Ye music-haunted hills! Ye mountains grand,
Flooded with glory by the setting sun!
Ye gushing streams of our own fatherland,
Which midst the nodding ferns and laurel run,
Sparkling with light all through the tangled gloom!
Ye meadows purpling with the clover bloom,
And dripping with the lustrous, nectared dew!
Ye earth and air, ye sky and heavens too,
Into one grand, consonant chorus break!
Awake, O love of fatherland, awake!

But not alone what carnal eyes behold
Spread out around our pathway day by day,
Nor what the sensuous ear drinks in of sounds
That fill the very air we hourly breathe,
Makes up the ever dear companionship
Of country and of home. There is a life
Of will and reason;—sounds etherial;
Visions that fade not with the setting sun:—
Wrapp'd up and hidden in our mother-tongue;
Felt by the lisping boy, yet not reveal'd
Save to his ripened manhood, when the deeds
And thoughts which make his country's history

* Delivered by Rev. E. E. Higbee, D. D., then President of Mercersburg College, at the Centennial Celebration at Chambersburg, July 4th, 1876, of the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

Beam in upon his spirit. Then he hears
And sees, awe-struck, the marshalling of nations
To this decisive battlefield of Freedom;
He sees the Mayflower, laboring with storms,
Bearing to Plymouth Rock heroic freight;
He hears the ever-busy Hollander
Fastening his fishing posts and little wharves
Where now are seen the navies of the world;
He walks with peaceful Penn to Indian treaties,
And, through primeval forests from the sea
Crossing deep valleys, scaling rocky heights
And cloud-capp'd mountains, to the streams that join
And sweep far-reaching to the tropic Gulf,
He marks with wond'ring gaze the broad and firm
Foundations of this regal State; he sees,
Flocking to these inhospitable shores,
The frugal Swedes and toiling Palatines,
The rugged chamois hunters of the Alps,
And honest working journeymen of Darmstadt;
He sees the cultur'd English cavaliers
Facing the March winds on St. Clement's isle,
Ready to rear upon its vine-clad shore,
Or in the mossy wilderness beyond,
Another holy Lindisfarne or Yarrow:
He sees the persecuted Huguenots,
"To bear their household Gods to Latium,"
Leaving their sunny France, and hurrying
Into the gloomy oak-groves of the Cooper;
He sees,—and feels that these, whate'er their tongue,
Were the great grandsires of his native land,—
The noble Argonauts, who sail'd through seas
Adventurous to happier shores than Colchis,
And seiz'd a dragon-guarded golden fleece
Richer by far than that which Jason won
Helped by the potent herbs of fair Medea.

Awake, O love of fatherland, awake!
Bid every chord pour forth exulting tones!
Bring back these olden heroes! let them take
This day among us all their well-earned thrones
Of reverence, their crowns of richest gems,
Their royal robes of state, their purple diadems!
From Plymouth's storm-lash'd rock; from Pequot's bay;
From Saybrook's loop-holed fort; from rocky falls
By Mystic stream and its wild madd'ning fray;
From Salkehatchie's banks and bosky dells
Red with the carnage of the Yamasees;
From Penn's "greene countrie towne" embower'd with trees;
From East and West, from South and farthest North,
The gradsires of the century gone, come forth!
And into one high, joyous chorus break!
Awake, O love of fatherland, awake!

Our grandsires were but pilgrims: walk'd by faith,
Not sight. They hardly saw the grapes of Eshcol
Brought back by spies, yet fought the Anakim,
Fierce giants of the woods. With longing hearts
By forest camp-fires and in log-locked huts
The pomp of Memphis they recall'd, and saw
Again the cultured pasture-fields of Goshen,
But wearied not. Pillar of cloud and fire
Guarded and led them tow'rd the Promised Land.
They fell'd the forests; till'd their narrow fields;
Founded their schools, forgetting not the groves
Of Academus and the painted Porch;
Reared sancturies, and from tow'ring spires
Sent sounding through the misty hills and valleys
The solemn melody of Sabbath bells;
Built up their coast-land towns and busy harbors,
Where, when they came, the fearless Indian plied
Sportive his light canoe, and naught disturb'd
The hush of twilight but the paddle's dip
And murm'ring waterfalls. Patient they wrought;
Made laws and magistrates, and fixed the base
Of venerable senates, with a skill
Unequal'd by that fabled Tyrian Queen
Who fled from covetous Pygmalion—
But now, (and who can tell how much of light
Lies hidden in God's darkest providence?)
Britain's mad king and lordly parliament,
Who should have priz'd this jewel of the crown,
And striv'n to give it a still brighter lustre,
Spurn'd it and barter'd it for temp'ral gain,
And would have trampled it beneath their feet,
Had not the Guardian Angel of our Land
Swift interposed his mighty wings, and saved,
With withering rebuke, the glitt'ring gem
From such base usage.
To guard this heritage of toils and tears,
And hand it down free from tyrannic rule
With countless blessings to the distant ages;
To make their children's homes, homes of the free
And not of bondsmen to a foreign lord;
To raise the massive columns of a State
O'er whose proud capitol should ever float
In storm and sunshine Freedom's glorious banner,
Our fathers boldly at the monarch's throne
Threw down their gage of battle. All undrill'd,
Sires and sons burnish'd their rusty swords,
Rushed from their quiet hearthstones to the streets
Of Lexington and Concord, bared their breasts
Indignant to the charge, and hurl'd the taunt
Of "rebels" back again in Pitcairn's teeth.
With fiery vengeance. Like disturbed wasps
Around their shatter'd nest, they yielded not,
But darted on the foe. From barns and sheds,
From breastworks frail of budding copse and trees,
They fought, and drove th' invaders back again,
And made that April day a day of glory.
Up midst the northern woods where Horicon
Pours out into the Glen its noisy waters,
Heroic Allen seiz'd the grim old fort,
Thrice batter'd in the Indian wars, whose ruins,
Majestic still, cover'd with moss and harebell,
Linger, and smile upon the charming bay,
And catch the fragrance of the lilied marshes;
Down by the sea-coast, through the summer night,
The gallant Prescott and his toiling troops
Threw up their breastworks of the dewy sod,
And on the morrow drench'd them with their blood
When Warren fell, and made forever sacred
The memory of Bunker's Hill; and now
Led by our greatest hero,—name immortal,
Which neither monument of brass or stone,
Nor storied page, nor poet's high-wrought song
Can make more dear and holy,—led by him
Through night and storm, defeat and victory;
Through the sharp agonies of Valley Forge,
And Monmouth's hard-won conflict; onward still
With ever calm and skillful energy,
Until amid October's fading leaves
The siege of Yorktown and the war was ended.
Led on by him, our fathers fought and conquer'd,
And made this day and this Centennial year
A nation's ornament and glory.

Awake, O pride of fatherland, awake!
Give to the lyre this day triumphant tones!
Bid willing hearts and hands fresh chaplets make,
And coronals of costliest gold, and thrones
Of glowing amethyst, and rubies red,
Meet for the high presence of the heroic dead!

They live again as in the days of yore!
They come from northern tarns unknown in song,
From where the Mohawk's dashing waters roar!
Allen and Putnam, and a noble throng
Of fearless foresters come pouring forth,
Belted like hunters, from the rugged North!
They come from Southern swamp, and sunny glade,
Moultrie and Marion with his wild brigade!—
High in advance, where thousands follow on,
Rides the great chieftain, the immortal Washington,
And all, beneath the flag, to God thanksgiving make!
Awake once more, O pride of fatherland, awake!

But not the past alone is theme for song,
Our starry banner still floats o'er the free.
And hopeful pilgrims to our shores still throng,
From continents afar, and islands of the sea.

The voice of strife is hush'd; and not a home
Now hears the tramp of war, or clarion shrill;
But to our jubilee the nations come
Bringing their peaceful products of long cultured skill.

God's blessings still are ours. In all our ways
He guides, Who saves mankind from sin and shame;
And thousand thankful hearts this day shall raise
Exultingly "Te Deums" to His glorious Name.

But time forbids that we prolong our strain.
Back to our beechen shade gladly we go,
There to recline, and meditate again
Some rustic song on slender oaten pipes to blow.

The willow-hedge, fed by Hyblæan bees,
And country calm, is our befitting realm;
To hear the woodman's song float on the breeze!
And turtles softly cooing from the airy elm.

In a letter to a friend, dated March 18, 1853, he writes: "Will you please accept this small gift as a feeble return for your kindness and friendship, which I send with the hope that it may add to your pleasure in this opening season of Spring. The first ode or idyl is written in hexameter in the original, and in my translation I have used the verse of "Chapman's Homer." The first ode I have translated very literally, the second more freely:

IDYL TO SPRING.

From the Greek of Meleager.

"Χειματος ἠνεμόεντος ἀπ' αἰθέρος οἰχομένοιο."

The windy winter from the air his angry scowl has ta'en,
And purple time of Spring has come with smiling flow'rs again;
The dusky earth, no longer cold, with growing herbs is green;
And blooming flow'rs, with new leaves clad, Spring's children sweet, are seen;
The moisture soft of genial morn the laughing meadows drink,
And in each newly-opened rose the sparkling dew-drops blink;
The shepherd plays his cheerful pipe along the woody heights,
The goatherd with his greyish kids in rustic sport delights;
Already on the waters wide the joyful sailors sail,
Their canvas fully bosomed by the gentle zephyr's gale;
Already do the revels wild, with boist'rous mirth resound
The shout of Io Bacche! with clustering grape-vines crowned;
Their curious works the bees prepare, from bones of oxen sprung,
And thick around their fragrant hives the busy lab'rers throng;
Now in their well-wrought cells of wax with ceaseless hum they pour
The white, fresh-flowing honey sweet—a dainty winter's store;

Clear-singing birds of every kind now wake their melodie,
The swallows 'round the house-tops, the halcyons on the sea,
The swan below the river-banks, and 'neath the stilly grove,
Sweet philomel prolongs his notes of sadness and of love:
If flow'rs rejoice with waving locks, and earth with green be dight,
And shepherds pipe among the hills, and fine-haired kids delight;
If sailors sail the azure deep, and Bacchus wildly dance,
And flying birds with sweetest notes the list'ning air entrance;
If bees around their fragrant hives with ceaseless murmur sing,
Well might my muse in concert too, rejoice in thee, O Spring.

The original of the above, which I have closely followed, is, I think, the most beautiful pastoral poem in the Greek language. The following ode of Anacreon you read while I was teaching you, and if I recollect aright, admired it very much. I must ask your pardon for adding two verses, the fifth and last. On account of my freedom in the translation, I thought them necessary to complete the whole. Tell Miss Virginia they will partially answer for the original verses I promised her, for Greek translations are more difficult to execute than it is to write what is entirely one's own.

ODE TO SPRING.

"Ἰδε, πως εαρος θανεντος."

See how, sweet spring appearing,
The graceful roses grow,
Their tender shoots uprearing,
With red-tipp'd buds below.

See, how the waves of ocean
Grow soft with dimpling smiles,
And kiss with rippling motion
The green and blooming isles.

See, how the ducks disporting
Ruffle the silv'ry lake,
And cranes in flocks resorting
Their annual journey take.

Now Titan brightly shining,
His rays unceasing pours,
And fleecy clouds combining
Refresh the earth with show'rs.

The shepherds now are tending
Their flocks along the hills,
And through the valleys wending
Are heard the tinkling rills.

With fruits the olive laden
Bends downward to the ground,
And for each lovely maiden
The sparkling wine is crown'd.

Where leaves the thickest gather
Along each tender shoot,
The faded petals wither,
And show the growing fruit.

Now on the grass reclining
Where groves with music ring,
The tender blades entwining,
I sing to thee, O Spring.

Once, in my college days, at the University of Vermont, I walked out in an autumn evening, musing, and scarcely knowing whither, until I came to a large black wood, where I was startled by the Tu-whoo! of an owl, sitting on an old dead tree, just in front of me. I stood still, and listened over half-an-hour with exquisite pleasure, and then returned to my room and wrote the following. The voice of the owl sounded cheerful to me rather than sad; hence I say "piping thy note so cheerily:"

ODE TO THE OWL.

Hail to thee, owl! thou sentinel of night,
That keepest pace with tongueless echo, shouting
Whoo!
And put'st the wanderer to startling fright,
Traveling the dark woods through.

Thou art a quaint old songster, hornèd bird,
Piping thy note so cheerily on that dead tree,
Then listening to know if echo yet has heard,
And will return thy minstrelsie.

Tu-whoo! sooth, that's a blast of noble sound!
And dost thou hear it rolling through the evening air
And canst thou mark how wood and hills around,
Thy note of warning bear?

To-whoo! again? sure thou'rt a queer old fowl
To practice here thy song in solitary glee;
Thou must be of thy feathery tribe a stoic owl,
Thou carest little for society.

I love thee since thou dost not boast thy song,
Like birds of day, who only wish they may be heard—
Thou never gabblest with unbridled tongue,
Thou art a modest bird.

But when dim evening comes, thy voice doth swell
Thro' darkening vale, and far along the moonlit hill,
And echoes on, decreasing, through the dell
Beyond then dies away—and all is still.

Thou art at times a melancholy bird— [sere,
When winds go moaning through the leaves of autumn
Thy piercing note of woe has often stirred
An unregarded tear.

I love thee more for this, my chosen one, [swell;
That thy brave, sturdy heart with tender thoughts can
But now I leave thee in thy lonely home,
And bid thee, though 'tis hard, a fond farewell.

ODE TO THE PARTRIDGE.

Thou art the sportsman's favorite bird—
Where'er we pass,
Through growing grass,
In early spring thy voice is heard.

When dew-drops sparkle in the sun,
At early dawn,
Along the lawn,
Under the fence-rails thou dost run.

In secrecy thy nest is made
Beneath the hedge,
And there the pledge
Of thy fond brood is snugly laid.

With faithful watch thou guard'st that nest,
And keep'st thy young
From every wrong,
Gathered beneath thy downy breast.

When summer days are sultry warm,
In safe retreat,
'Mid waving wheat,
Thou strayest free from heat and harm.

When autumn comes with ripening corn,
And cool winds sigh
Through stubbles dry,
We meet thee at the early morn,

Joining thy mates in social glee,
Where brambles grow,
And waters flow,
Along the hillside joyously.

In fine, thou art a lovely bird,
And with delight,
Thy clear Bob White!
Among the growing grass is heard.

It has been exceedingly warm to-day, but a brisk shower has made it cool and balmy this evening. I have walked in the garden, and done everything I could, so as to not to feel too lonely. A little sparrow came out in the garden on the banks of the river and joined my company, and sang as happily as if no one were absent. The sweet little bird! I grew cheerful as I listened. As soon as I reached my study I could not resist the impulse of an ode to that little sparrow. It is hereafter your property. Treat it kindly.

ODE TO A SPARROW.

Singing in the Garden Sunday Evening.

O thou sweet, cheerful bird!
Why warblest thou this holy eve so long?
What spirit in thy bosom so hath stirred
The spring of rapt'rous song?

Why, too, at rosy dawn,
When mists still sleep along the woody hill,
Do thy blithe notes from out the grassy lawn
In joyous welcome thrill?

E'en when the wild winds blow,
Calmly retiring to thy quiet nest,
Thou lettest wild winds rock thee to and fro
To happy, tuneful rest.

And when the storm goes by,
Thou comest singing sweeter than before,
Mingling thine ever-cheerful melody
With its departing roar.

Canst thou with pious thought
Admire the morning's blush, or evening's glow?
And, by mysterious, holy instinct taught,
Praise they Creator so?

Or canst thou, when the wind
Unheeding drives thee to thy nest again,
Yet trust His care, and thus confiding find
Theme for a happier strain?

I know He marks thy ways,
And that thou canst not fall without His will?
But dost thou know, and thus adoring praise
Him thy Preserver still?

O that my heart may feel
All the warm gratitude of thy sweet song!
O that my spirit may adoring kneel,
And join that glorious throng,

Who, like to thee, in praise,
Within a happier paradise above,
Warble by crystal stream immortal lays,
Where all the air is love!

Sing on, thou cheerful bird;
Scatter thy notes amid the falling dew,
For now the spring of rapt'rous song is stirred
Within my bosom too.

What though the night must come?
Death's but the shadow of that angel's wings
Who flies to bear the weary pilgrim home
Where song eternal rings.

Dear Friend: I have been sitting here at my table for a full half-hour listening to the monotonous chirp of a cricket. The musical creature must be somewhere underneath the window-frame. I reckon he has a fine nest there, and is now singing his evening lullaby. Sing on, thou little black, many-legged feeder upon dew. Thy song is as lonely as the autumn wind, but it is happiness to thee, and I will not mar thy pleasure. Like a poet, thou seemest to enjoy the melody of thy verse, or, like some pious anchorite in his lonely cell, thou singest thine hymn of praise ere sleep shall hush thy voice in silence. Sing on, I say, for I will not disturb thee nor thy song, but will myself cheer this lonely hour in writing one who loveth thee, I trust, and all things beautiful.

ODE TO A CRICKET.

Sing on, thou hidden songster! for thy voice
Sounds lonely as the sighing autumn wind,
But still in lonely song thou dost rejoice
To speak the burden of thy thoughtful mind.
Pour forth the music of thy tuneful breast,
And in its dying cadence sink to rest.

Perhaps thy thoughts go backward to the time of spring,
When merrily thou fed'st upon the honeyed dew,
And to thy mem'ry sweet rem'niscence bring
Of other days when underneath the purpling hue
Of vernal eves, thou sang'st a livelier lay,
Nor ceased thy cheerful song till crimson light of day.

Perhaps the loved companions of those happy hours.
Still cherish'd in the fond affections of thy soul,
Exert upon thy heart, as then, the self-same powers,
And make the tears of song from out thy bosom roll.
In this, I know, thou must be doubly blest,
If past emotions leave an echo in thy breast.

Thou art like him who listens to thy lonely song,
And strives to cheer his heart with some responsive lay,—
His thoughts go backward to the past, and linger long
Around those scenes where memory still delights to stray;
The loved companions of those happy hours
Exert upon his heart, as then, the self same pow'rs.

Sing on, then, hidden songster! for thy voice
Sounds lonely as the sighing autumn wind,
But still in lonely song thou dost rejoice
To speak the burden of thy thoughtful mind;
Pour forth the music of thy tuneful breast,
And in its dying cadence sink to rest.

Think not that I am lonely from these simple verses which I have written. It is only my muse imitating the cricket.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

Written to a Friend in Bereavement.

In pain, O Lord, how sweet to know
That Thou art near, with tender care
To guard and comfort, lest the foe
Should drive me into dark despair.

Thine arms of sovereign love I feel,
Embracing my poor struggling frame,
And hopeful still to Thee I kneel,
And breathe in prayer Thy precious name.

O Jesus, source of life and peace,
Sweet refuge of the weary soul,
How near! how dear Thy promised grace,
When waves of trouble o'er me roll!

In Thee, whatever toil or pain
To test my patience may be given,
Shall only prove to be my gain—
Helpmates to lead me on to heaven.

One loving glance from Thee, O Lord,
Calms every fear within my breast;
One promise gathered from Thy word
Assures me of eternal rest.

ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY, 1880.

The Autumn of our Year,
The Twilight of our Day.

How rapidly the years have fled!
How little of life's mission done!
Soon every blossom will be shed,
And all the forest leaves be dead,
And darken'd all the glory of the summer sun.

Will not sweet memories be mine,
Recalling all the bloom of spring?
Will not fond eyes look into thine,
And still their tender lovelight shine,
With warmer glow than ever summer suns can bring?

Who loves the garish light of day?
The dewy twilight's tenderer far—
The summer blossoms fade away,
But autumn is as sweet as May.
And oh, the winter snows, how soft and white they are!

Then let the hurrying years pass by,
And all the blushing bloom of May;
And let the Summer's green leaves die,
And all the splendors of its sky
Fade as the setting sun goes southward day by day.

Thou art still here—so true, so fair!
The years have made no change in thee;
Thy smiles—no flowers can Spring-tide bear
More softly bright. The Summer air,
With all its murmuring leaves, is not so sweet to me.

BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL.

The last issue of the *Pennsylvania School Journal* is devoted to the memory of Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee. We have read with eagerness all that is contained in it; with eagerness, and not without emotion—sometimes with tears in the eyes. All of these tributes are most tenderly and lovingly, and some of them are also most beautifully, written. The voice of reverence, gratitude, and affection is in every one. There are those of which it would be a pleasure to make special mention; but where there are so many to whom one feels grateful for what they have said, it is impossible to make specifications. We would only take the privilege of saying that to us, as having had some part in those scenes and those times, what is so beautifully and tenderly written by Prof. J. B. Kerschner, of those old Mercersburg days, presents a special, mournful and pathetic interest.

What has perhaps struck us most, in this Memorial, is the evidence which it contains of the profound impression made by the personality of Dr. Higbee upon those who were associated with him in the work of caring for the public schools of the State of Pennsylvania. What enthusiastic admiration, what almost filial affection, what devoted loyalty, here finds expression in the letters of those to whom in the cause of the public schools he was related as their chief!

How generous, how passionate sometimes, are the expressions and acknowledgments here made, by superintendents and teachers, of their indebtedness to him for lifting them up to a higher and truer conception of their calling, and inspiring them with new life and strength for the performance of their work! Surely it required a man, not only of extraordinary ability, but combining with such ability certain other extraordinary qualities also, to make such an impression as that of which we have the abundant evidence here. We have been specially interested in the testimony borne by those who were not at first, on his appointment to the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, disposed to regard him with favor. They were naturally fearful and anxious for the welfare of the public schools; they questioned whether an exclusively college-bred man, who had not been brought up in the public schools, whose "previous experience had not been directly in the line of the great work that he was about to undertake," could properly sympathize with and represent this great public interest; they "had been led to doubt the wisdom of the Governor's choice." These were not unnatural doubts and fears. But how quickly, as is here testified, they were put to flight by contact with the man! We have liked especially to read what is here said by those, as for example by Miss L. E. Patridge and Mr. L. E. McGinnes, who speak of their unfavorable anticipations at the time of Dr. Higbee's appointment. There is something particularly interesting and beautiful in their generous and warm-hearted acknowledgment of the incorrectness of their first impressions and the groundlessness of their fears. "Ah, how greatly was I mistaken!" writes Miss Patridge, * * "how many times was put to shame my narrow judgment, made before I knew his liberal mind, his just and upright soul!" For the same reason, a special interest belongs to what is written by the Hon. A. S. Draper, State Superintendent of New York, who, having first been repelled from Dr. Higbee by a severe criticism made by the latter on one of the county institutes of New York, afterwards came to understand him better and appreciate him more fully, and now writes of him kindly and tenderly.

Without dwelling further upon the contents of this most interesting and important issue of *The School Journal*, we desire to point out two or three things which they serve to reveal, and which may be regarded as among the lessons to be learned from the life of Dr. Higbee.

We mention, first, the exceeding value of a large, broad, liberal education. He whose culture is genuine, and broad, and deep, will not be at loss wherever he may be placed. It was perhaps natural to fear that a college or university man would not be in sympathy with the public schools; but the fear proved to be, in the case of Dr. Higbee at least, without foundation. And not unnaturally so. For the cause of education is one cause. There is no good reason why he who is interested in it at one point should not be interested in it at others also; why he who sympathizes with it above should not sympathize with it below. It is true, a little education may easily lead away from the people and their schools; but education

large, and deep, and full, invariably leads back to them again.

We call attention, secondly, to the secret of the enthusiastic devotion and loyalty to Dr. Higbee on the part of those whose chief he was in the educational councils of the State. It was because of his kindness. He believed in his superintendents and teachers; he trusted them; he recognized what was good in them. And, because of this, they believed in him, and trusted him, and followed him. He would seem to have made a conquest of all the educating forces of the State; but it was a conquest achieved exclusively by kindness; by which alone, indeed, may any real conquest be made. That which is noble in men everywhere responds instantly to the voice of him who believes in its existence and appeals to it with confidence. It is a great thing to believe in men; to believe in good men; to recognize the ideal everywhere, clogged, and obscured, and oppressed as it may be by the raw and uncouth actual. The world needs nothing more to-day than such belief and such power of recognition. And, wherever a man of great ability possesses also the spirit of trustfulness and belief, being not only knowing, but also good and kind, believing in men, recognizing the good in them, and seeking to call them to higher and higher things; that man's voice men will know, and him they will follow.

Finally, Dr. Higbee's life is no exception to the rule, so often expressed in the Scriptures and written everywhere in this universe of God's, that there is no glorification without previous humiliation. The very bitterness through which he passed had, as is shown in this Memorial, much to do with exalting his name. And not only his name, but also his character. The tempest of detraction through which he at one time passed was not without exalting and glorifying effect. It may have had something to do with shortening his life on earth; probably it had still more to do with enriching and maturing his character as a Christian man. We have somewhere seen an ancient saying expressing the belief of former times that a bell never obtained its settled tone until it had tolled for a funeral. This may not be true of bells, but it is true of men and women. A soul never gets its settled tone until it has made acquaintance with sorrow. The highest that is in us comes out not except in darkness and blackness and tempest. It is the old and everlasting law, that there is no crown without the cross. To Dr. Higbee's lot it once fell, as Prof. Kerschner says, "to eat his bread with tears;" and to him also it fell, without doubt, to know those "celestial powers," of whom Gœthe speaks in the beautiful and touching lines from which Prof. Kerschner has so aptly quoted.—*Rev. Dr. J. S. Keiffer in Reformed Church Messenger.*

LOVE BUILDS THIS MOMUMENT.

This Memorial Number is the most remarkable issue in all the thirty-eight volumes of *The Pennsylvania School Journal.* The present writer has made up and put through press every issue of *The Journal* during the past twenty-five years, and therefore knows whereof he speaks. Once before a double number was issued—when a fire eight years ago swept everything away—but its contents were, in character, similar to those of any other ordinary monthly issue.

The delay in this number has been, in a measure, unavoidable. We did not at first know how much space would probably be occupied by such matter as it was designed to insert. The work has grown steadily upon us, and form after form was printed until it became evident that the February and March numbers must be included in a single issue; and even that does not include all the matter in hand which we should be glad to insert in the present number.

We have had a very full report of the impressive memorial services held at Tiffin, Ohio, in the church of which Dr. Higbee was formerly pastor, and which stands as a monument to his energy and earnestness; also reports of a memorial service held in Baltimore, Md., and of services held elsewhere. Resolutions of School Boards, Normal Schools, and Teachers' Institutes, have been received, attesting the high regard in which Dr. Higbee is held, and giving expression to the sense of loss experienced in his death. But we are compelled, owing to lack of space, to omit this matter, which would be most appropriate for this number of *The Journal.* In view also of the large number of letters received from many kind friends throughout the State, Mrs. Higbee desires to take this means of expressing her grateful appreciation of the comforting words of sympathy with which they have so thoughtfully sought to lighten the burden of her heavy sorrow.

Probably no such monumental tribute as the present number of *The Journal* has ever been paid to the memory of any other Ameri-

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This last tribute in Memorial Number of *Penna. School Journal* fitly ends the present volume.

can educator. The range and variety of these contributions is extraordinary. They will be a revelation to many friends of Dr. Higbee who thought they knew the man, just as they have been to ourselves. They will for a hundred years aid in giving him that high place among our State Superintendents which is promptly accorded by those who knew him best; for this number of *The Journal* will be referred to with interest on the shelves of the Department of Public Instruction, and in the offices of Superintendents of Schools in Pennsylvania where full sets are preserved, long after every hand that has contributed to its pages shall have ceased to labor. As the "Good Sir James" stands out in the great Douglas line of Scotland, whose records run back into the dim centuries, so, in like degree, will the name and fame of Dr. Higbee become a tradition in the records of the School Department and the school history of Pennsylvania.

Vermont has given to Pennsylvania two great men in Hon. Thaddeus Stevens and Dr. E. E. Higbee, and Pennsylvania is heavily her debtor. The former filled a very large space in the political history of the State and the Nation. In the eye of the world also he filled a larger space than the latter; but, grand as his record has been, it may be found that when the angel accountants come to reckon up the sum total of benefits conferred upon his kind by each of these great men, they will stand more nearly together than even ourselves might suppose.

Personal affection and personal admiration speak here on every page, in every article. It is Love that builds this monument. Everywhere in the State these thoughts and feelings have been spoken or have awaited utterance. *The School Journal* has but afforded medium and opportunity for this magnificent expression of confidence and regard. Dr. Higbee was indeed grandly beloved and trusted, largely—let this be the great lesson of his life—because, in addition to all his other royal gifts and attainments, he had that which so many men lack—a mighty, an all-mighty moral purpose; too rare indeed, but which, when possessed, is the very crown of the highest manhood, the noblest womanhood.

* * * * *

"And, O brother schoolmaster, remember evermore the exceeding dignity of our calling. It is not the holiest of all callings; but it runs near and parallel to the holiest. The lawyer's wits are sharpened, and his moral sense not seldom blunted, by a life-long familiarity with ignorance, chicanery, and crime. The physician, in the exercise of a more beneficent craft, is saddened continually by the spectacle of human weakness and human pain. We have usually to deal with fresh and unpolluted natures. A noble calling, but a perilous. We are dressers in a moral and mental vineyard. We are under-shepherds of the Lord's little ones; and our business is to lead them into green pastures, by the sides of refreshing streams. Let us into our linguistic lessons introduce cunningly and imperceptibly all kinds of amusing stories; stories of the real kings of earth, that have reigned in secret, crownless and unsceptred, leaving the vain show of power to gilded toy-kings and make-believe statesmen; of the angels that have walked the earth in the guise of holy men and holier women; of the seraph-singers, whose music will be echoing for ever; of the Cherubim of power, that with the mighty wind of conviction and enthusiasm have winnowed the air of pestilence and superstition.

"Yes, friend, throw a higher poetry than all this into your linguistic work—the poetry of pure and holy motive. Then, in the coming days, when you are fast asleep under the green grass, they will not speak lightly of you over their nuts and raisins, mimicking your accent, and retailing dull, insipid boy-pleasantries. Enlightened by the experience of fatherhood, they will see with a clear remembrance your firmness in dealing with their moral faults, your patience in dealing with their intellectual weakness. And, calling to mind the old schoolroom, they will think: 'Ah! it was good for us to be there. For, unknown to us, were made therein three tabernacles, one for us, and one for our schoolmaster, and one for Him that is the Friend of all children, and the Master of all schoolmasters.'

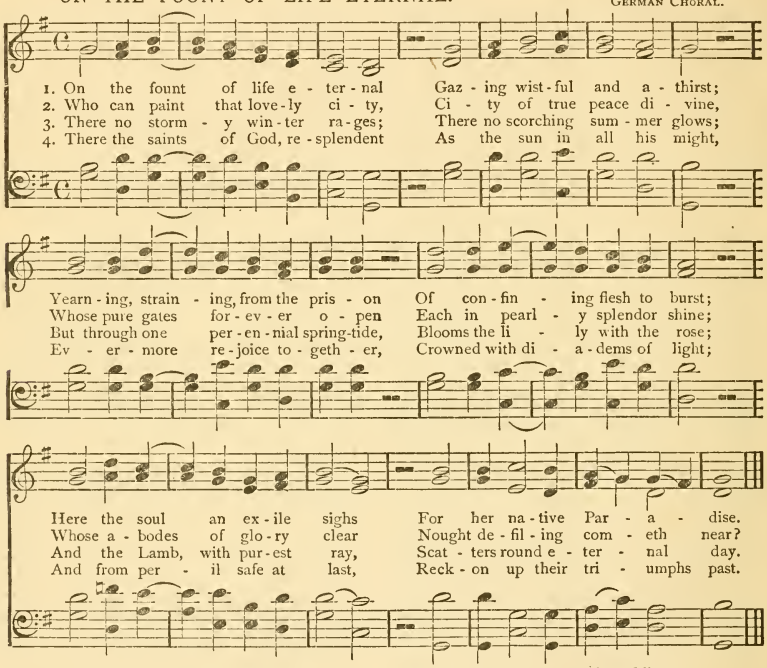
"Ah! believe me, brother mine, where two or three children are met together. unless He, who is the Spirit of gentleness, be in the midst of them, then our Latin is but sounding brass, and our Greek a tinkling cymbal." * * * *

——I hear him read, as one night, years ago, he read to me, in his study, chapter after chapter from the "Day-dreams of a Schoolmaster"—I see a cheerful fire in the low-down grate, and all familiar surroundings—his voice again with its old-time music, his quick eye, his fine expression, everything comes back—I see it, hear it, all—till slow the blinding mist comes down, and but one thought remains—*Love builds this monument.*

As to the office which Music is to perform in the Church: Here the "sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse, wed their divine sounds" in divinest praise. If music be a legitimate element of our æsthetic nature, a legitimate creation of genius, it should be consecrate to God, as all the rest of our powers should be. Man in Art should bow the knee before God as well as man in thought or man in act. God demands the service of our whole being, not only the service of our wills and of our intellects, but also the service of our acts of taste—the service of those powers which originate the world of art. And here we must be allowed to say that music is especially qualified to elevate us toward the infinite and spiritual. Sound in itself is almost spiritual. The spirit is like a wind,—we hear the sound thereof and yet know not whence it cometh or whither it goeth. Sound is not language: that is fixed and definite. Sound is not an object to be seen or handled and thus measured in relations of space; it is a vibration without and within; an almost spiritual body of rapid motion, whose only habitation is time. Hence music, using entirely such material, is so well calculated to both express and awaken religious sentiments, which, though not indefinite, are yet entirely unconfined to the regions of things seen, and

ON THE FOUNT OF LIFE ETERNAL.

E. Caswell *tr.* Damiani.
German Choral.



5. There in strains harmonious blending,
They their sweetest anthems sing;
And on harps divinely thrilling,
Glorify their glorious King;
Aided by whose arm of might
They were victors in the fight.

6. Look, O Jesus, on Thy soldiers,
Worn and wounded in the fight;
Grant, O grant us, rest for ever,
In Thy beatific sight;
And Thyself our guerdon be
Through a long eternity.

reach far away into the infinite and eternal. When the heart, then, is filled with those pure and holy sentiments which are impossible, save by the living breath of the Holy Spirit within, music becomes, as it were, a prayer of thankful adoration, and upon its wings, as by a gentle dove, the spirit is borne from earth towards God and heaven. Music, then, has an office to perform in the worship of the Church—which is God's family, God's household. Through it the penitent, yet joyful hearts of the faithful give utterance to their own overflowing contents. Through it the feeble lispings of our faith join with the glorious tones of the golden harps above, circling the throne of mercy and of grace rejoicing. Thro' it our hopes and fears, our joys and griefs, our all of religious sentiments, go up and kneel before the Most Holy One. The truth of this has been felt in every age. Since creation's dawn, when "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," to the present hour, Music and Poetry have bowed together at the altar of God and offered up their joyful and obedient homage, and so they will continue, till within the pearly gates of eternal day, the songs of Moses and the Lamb shall echo forever.—*Dr. E. E. Higbee.*

The above old Latin hymn, both words and music, was, it is thought, the favorite hymn of Dr. Higbee.

MODERN METHODS OF EDUCATION.

While intellectual culture most certainly affects any given age, it is itself in turn, both in its methods and scope, conditioned by the same. The influence here is reciprocal, and those interested in educational work are constrained, on this account, to take into consideration not only the possibilities of mental development theoretically viewed, but also what characterizes the spirit of the age and people; for this is sure to make manifest its needs, and press its claims upon the earnest attention of all who are engaged in educational work.

In a barbarous age, for example, but few needs of intellectual culture manifest themselves. No claims in the way of mental discipline are pressed upon the attention of the mass. No doubt the capabilities of mind are there, but there is neither inward nor outward stimulant present to draw them into exercise.

We find that the North American Indians were cunning and skillful so far as the range of their wants extended; and there were diverse grades of excellence among them in all that characterized their surrounding life. Some were heroic in the fight and eloquent at the council, and some possessed wide organizing and administrative power. So was it with our own Teutonic forefathers. They roamed the forests and marshes of interior Europe, bold and fearless, and confronted Roman civilization and Roman encroachments upon their liberty with such persistent resistance that Tacitus declared they might be *beaten*, but never *conquered*. They had, however, no literature, no cities, no civilization or culture. Undeveloped mind was there—a slumbering national genius which, when awakened, gave to the world its highest form of civilization. "Their rude Northern Sagas express the deep religious feeling of the old Teutonic soul, and flash upon us from the darkness of the Northern night many gleams of auroral light and splendor" (Park Godwin). But it required the lapse of ages before all this came to any proper utterance.

Even in the civilization of the Roman world we find the range of educational pursuit very narrow, and correlated on every side to the needs and claims of the age. Law and oratory, which their wide empire and world-embracing legislation demanded, were carefully fostered. Poetry and the arts in general, under the stimulant of the preceding and neighboring Greek culture, were cultivated. Mathematics engaged attention, so far as the immediate wants of the time demanded. Beyond this very little challenges our regard. The whole range of physical science hardly came into view at all. There was at times careful attention paid to agriculture. The Roman Senate, to foster this study, ordered the works of the Carthaginian Mago to be translated; and succeeding the wars of the Triumvirate, in the peaceful times of Augustus, we all remember the beautiful panegyric of Virgil in the Georgics; but from the same we can easily see how little compass of science there was. Chemistry, and botany, and mineralogy, and geology, were almost unknown—entirely undeveloped—and indeed came not into the horizon of the studies of that age. The capabilities of mind for such investigations were there, but there was no outward demand to bring them into exercise and development in such direction.

In the mediæval period, after the overthrow of Roman civilization, the range of studies was of necessity very narrow. The Teutonic world was in ferment and agitation, and the whole interest of education was left in the hands of the monastic institutions, which still preserved the precious remnants of the old civilization. Here the skins of animals were wrought into parchment, and in the Scriptorium of each monastery the choicest parts of Roman literature were copied and studied. The rude monastic almanacs or chronicles became the germs of modern historical investigations. Marshes were drained, and orchards and gardens cultivated by the laboring neophytes, and the rude material thus gained constructed into rude fabrics by the patient monks. What the church demanded in the way of art culture, as in music, architecture and poetry, was met, but the almost infinite range of modern investigation was quite unknown.

When the vast genius of Karl the Great sought to organize the Teutonic world and give to its capacities room for proper development, schools were established at every cathedral church and in every monastery, and in his own court, and the most learned men from every quarter were seized upon to aid the work. Yet under his vigorous administration and impulse the range of studies did not go beyond the so-called *trivium* and *quadrivium*, the first embracing

Note.—After printing the preceding pages which, it was thought, would be the last, it seemed best to add an additional form of sixteen pages, so as to include a somewhat larger part of the great quantity of matter that had been marked for insertion in this Memorial Volume.

Grammar, *Rhetoric* and *Logic*, and the second, *Arithmetic*, *Music*, *Geometry* and *Astronomy*.

Even in the most flourishing period of mediæval culture, when, under the influence of Greek writings introduced chiefly through the Arabs, the famous pentarchy of scholasticism reigned, it was possible for a single mind so far to exhaust the whole range of studies, as to secure the title *doctor universalis*, which was unhesitatingly given to Albertus Magnus.

How vain such a title now! No one for a moment can indulge the thought of gathering up even the most fragmentary details of the boundless investigations of the present century. Myriad harvesters in myriad fields of inquiry are at work, and their gathered sheaves lie round us "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa."

In view of this more than Briarean demand of the age, what must be our method of education? We certainly cannot shut our eyes to what is around us. We cannot confine ourselves, if we would, to the narrow limits of a semi-barbarous age, simply learning to read and write and cipher. Nor can we attempt any curriculum that shall grasp the wide expanse of studies which the age demands. Such an attempt would be even more foolish than the other. What shall we do? What should characterize the methods of modern education?

We have endeavored to show how that the wants of modern civilization have made necessary an almost infinite range of studies, and how impossible it is that any individual should attempt to master or comprehend them all. An inference from this might hastily be made that we should, at the outset of our school training, or at least at the very earliest period, direct the young to this or that special pursuit, as the bent of genius might seem to direct, and dismiss once for all the whole conception of liberal education, as this has obtained in former times. Is this a valid inference? We think not.

All thought seeks after thought. If the manifold which confronts the mind has no intelligent content, no principle or unifying law, it cannot come under the investigation of science at all. What can reason accomplish with the irrational? The larger the field of investigation, and the greater the number of data, the more seriously will the necessity of bringing the whole into some rational unity press itself upon the attention. Facts are necessary, it is true; but without the illumination of some guiding law, they must remain as so much useless rubbish, retained in the memory, it may be, but without meaning, and therefore unintelligible. Only by a thoroughly developed mind, which has trained itself to think with a philosophic spirit, will the truth underlying the ever-increasing manifoldness of investigations be reached. Such thorough development of mind, therefore, should be especially emphasized in the present age. While advanced schools of scientists, and of professional men of every description, should be maintained, at the same time every profession should see to it that only those should enter who have a broad and liberal scholarship as a source of strength for the work in hand. Things seen will not surrender the hidden truths of which they are the ultimates, nor reveal their correspondence to the spiritual, which is their essential ground, unless the seeing subject has a rational and spiritual vision to penetrate them; and this is not gained by observations, however frequently made, but by that development of inward thought-power which is reached only through a cultured and vigorous personality. Both will and intellect must become, in the broadest form, recipients of the good and the true, before effects can be seen in their causes, or the creation reveal its Creator to man.

We need to keep before us also a sense of the oneness of our human life. We are not isolated individuals, or atoms aggregated by some foreign force. We are so many factors in the general organism of humanity, and can accomplish our mission properly only as our personality is made complete, and in its right relation to others. The development of self to a full vigorous life is vastly more than the subordination of self to some external pursuit, be this never so high. We may boast of conquering nature, and making her yield up her treasures, when in reality, with the bonds of materialism, nature may have conquered us, and may keep us helpless in her grasp. The end of life is not science, separately viewed, but the full realization, through our will and reason, of the meaning of our own being as from God. This cannot be reached without the highest culture of self, and not then without the continuous inflow of power from above; and on this account our educational work should begin with no end external to the personal life, but with the culture of the whole soul. It should begin with that which is broad and elementary; and this should not be surrendered until a high measure of inward personal strength is gained, to guard against

that narrow and narrowing pedantry which is making our social life so fragmentary.

There is an old aphoristic saying, that "*It takes nine tailors to make a man.*" It will take nine lawyers also to make a man, if each has begun and ended with the study of the law. And so with every other profession, if its definite investigation has not been prefaced by a broad, liberal culture which is an ever-present and invigorating fountain, giving to each divergent channel an ever-fresh supply.

There is no true individuality save as the general is concrete therein. There can be no specific line of investigation which will yield results, except as he who pursues it has power to see and grasp the general. There can be no intelligent movement from effects to cause, unless the mind has power to grasp a totality in which both are as one.

VACATION.

There can be no true scholarship without self-thinking. The mind, even in early youth, must reach beyond what is assigned as a task, and through its own power of attention task itself freely. So also there can be no proper development of practical independence, or character, without self-willing. The energy, even of the boy, must reach beyond merely external stimulation, and through its own activity guide itself.

We need teachers, it is true; for mind must confront mind, and will meet will, before culture is possible. We need the moulding, plastic personality of great and good men to guide and inspire and bless us. We need also specific studies, and appointed hours of recitation, and hand-books which rightly organize the essential data of any given subject. We need all that "care with which the Lord hath begirt us round," to use the language of the sainted Herbert. We need, also, in the midst of all this, and to give all this its proper effect, *freedom*.

We are not *things* to be classified in bundles, and put away here and there, as others may determine. We are *spirit*, self-activity, realizing its own content. We are not characterized by that with which we are filled from without, but by that which we *come to be* in the realization from within of our own potentialties. Our way of life is not the path in which, with tight guiding strings, others may lead us; but our way of life is that which we ourselves make, not capriciously, but from a body of inward motivity formed through the upbuilding of our own character.

We have made these remarks to bring into view the proper significance of Vacation. In vacation the child is relieved from the ordinary routine of school-hours, and text-book recitations. He is freed, for the time being, fron these appropriate external bonds, which surround him and enforce the necessary presence of law, although from without. He is cut off from the ordinary bond of obligation and restraint. But yet these *horæ subcisivæ* are not to be hours of indifference, mere emptinesses in life's expanse. They have their office and their benefits. They are not in the interest of mere caprice and license, but in the interest of freedom, wherein the child, while resting from allotted labor, may become in a measure at least his own guide, and a law unto himself.

Help him, then, ye teachers, in these holidays and vacant hours, to begin his own investigations, and make his own limitations, while guarded only against thought and will dissipation. If he has haply reached the threshold of botanic science, and touched with reverent hands the door-posts and lintels of the noble structure, let him freely enjoy "the vision splendid" after which that structure is patterned. Let him cast aside for a time the necessary scaffolding of terms, *phyllotaxis*, *cryptogamic*, *pentastichous*, etc., etc., and tramp through the meadows and woods and "worship Nature in the hill and valley, not knowing what he loves." Let him plunge into the running brook, and gather the moss which it kisses, and hear the sweet music which it makes with the enameled stones (Shakespeare). Let him drink in the whole wide expanse of nature, to make more real and wholesome his antecedent and subsequent study of physical science. Let him meet heart to heart the living world of things above and around and beneath, until his young soul trembles with

> A sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air;
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

All this will help him to organize aright his own acquirements, and illustrate them with his own self-cognized applications; and he will begin, forsooth, to question Nature and force her to answer his own heart-inspired interrogations, listening with ears not dulled by the sounds of class-room, but sharpened and erect, with the whole soul in them, eager to hear and to retain.

Let the vacation free the child from the

bondage of the school, but not from the noble aim which it has in view. Let his studies go on, but from an inward impulse which in part determines for itself the range of investigation, and selects for itself its own problems for solution.

Every thoughtful teacher, before dismissing his school for a holiday or vacation, however short or long, will, with a free and genial exhortation, tell his pupils the meaning of such a season, inspire them to secure its incalculable benefits, and, if possible, he will himself join the youngsters in their seemingly aimless frolics, and without their knowing it, widen their powers of self-thinking and self-activity by his own broader culture and more self-possessed powers, until they feel the dawning glory of intellectual freedom.

OUR EDUCATIONAL WORK.

To meet the educational wants of this great State of Pennsylvania—almost an empire in itself—we have three great factors: (1) The Common Schools; (2) Academic and Collegiate Institutions; and (3) Professional or Technical Schools. All these are equally necessary, and although not very closely related externally, their internal relation is intimate. No common school system can be well organized that does not take into view the whole *estate* of learning. The higher education towards which the whole development of mind directs itself must make itself felt at the very beginning as a plastic directing power; and all professional schools should rest upon a thorough and full academic course preceding, to give solid strength and proper self-possession to the candidate. All are indeed bound together, and should not be severed any more than the root from the ascending axis, or that from the ripened fruit.

We cannot now consider the relation of these three great factors in detail, but must confine ourselves to the Common School—the fundamental factor—the substratum of culture upon which the whole superstructure rests. From the fact that nearly all the children of the State are gathered into these schools, and come thus under that first systematic training which is to point them forward to their proper place in the advancing civilization of the world, the office of the common school teacher is of vast account. The direction of a whole generation is in the hands of our public school teachers; and if their work is not vigorous, firm, and with proper aim, it becomes a failure—yea, more than this, it becomes a disastrous wreck. Look, teachers, at the possibilities lodged in the million children under your charge. Remember that from their ranks must come the ministers, lawyers, judges, legislators—the whole guiding manhood and womanhood of the coming age—all who are to fill, as we crumble into dust, the diversified offices of civilized life. In this view, how important becomes the kind of start you shall give them—the sort of impulse and inspiration you may help them to, towards the true ends of life! How much more to be considered than "the three R's"—the tools merely of education, not its soul!

Perhaps no admonition is more necessary in our day than this—Don't be in a hurry! No fault, in my judgment, demands more immediate attention. As pedagogues we are apt to forget that we are not the child's only teachers. The flowers, the clouds, the winds, the stars, the whole universe—are teaching him, and we must give him time to feel their power and glory. Divine Providence hath made him the nursling of these all-pervading presences, and we must not dare rudely to snatch him away. What authority have we to put a child of eight to calculate the difference of time between Hong Kong and Washington, who knows not as yet how feebly the revolving hands of the clock record the spinning earth as it whirls around the sun! What right have we to task his mind with analysis which we ourselves can scarcely grasp, when the little mind is happy as it wonders at the august syntheses that surround it? By our ambitious hurrying and crowding we cripple and dwarf the children into precocious pigmies. Don't hurry, but let the life of the family and neighborhood, the impulse of surrounding associates, the inspiring atmosphere of the mother-tongue, as it sweeps against their faces from the playgrounds and streets, the face of Nature smiling now benignantly upon them and now awe-inspiring with the grandeur of its divine countenance—let all this join with your work in its gradual, sure, steady culturing power. Work not for examinations, for the brief show of a moment—a transient and generally prideful exaltation—but, in view of your responsibility to God and the State, work for the future lives of those entrusted to your care, for their characters as men and women. Take not so much interest in perfecting the "system," and in its glorification, as in the perfecting of the child, for he was not made for the schools, but the schools for him.

A word about the Normal Schools. We

must have teachers. Parents cannot do the work. The clergy cannot, and, indeed, the Church is so divided in its confessions as to be unable to furnish any common confessional ground. Teachers the State must have. Where shall we find them? Shall we pick them up at random, and put them to a work so significant, and so far-reaching for good or for evil? While we pay large sums for the highest skill in analyzing oils and testing the quality of iron, shall we forget the greater necessity of skillfully-trained inspectors and promoters of the growth of mind and soul? We must have schools to give us trained teachers and superintendents, fully acquainted with the best methods of instruction, and with clear grasp of the philosophy of their work. Such schools are not for children, however, but for those whose attainments are already such as to enter upon this professional study with some consciousness of its particular import and responsibility. Such schools, therefore, should have for their Professors the very best talent at hand—men not only of the very highest and broadest scholarship, but men of great professional experience. With infinite pleasure shall we hail the day, when, with such professional schools for teachers, we may receive the graduates of our Colleges and higher schools of learning as do the schools of Medicine and Law. The time may come, yea, ought to come, when our most learned and experienced men will see the necessity of furnishing our common schools with such professional teachers as can be safely allowed to guide and inspire and control the civilization of the age.

A WALK THROUGH A LIBRARY: NO. V.

Beautifully on the morrow did the rising sun pour his rosy light down Amwell hill, over the dewy meadow, "chequered with water-lilies and lady-smocks," where, true to their engagement, Piscator and Venator met to enjoy the exciting sport of hunting Otter. The former seems unusually enthusiastic. He is determined that "no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold him." Rare success, too, have the huntsmen this day. *Kilbuck*, *Ringwood* and *Sweetlips* do bravely: and when the chase is over, exultingly the whole party go to an honest Alehouse "to take a cup of good Barley-wine, and sing *Old Rose*, and rejoice together."

Soon, however, Piscator with his disciple leaves, being eager to free himself from uncongenial irreverent associates; and while journeying together, toward that shaded hole where the largest chub with a white spot on his tail was so skillfully caught, the time is not unimproved. Now as ever good Izaak Walton breathed out from his soul that gentle Christian piety which adds such charm and warmth to his inimitable style. Listen as he thus answereth Venator's question relative to the host they had just left. I quote the whole passage as a worthy lesson.

"And now to your question concerning your host. To speak truly, he is not to me a good companion: for most of his conceits were either Scripture-jests, or lascivious jests; for which I count no man witty, for the devil will help a man that way inclined, to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter; but a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man. * * * And let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue; but for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they hear mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless; I am sorry the other is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's; I think more will be required at the last great day. Well, you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:

> ——Many a one
> Owes to his country his religion:
> And in another would as strongly grow,
> Had but his nurse or mother taught him so."

Not only doth the honest fisherman in this way give us at times direct and somewhat lengthy homilies, but everywhere throughout his book, with the happiest freedom, and choicest appropriations he teacheth us the necessity of infusing into our recreations the spirit of Christian piety. When mine hostess, both cleanly and handsome and civil, had cooked as directed that chub so skillfully caught, grace must be said before they fell to eating it. When there seems to be no way to use the cheven caught by the promising disciple in way of lesson, it must be given to the poor; for, as Piscator says, "it is good beginning of your art to offer your first fruits to the poor who will both thank God and you for it." And when, after catching the trout with unmistakeable mastery of the art, they are anticipating their joyful return to my hostess, there to meet Peter, "a good angler and cheerful companion," they must find some harmless

sport to content them, and "pass away a little time without offence to God or man." There is something refreshing to the spirit in all this; and we are not at all surprised that such a writer, when referring to any of his friends deceased, can so reverently and almost uniformly add "now with God." Time forbids our unfolding this peculiar characteristic of the "Compleat Angler" any further.

Along with such pious contemplations, as is conspicuous from what has been already quoted, there is a peculiarly fine appreciation of whatever is beautiful and lovely in nature. You find no florid language, no evident attempt to fit a thought to splendid and prepared drapery, no laborious effort to hunt out startling combinations and far-fetched analogies, but, on the contrary, the freshness and simplicity of Chaucer. There are no high flights of imagination, it is true; no impassioned burst of feeling, but you can see the pastoral beauties of nature, winding streams, dewy meadows, brooksides with shady beeches and fragrant vines, indeed the all of gentle loveliness that the country giveth, you can see sweetly imaged in the calm depths of a pious soul full of the love of it, as you may have seen the crimson and purple clouds of evening more softly tinted far down beneath the unruffled surface of a mountain-embosomed lake. We cannot forbear, quoting in conclusion one passage, illustrating what has just been said, and there we must part with good Izaak Walton and continue our walk in our next article, elsewhere and with other, although not better company.

"Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, sir! O' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great loggerheaded chub! Come, let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honey-suckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

"Look, under that broad beach-tree I sat down, when I was last this way fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose-hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought as the poet has happily expressed it:

> I was for that time lifted above earth;
> And possessed joys not promised in my birth."

EXAMINATIONS.

No more difficult task confronts the teacher than that of examination. As a test of attainment in any branch of study it is necessary, and may be of great value, or almost worthless, depending upon the character and scholarship of the examiner. Especially is this true when the examiner has never taught the examined, and has had no knowledge of his power of thought, or general habit of study.

Questions may be so constructed, or topics so assigned, as to test the memory alone, bringing into notice merely the retention of facts and dates and verbal text-book answers,—a disorganized mass of material, neither digested nor assimilated, and of but little use, in such form, to any one. Even in this case, an examiner of broad scholarship, by a careful survey of the answers, can detect, with difficulty however, the mental grasp of the examined.

But again, questions may be so constructed or topics so assigned as to test the knowledge of the examined and show how far his thought has grasped the truth of things in the given subject of study. The examined is thrown upon his own resources, not by puzzles to test his ingenuity, but by questions that demand a knowledge of principles upon his part, and the answers to which must come from his own inner powers of thinking. Even in this case, it is difficult to form a correct estimate of scholarship in very many branches of study, unless the examiner takes into critical survey the whole character of the answers given, the structure of the sentences, the English used, and that almost invisible thought power which the examiner, if a scholar, recognizes by a sort of intellectual affinity or mental sympathy.

All examinations, in our judgment, if to be relied upon, should be conducted by an examiner of broad, sound scholarship, such as will dictate a series of questions calculated to test scholarship, and which will detect in every answer given the more hidden element

of self-possessed thinking, rather than the most ostentatious power of memory involved.

But in an examination to test the qualification of one desiring to become a teacher, how can an examiner assure himself of those ethical qualities, which, to say the least, are as necessary as are the intellectual? What list of questions can he form which will be of any service here? The most that he can do is to detect in the personal presence of the examined, as well as in the general tone of his answers, that self-humiliation and reverence without which all moral life is dwarfed and blighted.

But fortunately our schools are all under the personal and continued inspection of our superintendents; and this, added to their examinations, should be sufficient to guard us against any serious immorality or great incompetence or waste of time in our educational work. Let us labor to keep among our examiners men of the broadest and soundest scholarship possible, and men whose manners and morals are above reproach.

OFFICE OF MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL AND IN THE FAMILY.

If, to be effective, the work of education must have regard to all the powers of the human soul, it should not neglect the imagination, or phantasy, which most certainly enters into the activities of will and intelligence in our earliest youth as well as in our ripened age.

The world of art is no less real than the world of thought. While truth is searched often by a process of analytic thought, demanding on this account a thorough discipline of the intellect; the beautiful is grasped by an æsthetic intuition, demanding for this purpose a careful culture of the phantasy. In the one case we have the process of science; in the other, the process of art. Why neglect either, when their source is the same? For, when by the phantasy, we see through and beneath the build of things, the primordial form governing all and in all manifesting its presence, what is this but the same truth *in form* which we reach through the analysis of thought? The same glory is in it after all, in the one case authenticating itself as truth through the activities of intellect; in the other case, looking out through the form, and revealing itself therein as the beautiful, through the intuitive glance of the phantasy.

To the sphere of art, thus briefly characterized, music belongs, and addresses itself to that soul power which realizes the beautiful. The form material here in which the idea enshrines itself, and through which it is made to reach in upon the soul, is in itself almost spiritual—viz., sound; and this is the chief medium through which the infinitude and indefiniteness of feeling can come to an expression. Therefore, we may say, in brief, that music is the utterance, under *sound-forms of sense*, of the beautiful in those sentiments and aspirations which fill the heart, and thence gush forth like crystal waters from deep hidden springs. It is the outflowing of the feeling heart. While giving body to emotion and sentiment, with their power thus made tangible, as it were, it penetrates the soul, awakening the depths of feeling and affection slumbering there, and leading the whole engrasped spirit into sad or joyful communings with itself, or into wondrous and visionary excursions into the vast past of its hopes and loves, or into the vaster future that lies before it like a far-off landscape in the evening twilight.

Music, as such, employs sound, not speech, although the two are allied. Sound is *vague* and *impressive*, while speech is *definite* and *expressive;* yet it has beneath it a life of feeling which moulds not the word but the tone, and through it utters itself. Language challenges the intelligence, while music, in which the heart element of all thought is struggling toward expression, makes us tremble and glow, as the sounds sweep immediately over the chords of affection. Music, we may say, in way of summary, is the work of that creative art-power which gives expression to the beautiful of *sentiment* in the forms of sound intelligible to our feelings, and in this way only challenging the soul. It is as a spirit moving over the deep of emotion, now forming ripples and wavelets there, and anon, it may be, rousing the storm with the rush and war of embattling billows, and now saying at will, Peace! be still!

It reaches its purpose in the power of *impression.* Although seemingly a paradox, its expression is just this power of impression; for sound does not stand apart from the soul in way of form, but enters the soul, and articulates itself there. In this way music weds itself so intimately to the heart. This is its dwelling place; and no one with a heart can fail to come under its power.

It needs no high-wrought symphony to touch the soul. The simplest melody can start a thrill of delight, or open the otherwise deep-seated fountain of griefs and tears. A lullaby at the cradle can bend in reverence the grey-haired grandfather, while it brings

before his vision a far-off home and childhood. The Swiss mountaineer finds his soul in the echoes of his Alpine horn. The wild highland chief of Scotland saw the glory of his clan rising up before him while the pibroch was sounding through the heathery hills. Who cannot recall Shakespeare's beautiful tribute to its power?

> "That strain again!
> O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor."

Who does not remember the equally beautiful passage of Milton?

> "Sure something holy lodges in that breast
> And with these raptures moves the vocal air
> To testify his hidden presence.
> How sweetly did they float upon the wings
> Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
> At every fall smoothing the raven down
> Of darkness till it smiled."

The mournful wail of despair, the piercing shriek of agony, the joyful chorus of mirth, the fiery rush of passion, the gentle whispering of love, the moving fulness of life, the *silence audible* of death, together with all the sounds which the soul of nature utters from waters and woods, from valleys and mountains, day unto day, and night unto night—how all these, now combined and now separate, as wrought by genius into creations of beauty, and sounding forth from instruments, or breathing life-like from heart and lips, can penetrate the deep foundations of nature within us, and even throw an Orphean spell over nature without us; for the shepherd's

> "Artful strains have oft delayed
> The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
> And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale."

Music, as we have just said, has a wondrous power of impression;—power over thought and act, for it moves the inmost depths of our emotional nature;—power over the learned and unlearned, for it touches the life of the soul far beneath all analytic processes of thought;—power over high and low, for it strikes a chord which can be made to thrill in every heart.

From this, it can be easily seen what office it should serve in the family. The family is the home of our deepest earthly affections. It is here that our whole emotional nature begins its development. Here we find the very fountain whence flow the purest, and strongest, and most lasting feelings of our life. We are in the family by the necessary relations of our being. Far back of any voluntary acts of our own conscious existence it asserts its presence and power. The relation is divinely ordained, and demands, therefore, our most serious regard. Home, where we first live, and move and have our being—where the soul of each one of us opens up into conscious activity, where the whole being begins to bloom as doth the flower in its inclosing bud—home is the place not only of obedient acts of will,—not only of intellectual nurture and discipline, but also the place which the beauty of art should adorn,—where the "fair humanities" should reign, where all ennobling sentiments should be cherished, that in every possible way the attention of the household may be drawn from the grossly sensual to the supersensuous and ideal. Music, then, when true to its nature as giving form to and thus suggesting sentiments, which are, perhaps, more powerful factors of our life than thoughts,—through the medium of sounds which equally delight childhood and age,—music, therefore, we repeat, should bind the fireside together with links of love, and in the throbbing hearts of the children awaken hallowed thoughts and resolutions, and form a body of lasting associations, expanding the affections of the soul,

> "Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony."

It is not out of place here to relate an incident which is said to have occurred in the early history of the Cumberland Valley, in this State, for it is a powerful illustration of what has just been said. By the sudden attack of a band of Indians, one of the frontier settlements of the Valley was overpowered, and a number of very young children carried away captives. After many years, moved, perhaps, by the loveliness of the child herself, the Indians brought back a captive girl, who, from her long sojourn with them, had lost all memory of her parents and home. The news rapidly spread that a captive had been returned. Two mothers hurried to the place, hoping that the returned one might be their long-lost child. Neither was able to identify her, and both claimed her. All possible means were used to bring the child to some recollection of her former life, but in vain. The wild forest life among the Indians had obliterated all memory of civilized childhood. Every association of home-life seemed to have perished. At last one of the women (the real mother), remembering how assiduously she had taught her young girl to sing a certain hymn, which had been precious among the memories of her own childhood, seated herself by the child, as was her wont in the years gone by, and began to

sing the old familiar hymn. At first the child, now almost grown into womanhood, listened intently to the voice. As the singing went on, the child began to tremble. Visions of home seemed to be filling her gaze. Old memories were coming back again. The bonds which a barbarous captivity had thrown around her soul were breaking. Soon, with gushing tears, the captive cried out, "Oh, my mother, my mother!"

Music, which had surrounded her cradle and her infant life—which had entered and thrilled the depths of her young soul—which had slumbered on the untouched chords of her heart through her long years of exile, now awakened and asserting its presence and power,—music, laden with all the perfume of a mother's love, and the dewy freshness of happy childhood life,—roused the whole soul into harmony with its past existence, and re-bound mother and child in a fellowship of sentiment and emotion far beyond that of thought, and as lasting as life itself.

THE PRACTICAL ELEMENT.

We must not be understood, however, as desiring to divorce from our common school instruction the practical element involved in all proper educational work. The necessity of clear, accurate perception, challenged by direct reference to concrete objects, and made vivid and lasting by the hand aiding the mind's eye in tracing their figure and relations, cannot be too much emphasized. Vague word-forms cannot start into clear articulation the thinking of the child. There is a large field in all the elements of science for direct labor of this kind; but this is quite distinct from the work-shop, and has to do with *knowledge*, and not directly with *trades* or *professions*. Weights and measures are best learned by weighing and measuring at the start. The principles of natural philosophy admit of direct practical application and proof. Natural science invites the pupil to use intelligent eyes in the realm of nature spread out around him, and his powers of keen, critical observation can be cultivated in no other way. The handling of a bean in contrast with a grain of corn will open the eyes of a child to the difference between a dicotyledon and a monocotyledon much more promptly than a memorizing of the terms. So also in chemistry and allied studies, the laboratory must be the study-room. Doing is but the purpose of the will carried into effect through the medium of the understanding, and is of incalculable advantage. But in this whole work, we must not forget that *fact-lore* is but little removed from *word-lore*, unless the presence of an interpreting mind meets mind enshrined in all the phenomena under observation. It is not the eye of flesh, however aided by instruments, but the inner eye of reason, that grasps the law, for law and relations for use are the Divine reason immanent in things. The educational process after all is an unsensing of the mind, that it may transcend the passing phenomena and see with clear vision the ever-abiding law.

Our children need much of such training that they may not move with vapid stare through worlds of infinite reason around and beneath and above them. They must find *intelligent* companionship with flowers, and shrubs, and trees, and animals, and air, and blue heavens, and encircling stars, and gain some thoughtful apprehension of the acts, and industries, and thoughts, and experiences of mankind. In work of this kind our common schools can best meet the demands of a practical training, while leaving to higher schools of technology the work which our industrial trades so urgently demand, and which by such schools alone can be adequately done.

LOWER AND HIGHER SCHOOLS.

All lower schools need the presence of higher schools in all their various forms, as much as a foundation needs its proper superstructure, A sense of any fixed limitations in educational work deadens effort, and quenches thirst for acquisition. There are no limits to knowledge. Reason has a boundless horizon. A sense of the great expanse widening out before us leads us onward. All need the inspiration which comes from the knowable unknown, the dim outlines of which glimmer in our apprehension. Although we may walk by the brook's side, and listen joyfully to the sweet music which it makes with "the enamelled stones," yet we must hear the rush of the river's wide sweep and the grand roar of the mighty sea, or we shall loiter too long upon its sedgy banks, and our journey be but half begun. There should be underlying all common school work, an elevating hope that many of the children, whose talents might otherwise be buried, will be prompted to advance to higher schools of training, and put their talents to utmost usury, and thus give to the Commonwealth her highest ornament, and guardianship, and realize in themselves that enlargement of mind and

inward illumination of knowledge, which gives such assured directness and quickness of action to every power, however challenged, and which, if interfused with the glow of Divine love and wisdom, will loose them from all fetters of flesh, and sense, and fate, and finite things,—

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari."*

OUR SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

The school law rests upon the assumption that a large majority of the parents in the Commonwealth will send their children at a comparatively early age to the common schools, if such are properly provided for them by means of an equitable taxation upon the part of the State. To initiate the whole movement, the people in the various municipalities are empowered to elect a definite number of *Directors*, to whom is entrusted this solemn work of supplying the children of the State with all the facilities required to secure a thorough elementary training. Upon the faithful discharge of their duties, therefore, the efficiency and success of the whole interest mainly depend. They are at the foundation of the whole structure; and they are elected, therefore, directly by the people, and taken from the immediate neighborhood in which the work in view is to be accomplished, that they may thus have the advantage of knowing by daily experience the educational needs of their district, and of being themselves personally interested in satisfying such needs to the fullest extent possible. The wisdom of such a course is at once apparent; for it must be a sad day for a representative government like ours, when confidence in the people is so far lost as to lead the law-makers to feel that the parents of the Republic will not take interest enough in their offspring to select men of earnest character and resolute purpose, to supply them with proper schools.

Evidently then, the sole object of the selection of Directors is, to supply the Commonwealth with such schools as shall meet the educational wants of the age in the way of elementary training. No considerations of state or governmental management in the way of party politics surround their office. It has to do with a broad and general interest, which of necessity includes all parties in one common bond of fellowship. Neither school sites, nor school buildings, nor school teachers, nor school apparatus, nor school text books, nor school superintendents, can be made to depend upon party votes or political alliances. No science, elementary or advanced, can recognize narrowing limitations of such character. Grammars are not Republican or Democratic, nor are geographies or arithmetics. Much less will moral truth bend to such modification. Indeed, the whole foundation work of the Directors will be degraded and vitiated if allowed to be dependent in any way upon issues of such character. The law, therefore, had a reasonable right to suppose that the people would take sufficient interest in their own children to see to it that the most profound and wise men should be secured as the Directors of their schools. If such are not selected as a rule, we have the sad evidence of a wide-spread demoralization of the people, which demands most serious attention. And if the Directors, when elected, allow themselves to be diverted from the great purpose of their office, forgetting its application to all in common, irrespective of any political or social caste, it evinces a malfeasance demanding a most prompt remedy.

EDUCATION OF THE CHILDREN.

No worthier object can engage the attention of a State than the proper education of the children thereof. Even in governments where the arts of war formed the main study of the governing and the chief practice of the governed class, the worth of learning, of an advanced character at least, was reverently recognized. Cæsar pardoned Varro because he was the most learned man of his age, and made him librarian at Rome; and the warrior Karl, when the Frankish judges had condemned Warnefried, the Lombard scholar, to lose his eyes and hands, saved him, saying: "We shall not easily find another hand that can write history." But where, as now, the arts of peace come into special prominence, and where the very purpose of legislation is the highest welfare of the people, no State can neglect the general educational discipline of the young, without setting aside the foundation itself upon which its claim to legislate at all is based.

Of course, much elementary training is carried forward by the family, where father and mother are the divinely-ordained guides and guardians of their offspring; and that Commonwealth would be weak indeed, the

*Happy is he who hath grasped the causes of things, and hath cast beneath his feet all fears, and inexorable fate, and the din of greedy Acheron.

cultured purity of whose home-life forms not its chief pillar of support. But the relation between home and the so-called common school is most intimate. The children go from one to the other and return day after day through years. The opening of school creates a kind of festival stir in every household, and, as the term goes on, the communion becomes so close that the new companionships and disciplinary restraints and study-tasks of the school-room move into the loving converse and freedom of the family life as a part of its experience, each adding effect to the other, as bird-songs float into the morning's dewy calm and become part of the rising day.

An agency, therefore, so coöperant with the family life, taking character therefrom, and adding character thereto; an agency so capable of becoming a lasting blessing, as it should, or a blighting curse, as it may, throughout the thousands of homes which make up a State, clearly demands the most watchful care of those who make and execute the laws, and should never be felt to be a subordinate interest or mere accident in our halls of legislation. If the fish in our rivers and the game in our forests, with the forests themselves, are of sufficient importance in our social life to command the protection of legislation; if the difficult problems growing out of the strained relations of capital and labor are of interest enough to demand the skill of our most thoughtful law-makers; if the methods of taxation and means of commercial intercourse and the treatment of paupers and the insane well deserve the calm consideration of our ablest statesmen, then, most certainly, the training of a whole generation of children, numbering in our State more than a million, affecting, as it must, our present social life, and reaching out into the future and conditioning the destiny of the Republic, deserves and demands the best thought and highest wisdom of the Legislature of an enlightened Commonwealth like ours.

Too often is it the case, we fear, that some of the most significant forces of our social order, because silent in their operation, insignificant in their outward show, and more spiritual than material in their results, escape consideration. Who will deny that the primary education of a whole generation of boys and girls is a significant factor of social progress? How far the possibilities with which it has to do, sweep beyond the vision which generally catches the eye of our business men and politicians, and how much deeper and broader are the responsibilities involved in the care of a million undeveloped minds than most of us are ready or williing to acknowledge! But so quietly does the whole work link itself to our homely everyday life, so modestly does it hide itself away from public notoriety to keep nearer to our hearth-stones, that it may almost entirely fail to find that recognition and attention which it ought.

CLOSER SUPERVISION.

No matter has given us more concern than the inspection and supervision of our schools. The field, including the whole State, is that of an empire. Many counties have become so populous as to have quite outgrown the old system of inspection. The introduction of city and borough superintendents has helped to bridge over for a time these difficulties, but, even with their aid, our present system of county superintendency needs enlargement to make itself properly felt. It is accomplishing all it can, and we have no complaint whatever to make against the superintendents, but we have abundant reason rather to admire their faithfulness and zeal. Any one can see, however, that to spread the labor of one man, no matter how capable he may be, over a range of districts where three or four hundred teachers are employed, must, of necessity, make it very thin. Frequent visitations, or a thorough examination of school-rooms and grounds and appliances, and many other matters which require constant watchfulness, are simply impossible.

What is needed—how much, only those familiar with school work can tell—is that our school directors be permitted by law to form circuits, (made up of contiguous districts, or districts near at hand within their own counties,) including a population not greater than five thousand, or of a single district including not less than ten schools, each of which circuits shall have a district superintendent, elected by the directors residing therein, whose duty it shall be to report to them and to the county superintendent each month during school term, the condition and progress of the schools within his circuit after a careful inspection, giving full details of all that the county superintendent and himself may feel to be necessary for the further improvement and efficiency of the educational work therein. The district superintendent should be paid out of the funds of the district or districts constituting his circuit, each district paying its *pro rata* share, and his minimum salary

should be equal to the highest salary paid to any teacher within his circuit. All this more definite inspection should be under the control of the county superintendent, who should have authority to commission the district superintendents within his county upon their election by the directors, with power to revoke the same on the same grounds as he now has power to revoke a teacher's certificate. In case of resignation or vacancy arising from any cause whatever, the directors should be authorized to proceed at once to the election of a successor for the unexpired term. The term of office and qualification of candidate should be the same as in the case of a county superintendent.

This, while giving us more close inspection, will not multiply coördinate school officers in the county. The county superintendent will continue to be chief supervisor, and the only one authorized to sign certificates. These district superintendents will be his aids, through whom he can reach every school in his territory; for these district superintendents can take a careful census of the schools, and discover the number of children deprived of educational privileges; they can correct the irregularity of attendance by reporting monthly to the directors and superintendents, and devising remedial plans; they can regulate the organization of libraries, and form an intelligent comparison of the districts and schools in relation to apparatus, text-books, and school-buildings and grounds; they can conduct evening meetings and local institutes, arousing interest among the immediate patrons, and stimulating a healthy emulation between the schools; they can, by their monthly or more frequent visitations, accomplish more fully what the law has required of the directors, and which, although required, has been in very many cases neglected; they can aid the directors in their selection of teachers qualified for their special fields, and they will educate themselves into a body whose good executive ability in the management of schools will be a help which every earnest county superintendent will hold in the very highest regard, and which, indeed, he must have if he is to make his own labors in a county effective in the way of frequent and definite inspection.

In view of the various records to be kept by the county superintendent, and the necessity of having some fixed office for consultation, and for various other reasons, the common custom, followed in very many of our counties, of giving him a fixed office in the county court-house, should be an established law. The propriety and advantage of having the various competing school books and series of school books upon all subjects taught in the common schools, and the various kinds of improved school apparatus, school furniture and appliances, exposed in such office for the ready inspection of teachers, directors and friends of education, will at once be perceived, and should commend the measure to the favorable consideration of the Legislature.

ARBOR DAY.

Recognizing the peculiar fitness of the Executive proclamation fixing an Arbor Day for the Commonwealth, it has been our effort and pleasure to make it in every way as efficient for good as possible in relation to our public schools. Here, among the children, habits of thought and feeling in regard to the benefits and uses of tree-planting can be formed, which will deter them, it is hoped, from that destructive greed which has forgotten the value and beauty of green woodlands and parks, and the glory of shadowy hills and leaf-hidden streams, where the trout snaps the unwary fly, and the liverworts peep out from the dewy moss, and wake-robins nod their heads to the answering ferns. Children need, in their innocent up-springing, to have room to get away from the garish sun and rest, as upon a mother's bosom, in the twilight silence of the growing woods. We have endeavored to keep in view, so far as possible, the educational power of such things, by urging that our school-grounds be supplied with shade-trees and shrubs and flowers, and that the naked walls of our school-buildings be trellised over with vines. Children feel most deeply the ministry of that which charms the eye.

> We are what sun and winds and water make us;
> The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
> Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.

Unconsciously each impression of such character sinks into the tender depths of their souls, and there it remains, as, in reflection, do the willows in the placid stream. In fact the scenes of nature are perennial companions, growing more friendly from year to year. Those most familiar, wherever we may be, are ever entering the study of our imagination, and often giving direction even to our acts. "The shepherd," as with exquisite pathos has been said by Wordsworth, "is half a shepherd on the

stormy sea, and hears in piping shrouds the tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds of caves and trees; and in the bosom of the deep, sees mountains, sees the forms of sheep that grazed on verdant hills."

Arbor Day, repeated in our schools from year to year, will cultivate a reverent love of nature, will lead our children to value studious walks along our streams and hills, and through our winding valleys and wide, windy sweeps of harvest fields and meadows, and into our bosky dells to waken courteous Echo to give them answer from her mossy couch. There is a power and culturing beauty in all this which every child may experience if he will; and Arbor Day serves to enforce it upon his thought. Why should not our school children cherish a holiday which brings them into direct sympathy with the sweet companionship of man with nature? Why should they not offer their aid in giving to our school-grounds green lawns over which the wind-stirred trees may scatter gold and porphyry,—where the laughing daffodils may welcome the returning swallows, and glowing clusters of chrysanthemums may soften the cold of Autumn winds with thoughts of summer? Why should they not surround their school home, which they must so soon leave for the harsh toil of business life, with all that can make the memory of it a joy forever?

CHILDREN NOT IN THE SCHOOLS.

The organization of our system of public schools presupposes that the children of the Commonwealth shall receive the benefits thereof, and that no children, if possible, shall grow up in ignorance, or without a good common-school education. The children need this, and the State must also guard itself against the serious perils of ignorance; for, as Gœthe has well said, "nothing is more terrible than *active* ignorance." Every effort, therefore, should be made to carry out this plain pre-supposition of the school system. At present, however, we have no authorized means of determining the number of children between any ages who are deprived of the benefits of our public schools and of all other opportunities of education. This number may be large or small. If large, the danger is only the greater; if small, it should be promptly reduced to a minimum.

In our judgment, the Legislature should require every district school board to appoint an officer, whose duty it shall be to take a careful census every year of all the children of school age within its jurisdiction; of all who attend the public schools, and private or select schools, and all who attend no school whatever, between the ages of six and eighteen. Upon the basis of such authorized statistics, reported annually to the School Department, we can easily ascertain the number of non-attendants, and open the way for proper legislation in protection of the young, who, at their own peril and that of the State, are growing up in ignorance.

If, in conjunction with this, our superintendents will secure from every school within their jurisdiction a carefully-prepared table showing the number of all pupils attending less than twenty days, all attending from twenty to forty days, and for every additional twenty days throughout the legal school year, we can form some correct conception of the irregularity of attendance, which also demands careful watching. This is an additional argument for that closer supervision and inspection which are so urgently needed.

A WORD TO TEACHERS.

Because various artificial arrangements become necessary in the management of school-work, and well defined courses of study are demanded to render graded schools possible, accompanied as they must be with examinations to condition transitions from one grade to another, teachers need great caution against the danger of making the aim and uses of instruction bend to these arrangements and examination in such way as to injure both themselves and their pupils. Children must be taught to read, for example: but the aim here, upon the part of the teacher, must be something higher than the successful passage of the pupil from one Reader to another through the monotonous text-book march of grade to grade. The end in view is to enable the child clearly to grasp the world of reason that confronts him in the visible forms of his mother-tongue. At some stage of the process, therefore, the mere act of learning to read must pass over into reading for the sake of gathering wisdom from the word-embodied experience and thought of mankind, awakening in such transition a greater thirst for knowledge than the narrowing ambition to pass an examination on pauses, inflections, emphasis, tones, etc., which are but the scaffoldings of expression. These are good in their place, and may require some attention in the process. But the process in no

sense is toward them, but toward the substance and grandeur of literature. Schools need well-selected libraries, to which teachers and pupils may have free and frequent access, that the prescribed course of the school, going through six Readers it may be, shall not fetter both alike in the great work begun.

In every elementary study, in fact, the teacher should have a clear vision of the end toward which it moves, and direct the awakening mind of the child thitherward with no uncertain or vacillating step. There must be teleology in teaching. The end must be seen in the beginning, and serve as a directive and inspiring motive throughout the whole advance. To plant a walnut simply as a seed, without reference to what is legitimately involved in its growth and development, is but to stick it at random in the ground, near the building it may be, to thrust its branches against the windows which are to admit light, or at the very edge of the walk, to impede exit and entrance, and endanger its own preservation. To start upon any given course of study without knowing the end toward which it logically directs itself, is to start at random and with unsteady gait. Children demand a proper guidance in this regard. They are not things,—they are living souls. Already in rudimentary form the various sciences are enveloped in them, from the very fact that they have an understanding which may be interfused with an inner rational light, and come under the sway of truth.

The teacher must be able to make full account of this, and in his most primary instruction be sure that he is turning the glance of the pupil toward *knowledge*—toward *truth* a recipient form for which the intellect is—and not toward arranged limitations of grade; that his orienting is not false, and the whole process not cramped and fettered, either by his own too narrow vision or by the necessary machinery of his school. The most advanced and noblest scholar will find that he can take the soft hand of his youngest pupil, and soon realize how eagerly his own slightest onward leading will be followed by the child; for mind delights to marry mind, and science is but the truth of the world in forms of reason, which reason seeks, and without which it can not be satisfied. At times—no one can fix these in way of prescription, for mental regeneration is a mystery only less profound than that of the spirit—at times he will challenge the child's tender eyes, already filled with wonder-mist, to a still higher vision seen as yet in but dim, shadowy outline, as by no legerdemain but with a master's power he removes one fold of the curtain and shows him the glory of the worlds beyond.

The power of the teacher is in his own far seeing, not directed to examinations and transitions from prescribed grade to grade, but to the vast expanse which is involved in the infinite possibilities of the souls with which he has to do. His office in this light is truly great, and its responsibility most solemn. It involves deep reverence for the most advanced scholarship, and an awe-inspiring sense of the destiny of man as transcending all knowledge, and capable at present of being seen but dimly and in enigma.

Tropically, or in way of allegory, we can best express what we mean, allowing each one to interpret from his own standpoint of vision. Across the stream whose rapid waters bar his direct and timid progress, the child must be lifted from stepping-stone to stepping-stone,—then led on through the thick shade of mossy woods, among ferns and cardinal flowers, still moving upward through the tangled and blossomy pathway where thorns threaten and eglantines sweeten the toil,—then still onward with more reliant step across the wide-spread table-land of meadows made green by the mountain springs where he can find refreshing rest,—then still upward with a greater strength of self-possession to the very summit of the thunder-smitten rock, where before him in vision far outreaching his most ardent expectation he sees with wistful eyes the silvery winding rivers,—the scattered villages along their margins—the mist hovering over the distant valleys that sweep onward until they vanish in storm-haunted hills overarched with glowing amethyst. Anon Hesperus comes leading on his host of stars, Arcturus and his sons, belted Orion, the clustered glory of the Pleiades, and the Swan with outstretched wings sweeping up the Milky Way: and all this, with infinitely more, when thus seen, comes to be for him but this Universe bending in adoration and joining with Cherubim and Seraphim and veiled angels in crying Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty! Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory!

This is not the prescribed course of study which confronts the teacher, but it should in his inner sense be made to interfuse it, and give to it its meaning and significance, so that the child while moving under his guidance may feel, however faintly, the worth and dignity of his own soul.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS.

Have just come in from a visit with Mr. —. The sunset was most charming. Such a delicate purple tinge was on the clouds! such a rich golden glow along the horizon, and such a strange sombre green on the forests! When we returned to the Seminary, the moon was shining through the clouds. What a glorious pearly car she rode in! A thousand fancies crowded my brain. A thousand sweet memories awakened in my heart. 'Twere vain to strive to give them utterance in words; yet the feeling most prominent was that of praise to God who made the earth so wondrous fair, and gave us hearts to know Him and its glory. How often in striving to be fit for a better world, we lose sight of the fact that we are not even fit for this! How many passions mar the calmness of our peace! How many things neglected take away the sweet approvals of conscience! How many trespasses turn to discord the precious harmony which ought to reign in our moral nature! "We are as sheep gone astray," but returning, I trust, to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. It will not be long before the twilight of our little life will come,—not long before darkness will close in upon *our* earthly career, and our bodies now warm with life will sleep all still below the grass and flowers which some friend will put over our graves. How little before that time shall we be able to do! How poorly prepared for our account and for the abode of blessed spirits! We *must* work while the day lasts, lest we fail in hearing that "Well done, good and faithful servant." Perhaps there is no better field for labor than our own hearts. Certainly we at least can make ourselves more blessed as examples to our friends. Too often in our anxiety to improve others and turn them to Christ and his kingdom, we forget that we require the same anxiety, the same earnest watchfulness, and the same fervent prayers.

* * * *

Sunday morning: The sky is covered with clouds and everything betokens rain. "Hath the rain a father?" What a glorious mystery the processes of nature manifest! How evident that the whole order of the natural world has been and is guided by infinite intelligence! How much more are we cared for by God than is the grass which perisheth! Could we but realize this, and *will* to rest in God, obeying His voice as it reaches us in His Church and is ever strengthened by our own reason and conscience, what marvellous beauty would characterize our human life! How calm our own trust, how precious our family-life and altars, how free from enmity society, how charming the unselfishness of friendship, and holy the companionship of love! We ourselves have made earth miserable by yielding our allegiance to sin, and only by turning with sad penitent hearts to Christ, the Redeemer, can we ever hope to find rest or peace.

* * * *

Monday passed off quietly for a birthday. A kind Providence, who has given me so many years, commenced this new one with a most lovely day. The sun shone wondrously warm and bright. The insects were glittering in its light. The grass seemed to be springing into verdure. The elms and poplars were in blossom, and a wave of life seemed to be passing over the earth. I think it fortunate that my birthday comes so near the opening spring, when nature is reviving and inspiring us with hopes. I wish you had been here to take a ramble in the woods. You would hardly recognize the old walk, every part of the scenery is so rapidly changing. The soft purple and azure which you saw not, is now covering the mountain and filling every opening in the hills, and the sunlight puts a golden-green gleam over the wheat-fields that are scattered with such beautiful variety between us and the "Gap." The sombre dullness of the tree branches has given place to an almost sparkling lustre. It would do you good to stand on the hill out the lane near the woods, and mark the changing panorama.—*March 29, 1865.*

* * * *

How much I do wish I could have been with you in the glorious mountains. Nothing so exalts my feelings and enlarges my sympathies as the shadowy valleys and towering hills, and it is a great treat for me to get out into the wild woods, as far beyond gaudy civilization as possible, to refresh myself on the lap of Mother Nature. Then one forgets the littleness of our common life, the transient prejudices, the little puffs of anger, the sharp frost of malice, and above all the low hypocrisies of men, as he gazes into the noble open face of things that greets so congenially every one who walks through the long sweep of mountains and woodlands. When you once smell the fragrance of the pines, and see the nodding fox gloves, and the waving marshweeds, and the frolic of birds, and a thousand nameless beauties of the country, all thoughts of the strange struggles and contradictions of men fade and

vanish, and calm happy content dwells in the spirit. Is it not so? Hence I love such jaunts as you most beautifully describe, and wish, as I read, that I had been there. We may yet enjoy some jaunt together. I cannot walk as you can; but every mouldering log tempts me to stop and meditate, and I fear you would soon tire of such a companion. The Indian summer is now here, sweet dream of the months that have fled, hazy, warm and unspeakably charming. I have but few moments to spare in enjoying it in any field-walks, but in spirit I am traversing the hillside almost every hour.

* * * *

They expect an oration from me peculiarly classical and literary—every production that I have given them thus far from the stage has naturally been moulded in this cast. In this they will be entirely disappointed, for I continually hear a voice within me saying, "Go to *teach* by your oration rather than to *please*." I am compelled by my conscience to choose a theological subject, and such I have chosen—at once the deepest in theology and the most vital in reference to practical piety—"The relation of the Church to the Incarnation in the Creed." I shall treat the subject in a purely scientific and philosophic way. My piece will be burdened with thought without any regard to embellishment or ornament, and without the least regard to the prevailing theological dogmas of Puritanism. I shall present the Church as she is, the glorious living body of the Redeemer. I shall present the Incarnation as it is,—the great mystery, the central sacrament of the universe.—*June 12, 1852, having reference to Master's Oration at University of Vermont.*

* * * *

It may be true, as you say, that there is but little opportunity of enjoying a delightful and instructive religious conversation in ordinary society; but still, aside from the solid peace of reflection, bending back into the interior of our own being, there is the fellow-citizenship of the saints, which affords each one of us a large field for precious communion. I mean by the saints not simply the living, but the long catalogue of God's servants from Abel to the present hour. Is it not delightful to feel that before the eye of our faith there is such a vast cloud of witnesses, and that, although we may not open our hearts to them in prayer, we can still feel their sympathy as we bow in adoration before their and our Redeemer? We live not by sight as Christians, and we must feel that our faith really brings us into the household of God, whatever may be our earthly surroundings, so that even if we are alone we yet enjoy the "Communion of Saints." Fixed upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, can we not in reality walk and commune with them if we walk by faith and not by sight?

* * * *

The order of the week thus far, now interrupted by the rain which is falling rapidly, has been gardening. The potatoes and onions and parsnips and peas and lettuce are in the ground,—bravo!—and now every morning you may imagine me leisurely limping (my knee is not well yet) through the garden, lynx-eyed to see the least evidence of germination. How delightful to watch with affection the mysterious operations of nature—to see with what charming confidence the little seed in its hidden laboratory transforms the crude material into forms and colors as beautiful as they are regular, never failing and never fatigued, never at a loss and never dissatisfied. "Behold the lilies of the field; they toil not neither do they spin, *yet* Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Yet after all how much more mysterious and glorious are the operations of our moral nature, where in consciousness we grasp the whole process, where in will we determine, creating amidst the created and creative, with a heart glowing with promise and self-inspiring love, *knowing* that the Lord is our Shepherd, and that our mission is such as to involve the very highest revelation of the Divine. Thus continually, as I walk the garden, do I sermonize, and every newly-growing weed or plant jots down the divisions of some homily.

* * * *

What precious gifts are these little children that God giveth us—sometimes, I fear, binding our hearts too much to earth, when they should, however, draw them still nearer to God; and when taken away, forcing from us, too often, I fear, an agonizing murmur instead of leading us to that difficult yet blessed resignation: God giveth, and taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

* * * *

God's providences are mysterious, and not one of us knows what calling of life is best for us, temporally or spiritually. What a varying life I have had, and how little after my choice or election! When I look back upon it, I can see that I had no controlling power over it. But God has been merciful and kind, and I ought to be filled with unfeigned gratitude—and I am.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

PROCLAMATION OF GOVERNOR BEAVER.

In the name and by authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

A PROCLAMATION.

Again devolves upon the Executive the sad duty of announcing to the people of this Commonwealth the death of an eminent citizen and faithful official. Dr. E. E. Higbee, Superintendent of Public Instruction, died this morning at his home in the City of Lancaster. For nearly nine years and by the appointment of three successive Governors he served the people of this State with singular fidelity, and purity, and singleness of purpose, as the honored head of the Educational Department of the State Government.

He was born March 27, 1830, and graduated from the University of Vermont in 1849. He received his professional education at the theological seminary at Mercersburg, in this State, and entered the ministry in 1854. He became professor of languages in Heidelberg College, Ohio, in 1859; but three years later removed to the city of Pittsburgh, and resumed his labors in the ministry. Soon after he returned, as one of its professors, to the theological seminary from which he graduated, and in 1867 was elected to the presidency of Mercersburg College, which position he filled until his appointment as Superintendent of Public Instruction in 1881, and this latter office he held by re-appointment in 1885 and 1889, until the time of his death.

Dr. Higbee was a man of broad culture, a polished and thoughtful scholar, familiar alike with the treasures of ancient and modern thought and literature. As an instructor his extraordinary attainments and varied resources brought to him abundant success in every department of effort; and as an educator, in its broadest and best sense, he had attained a rank among the first of the nation. As a public officer he was painstaking and conscientious; as a man he was pure, simple-hearted and genial, gentle and kind.

The teachers of the State and his associates in the great work of education loved him with a filial devotion, and the Commonwealth trusted him as a pure, noble, true, and honest man.

The funeral services will be held at the First Reformed church in Lancaster, on Monday, December 16th, at half-past 11 o'clock a. m.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, at the City of Harrisburg, this 13th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, and of the Commonwealth the one hundred and fourteenth.

JAMES A. BEAVER.

By the Governor:

CHAS. W. STONE,

Secretary of the Commonwealth.

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